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THE SEA-DIVIDED AND SELF-DIVIDED GAEL.

WHEN the eminent Irish historian, Mr. Lecky, was beginning to collect materials for his invaluable history on the English in Ireland, he found little difficulty in discovering the source of nearly all its national and social woes. In the fruits of the Anglo-Norman invasion he discerned the poison that rankled like a spearhead in the unfortunate "emerald gem" of the North Atlantic. The axiom of statesmanship upon which the astute Norman intruders always relied was borrowed from the policy of the conquering Romans, "Divide et impera." As the bands of mercenary auxiliaries in the wars of the Middle Ages were noted for the sagacity which inspired their movements usually, in picking out the side most likely to win, so the crafty Plantagenets selected the most powerful chiefs whether in Wales or Ireland, irrespective of the question of morality or guilt, and flung their swords into the scale, altogether heedless of the ethical law. The men who sold their swords to William of Normandy and his successors gave as little heed to the claims of God as the chief who told a weak but pious French King that he would send him tall Norman spears for wax candles on the altars of Notre Dame, if he did not comply with his demands as to territory and recognition. Still the English royal standard displays the legend "Dieu et mon droit," even though the crown which tops the shield has been acquired by a rigid adherence to the older motto of the Latin Cæsars, with its frank cynicism.

From the time that the Norman adventurers under the lead of Strongbow landed in Ireland until the present day, the policy of division has been steadily pursued toward Ireland by "the predomi-

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nant partner." The enforced union of the two isles, effected by William Pitt in the year 1800 A. D. gave it a bitterly sarcastic meaning. They called it union, but it meant greater dissension. The cunning arrangements for the perpetuation of such discords between the inhabitants of the North of Ireland and those of the South and West, by means of the plantation of Ulster with men and women from Scotland and Great Britain, have proved as effective for the purpose of preventing fusion, as the most deadly racial hatred or the most insuperable natural barriers. In the process of time, after the upas tree of the Reformation had empoisoned the atmosphere of all the known world, the virus of religious rancor came to aggravate the manifold miseries under which the beautiful island of destiny (as Ireland was styled from the period of the Milesians) labored and struggled. Devotion to the faith taught by St. Patrick and St. Columb was the peculiar characteristic of the emotional and warm-hearted Western Gaels. The phlegmatic Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans yielded up the faith quite tamely, under the merciless pressure of the Tudors; and even in Ireland a few of the native landholders, to save their patrimony, bent the knee to Baal and became persecutors of their faithful fellow-countrymen—MacWilliam Burke (Clanricarde) and Murrough O'Brien (Lord Inchiquin). "Murrough of the Burnings" was so called because he had burned the sainted shrines of Cashel and several hundred clergy who had taken shelter within its walls on the approach of the army. The cold-blooded policy of the English monarchs and statesmen found how easy it made the function of ruling to have the ruled pitted against each other by reason of the odium theologicum, and every opportunity was taken that the circumstances of each succeeding age afforded in order to foster and encourage the spirit of sectarian animosity among the people of Ireland especially.

The lengths to which this awful system of state finesse were carried almost surpass the power of belief, so vile were some of the machinations used to accomplish the most wicked ends. For instance, if a Catholic landowner had several sons, besides the eldest one, to whom the property would go by law, on the father's death, the penal statutes passed by the Tudors enabled the second eldest to claim and get the birthright if he went to a magistrate and intimated his desire to "conform"—that is, to join the Established Church. Whenever a Catholic landowner took up arms to defend his possessions, he was attainted, sent to the scaffold and proclaimed a traitor whose property became forfeit to the Crown, and was bestowed on some favorite of the opposite faith—mayhap the false friend who had informed on his trusting neighbor and put the blood-

hounds of the law on his scent. At one time, when the great Earl of Desmond was betrayed and slain by English troops, as he was hiding in the lowly sheeling of a faithful peasant, five hundred thousand acres of the finest land in the South passed into possession of the Crown, and was parcelled out among the adherents of the Reformation. Lutherans were brought over from Germany to colonize the forfeited lands of the Romanists, in Limerick County and Tipperary. The borough of Bandon Bridge was created by King James II. out of the forfeited possessions of the McCarthys, Kings of Munster. Settlers were brought from England and given possession of the town to hold it for the King and "the Protestant interest." In Limerick County also a large number of settlers from Germany—the Palatinates they were called—were settled some time subsequent to the surrender of Limerick. Settlers were, of course, non-Catholics. To bring over such settlers and deliberately plant them in the midst of populations altogether Catholic, and furnish them with arms, while the Catholics were not permitted to possess even the lock of an old pistol, was to lay the seed for racial hatred and sectarian trouble, and lay it deep and perdurable. In the cities of Cork and Dublin there were settlements of Orangemen, whose invariable custom it was to celebrate the victory of the Boyne and the shutting of the gates at Derry by noisy demonstrations and the display of flaunting banners and beating of drums and firing off of cannon and the delivery of insulting orations about "Pope and Popery, brass money and wooden shoes" by frenzied half-drunken demagogues. There was every year, on the Boyne anniversary, a grand parade around the statue of King William the Third, on College Green, Dublin, by a body called the Aldermen of Skinners' Alley (an Orange society). This annual event was marked by much rioting and bad blood between the different elements of the population, for the quay laborers—a very numerous and able-bodied set of workers—were often goaded into attacking the roystering celebrants, and much rioting and often loss of life marked those insulting celebrations. It should be noted that all this nefarious course of conduct was part of a settled policy which had its origin in the design to prevent the fusion of the people into a homogeneous whole and hamstring their power of action and organization for their civic betterment and national progress.

It may be thought an overstatement of the case to charge that any government of the importance and dignity of one of the great powers of the world, as the British one undoubtedly was at that time, could be capable of using such means of maintaining her empire as to set class against class deliberately and cultivate the spirit of sectarian discord. Yet it cannot be forgotten that the

terrible Indian Mutiny in 1857 flamed out because some high ones in the military councils of India had caused the cartridges which were served out to the Indian troops to be smeared with the fat of swine, to touch which is an abomination, under the religious system of the Sikhs and Sepoys. To discharge his piece the Hindu soldier was compelled to bite the top off a cartridge, and thus to violate a stringent tenet of his religion. Such an outrage was deliberately resolved on and deliberately carried out. When the Sepoys began to shoot down their officers in Delhi, Cawnpore and other military centres, the world had its first intimation that the mild Hindu was capable of losing his serenity and acting like a ferocious beast of the jungle when insulted on his tenderest spot, his religious feelings. The British Government in Ireland had been acting toward the Catholics of that country just as cruelly and insanely as the British military authorities in India had toward the Sepoy troops. A very singular feature of the Indian problem, at the period of the Mutiny, was that while the native Hindus who professed the old Brahman creed were insulted and persecuted, those who belonged to the Mahometan faith were favored and encouraged to join the army. The Sikhs had revolted, and were put down, but not until they had nearly flung off the British yoke. They put up so brave a fight that a deep respect for their prowess took the place of the sentiment which the Government at Calcutta had formerly entertained for the warriors of the Punjab. Moreover, it was the aim of Britain to conciliate the tribes of the Afghan hills and valleys, who were largely, as to religion, much like the Sikhs. Mahometan was the predominant one at Cabul and Candahar, and the followers of the Prophet had shown what those inspired by his teachings could do when in the Khyber Pass they left but one man out of an army corps sent against them from Jellalabad, in the war against Dost Mahommed, to return and tell the story of its annihilation.

The most surprising fact in the world's history, it may well be conceded, is the rise of Ireland from the miserable condition which befell her after the overthrow of the Stuarts and the Hanoverian yoke was substituted. To find the people, a hundred years after the surrender of Limerick, able to rise from their abject position and shake off the intolerable incubus that was worse than Egyptian bondage, was indeed to realize the truth of Disraeli's axiom as to political fluctuations, that it is the unexpected that always happens. Though the Protestant party had everything its own way for the greater part of three hundred years, the extremists in that party were not able to maintain a policy of hate and ostracism against the vanquished Catholics—as preached by the Bishop of Meath

from the pulpit of Christ Church, after the surrender of Limerick. As long as there were men like Swift and Frederick Lucas and William Molyneux to feel inspired to rise up and preach resistance to brutal oppression, and practical men like Grattan and Flood and Charlemont to organize for national right, under cover of organizing for national defense, there never could be danger of a total submersion of the national spirit. Ireland's opportunity arose when England's extremity, under the menace of a French invasion, came with the revolving years. Limerick might have been avenged by Hoche or Bonaparte had not the drum of Charlemont's Volunteers aroused the national spirit of the minority and penetrated even the despairing thoughts of the abject minority, so as to cause them to bestir themselves to prepare for a great emergency. The spectacle of Catholic communities banding together, when the law denied them the right of public meeting for the discussion of grievances, for the necessary purpose of defending the soil against a foreign invader, and subscribing funds for the arming and equipment of Protestant regiments of Volunteers, never had a precedent in all the long centuries of recorded history. It was a symptom of a political reincarnation that astonished the English plotters against Irish liberty. It moved the Machiavellian mind of William Pitt, the archconspirator, to cast about for some potent poisonous charm wherewith to combat the new danger which an Irish rapprochement conjured up to menace the security of British supremacy of trade, in political power, in the arts of governing. All these things, and more, had been revealed in the marvellous results of eighteen years of Irish Parliamentary independence. Irish arts, Irish industries, Irish genius in every field, had sprung up as if at the touch of an enchanter's wand, since Grattan had said, "Hail! Esto perpetua," to an Irish Parliament, wrung from a hostile German King and a hostile English House of Lords and House of Commons. The same spirit of avaricious envy that prompted a request to King William of Orange to have him interpose with legislation so as to destroy the Irish wool trade, awoke to whisper into the ear of Pitt that England's safety demanded that Grattan's Parliament be destroyed, like Carthage of old for the safety of Rome. The only way that offered feasibility, in Pitt's mind, was to arouse the demon of dissension; and the only way to invoke that fiend was by the injection of the virus known as "odium theologicum." Ulster had shown the way to secure that deadly nostrum. In 1795 the first Orange lodge was opened in Ulster, and by the time that the Irish Rebellion, which "the profound dissembling mind" of Pitt was meanwhile hatching, planning, and shaping into diabolical form and effectiveness, was ready, in 1798, the Orange hydra was ready, too.

Lodges sprang up with the celerity of mushrooms all over the Northern Province, and arms for the members were furnished from the Castle of Dublin. Henry Grattan openly charged that the Ministry was "in league with abettors of the Orange Boys, and at war with the people." In the evidence given by Arthur O'Connor as to the causes of the rebellion of 1798, turning to Lord Castlereagh, one of the Commissioners, he said: "As one of the executive it came to my knowledge that considerable sums of money were expended throughout the nation in endeavoring to extend the Orange system, and that the oath of extermination (of Catholics) was administered. When these facts are coupled not only with general impunity, which has been uniformly extended toward the acts of this infernal association, but the marked encouragement which its members have received from Government, I find it impossible to exculpate the Government from being the parent and protector of these sworn extirpators."

Sir Thomas Verner, John Claudius Beresford, and several other Grand Masters of Dublin Lodges protested, in a published sheet, that the idea of injuring any one on account of his religious opinions never entered their hearts. But Mitchel's "History of Ireland" recalls the fact that immediately on the establishment of the first Orange lodges in Armagh County the members of those lodges did forthwith set themselves to the task of extirpating all their Catholic neighbors, solely because they were Catholics; and that in one year they had slain or driven from their homes fourteen hundred families, or seven thousand individuals. John Mitchel, who recorded these doings of the Northern Orangemen, was a Northern man himself, the son of a Unitarian minister, a scholar and a historian of the highest rank, who took no statements on hearsay, but sifted and weighed every averment of fact which he had to put on record.

It should be borne in mind that William Pitt, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, deliberately introduced this poisoned spearhead of religious rancor into Ireland for the Machiavellian purpose of destroying the Irish Parliament and bringing about the so-called Union of the two countries by the process of swallowing or absorbing the Irish Parliament by the English one. He expended six million pounds in buying the votes of the members of the Irish Legislature to commit that act of treason to their country and their constituencies. Lord Castlereagh and Lord Clare were the principal agents upon whom Pitt relied to carry out his policy in Ireland, and he made no mistake in his men. They were both statesmen of the highest reputation—must have been prodigies, to measure up to the standards of a man who was Prime Minister of England at the

age of 24. And yet one of them at least did not please his own fastidious self, for on the failure of the Walcheren expedition he incontinently cut his throat—a tragedy which his inveterate enemy, Lord Byron, seemed to regard as noble comedy, worthy his satiric pen, for he thus wrote of it in "The Age of Bronze":

> "And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,
> Whose penknife slit a goosequill t'other day."

His understrapper, Lord Clare—one of the Mount Shannon Fitzgeralds—was in every respect fitted for the office of smeller-out of treasons and weeder-out of disloyalty. As official "visitor" of Trinity College, Dublin, he had the right to summon before him and catechize all students of whom his spies advised him as of doubtful loyalty. We read that among those whom he put through a crucial grilling as to connection with Robert Emmet was Thomas Moore, the brave bard who afterwards wrote so feelingly about Emmet and his affianced sweetheart, Sarah Curran, in the poems entitled "She is Far from the Land," and "Oh, Breathe Not His Name." Moore was pressed repeatedly to tell what he knew of Emmet as a classmate, but he steadfastly declined to give his truculent inquisitor any information. For this he got into trouble with the college authorities—for in those lamentable times that ill-omened foundation of Queen Elizabeth's was heartily in keeping with the traditions of the source from whence it sprang—anti-Irish and anti-Catholic, and inimical to every sort of freedom save that for the Tory Ascendency. The names of Provost Gifford, who was popularly referred to as "the dog in office," and (later on) Dr. Patrick Duigenan (a renegade Catholic) are inextricably linked with the period when the seat of Protestant culture was converted into an instrument of tyrannical moral repression in the interests of the British Government in Ireland. The traditions of that period of shame to learning have been handed on with unfailing fidelity to the present generation, when the University is represented in Parliament by at least one member who is as deeply dyed in anti-Catholic and anti-Irish sentiment as any of the preceding members who achieved unenviable distinction in that regard. Not all of the series were animated with the same degree of partisan bias, but all possessed the taint in greater or less force. Sir Edward Carson held the position for many years: when he was given the post of Attorney-General (to reward him for his fidelity to the principle of revolution as illustrated in the dethronement of the Stuart King by his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange), he was succeeded as member for Trinity by Mr. H. J. Campbell, another lawyer equally virulent, but not equally dowered by nature with that gift which in Ireland is called the

"comether," but in other places was known as odic force or animal magnetism. Carson had, as was often demonstrated a liberal infusion of that quality, at least for men who saw orange and blue, but were blind to green. The latest evidence of the efficacy of Pitt's anti-national medicine has been demonstrated in the tragic outcome of the Sinn Fein uprising. Still, there is such a factor in the equations of super-ambition as time's revenges and the character of Sir Giles Overreach in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." Massinger's play is not seldom exemplified in the chequered careers of daring and unscrupulous statesmen of the Pitt and Talleyrand type. When the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Whateley, was appointed a Commissioner of National Education, he conceived a plan for eliminating the idea of Nationality in Ireland by burying it deep under the sea of total ignorance of Irish history and language and literature. This he succeeded in doing quite completely, by a very clever use of text-books that were intended to "kill two birds with the one stone"—to overthrow the Catholic Church and extinguish the vision of a revived Irish Nation. His Grace, the Logician, builded wiser than he knew. Out of his ban on the Gaelic idea sprang the movement for the Preservation of the Irish Language and the Gaelic League; and out of this again the martial idea of Sinn Fein, or "ourselves alone," whose flower was the ill-starred "Irish Republic" of 1916, drowned in its own blood shortly after the hour which witnessed its baptism.

From the statements which appeared in many newspapers as to the uprising in Dublin, it might seem that the suddenness of it took everybody by surprise, but the ample explanations given to the Commission by Mr. Birrell, the Chief Secretary, and Baron Wimborn, the Lord Lieutenant, a very different conclusion was derivable. The authorities in Dublin Castle were very well aware that preparations for an armed uprising were being carefully carried out, but an inexplicable paralysis, it would appear, overtook every one on whom responsibility for preventive action centred. There has been no satisfactory explanation of the phenomenal numbness or lethargy that befell "the Castle" at that fateful crisis: it might seem to the ready Irish imagination that such a spell as the ancient Druids were said to have been able to cast upon the counsels of invaders—as in the case of the coming of the Milesians from Spain when the magicians of the Tuatha de Danaan raised fogs and mists along the coasts so as to hide the harbors and landing places from the incoming strangers. A statement concerning the conditions which preceded the Sinn Fein outbreak, given out by Colonel Maurice Moore, Commander of the National Volunteers, contained these illuminative passages on this point:

"War was declared early in August, and it seemed impossible to carry on a foreign war with rebellion threatening at home. On the National side Mr. Redmond relieved the situation by making a public and unconditional offer of the services of the Volunteers for the defense of the country. As usual, the Government hesitated what course to pursue, and tried to do nothing. Day after day speculation was keener and controversy grew louder as to the signing of the Home Rule Bill. I was traveling all over the country reviewing Volunteers, and everywhere I found anxiety growing more intense. It was freely stated that Carson had made his bargain, and that Redmond had shown his cards and was being cheated by the Government. The Sinn Feiners took full advantage of these fears and preached the doctrine of 'perfide Albion.' Lord Kitchener sent over an officer to raise an Irish Division, and the inclination of many people was to wait till the Government declared itself. The Sinn Feiners said: 'The English are humbugging us; they want our recruits, and when they have them safely bagged they will snap their fingers at us and tear up the Bill. That is how the English have always treated us.' It could not be denied that their history was true, and their forebodings had every appearance of being true also. Week after week passed by with no sign, only the call for more recruits. The time was agonizing, and nerves began to give way. I am confident that the week elapsing between the passing of the Bill and its signature by the King, coupled with the demand for recruits, estranged the people of Ireland as much as the Bill itself had conciliated them. When at last the Bill was signed the enthusiasm was gone, and the fact that it was not to be put in force till after the war, with the threat of an undefined Amending Bill, left the uncertainty as great as ever. Nobody believed in it."

Certainly the sequel to the Limerick Treaty of Surrender justified to the full the pessimism of the Sinn Feiners; so did the dissolution of Charlemont's Volunteers a century afterwards.

Mr. Birrell, who resigned his position as Chief Secretary on the outbreak of the Sinn Fein revolt, fully confirmed the view of the causes of the revolt given out by Colonel Moore. He said:

"There were a number of contributory causes which lately have created the utmost excitement of feeling among those ill-affected to constitutionel methods and to increase their numbers:

"1. Growing doubts about the actual advent of Home Rule.—If the Home Rule Bill had not been placed on the Statute-book, there must have been, both in Ireland and the United States, a great and dangerous explosion of rage and disappointment, which, when the war broke out, would have assumed the most alarming proportions. In Ireland all (outside parts of Ulster) would have joined hands,

whilst our reports from Washington tell us what the effect in America would have been. Still, even with Home Rule on the Statute-book, the chance of its ever becoming a fact was so uncertain, the outstanding difficulty about Ulster was so obvious, and the details of the measure itself were so unattractive and difficult to transmute into telling platform phrases, that Home Rule, as an emotional flag, fell out of daily use in current Irish life. People left off talking about it or waving it in the air.

"2. The sneers of the O'Brienites and the daily 'naggings' in the Dublin 'Irish Independent' also contributed to the partial eclipse of Home Rule.

"3. The Ulster rebellion, gun-running at Larne, the Covenant, the Provisional Government, and its members, its plan of warfare in Belfast, its armed Volunteers and public drillings, and all the rest of the 'pomp and circumstance' of revolution had the most prodigious effect upon disloyalists elsewhere. There was no anger with the Ulster rebels. Catholic Ireland was very proud of them. 'What they are allowed to do, we can do.' This needs no elaboration from me."

All this, coming from the mouth of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, was the gravest indictment of that functionary's public conduct that the indignation of a political foe could have framed. Yet the Chief Secretary gave it out without any apparent qualm or consciousness of personal culpability. Then he went on to incriminate himself and his colleagues still further:

"The Coalition Government with Sir Edward Carson in it!—It is impossible to describe or overestimate the effect of this in Ireland. The fact that Mr. Redmond could, had he chosen to do so, have sat in the same Cabinet with Sir Edward Carson had no mollifying influence. If Mr. Redmond had consented he would *eo instante* have ceased to be an Irish leader. This step seemed to make an end of Home Rule and strengthened the Sinn Feiners enormously all over the country.

"The prolongation of the war and its dubious end: Irish criticism of the war and its chances was not of the optimistic cast that prevailed in Britain. Every event and result was put in the balance and weighed. The excitement was intense. So long as the war lasted (and it soon became obvious that it might last for years) there were not wholly unreasonable expectations of a German landing or landings in Ireland, and of partial risings in different parts of the country which, if timed so as to synchronize with a German bombardment of the English coasts, and hosts of Zeppelins flying over the North of England and the Midlands, would be quite enough (so it might well be thought by an Irish revolutionist) to secure a

fair chance of an immediate Irish success, which, were Germany ultimately victorious, could not but greatly damage British authority and rule in the future. German assistance was at the bottom of the outbreak. The war turned many heads and upset prudent calculations. To this in Dublin were added the hoarded passions of the labor disputes."

The Under-Secretary for Ireland is, or has been, practically the real governing force in the Castle, from almost the beginning of British rule. Sir Matthew Nathan was the official in charge at the time of the outbreak. He is a nephew of Signor Ernesto Nathan, who was Mayor of Rome some years ago, and distinguished himself not creditably by the delivery of some very exacerbate philippics against the Holy Father (Leo XIII.).

Questioned about the Sinn Fein movement, Sir Matthew said it was started in 1905, giving as its aim national self-development on the lines successfully adopted by the Hungarians in their struggle with Austria by a policy of Sinn Fein—"Ourselves alone." It was to deal with all movements originating within Ireland for the accomplishment of their aims. The members of the movement were generally known, but it would be very difficult to get at the number in Government service receiving public pay. If asked they would say, "We don't like England"; but a good many would not go beyond that. It was a matter of pious opinion with them that England had treated Ireland badly. The Gaelic League was formed for the study of Irish literature and language, and included people of all political opinions. Gradually those who were not anti-British dropped out, and afterwards the executive was practically captured by the leaders of the Irish Volunteers.

The Sinn Feiners in time revealed themselves as hostile to the idea of gaining Home Rule. It seems to have been the first time that the English press ever got a real glimpse of the situation which the system of Castle government had created in Ireland. Both Mr. Gladstone and Earl Spencer, on different occasions, confessed that although each occupied high position in the English governmental system, they had been in the dark as to the real feelings of the Irish people as to British rule until they came into actual contact with them on Irish soil. It was "the intensity of Fenianism," as Mr. Gladstone said, that convinced him that his first duty was to disestablish the English Church in Ireland. It was the same cause, as Earl Spencer explained, that converted him from the principles of Tory coercion to those of Home Rule for Ireland, to which he is steadfastly loyal still, so far as we can learn.

How did it happen that, once again, as in Mr. Gladstone's time, when the cup of peace and victory was being offered to Ireland's

lips, the hand of a seemingly sardonic Fate struck out suddenly to shatter the hope of the struggling nation? One of the poets of an earlier period of chagrin and bitterness tried to shift the blame from the responsible shoulders:

> "'Twas Fate, they said—a wayward Fate
> A web of discord wove,
> That while our tyrants joined in hate
> We never joined in love."

There is always a spirit of jealousy—political rivalry—in Irish political movements—a fact which, while it speaks strongly for the earnestness of the men engaged in them, gives evidence not less convincing that virtues when pursued too far may become vices and insurmountable barriers to the progress of a whole nation and people. Poetry and oratory are closely allied in the gifts of Nature: Ireland has always had a good representation in the professors of each graceful art. Along with these noble arts is always latent in Ireland a dangerous spirit that may be confidently relied on by any unscrupulous political gamester to further personal or dynastic ambitions. The poetic element in the Celtic character is a heritage of immemorial respectability. The bard in the twilight ages stood next in rank to the king, by official as well as by sentimental acclaim. Factionalism has always been a prominent element in the making of Ireland's checkered history. The fight against a peaceful settlement of the quarrel between England and Ireland on the lines of the Home Rule Bill was kept up by a strongly antagonistic faction in Ireland and another in the United States. The Argus eyes of Germany had taken the whole situation in and prepared to act upon its possibilities when the clock of Time had struck the fateful hour. The trial of Sir Roger Casement for high treason revealed the whole plot, and a proclamation purporting to emanate from the German Emperor gave evidence that a movement whose basic principle was purely republican and one of national self-reliance—as its very title and watchword indicated—did not shrink from accepting armed aid from abroad and coöperating with a foreign invader on Irish soil.

It was the discovery that William Pitt had made deliberate preparations for the repression of an armed uprising in Ireland, in order that he might be able to advance an overwhelming argument for the abolition of Grattan's Parliament and the introduction of his scheme of a Parliamentary Union, that covered his name with infamy. To drown an innocent country with blood and to overwhelm its people with a frightful, strangling load of taxation, as a result of his vile plot, seemed to even historians of British

rule too foul a crime to be ever entertained by a Prime Minister. Such squeamish apologists seemed to have forgotten that there was such a man as Machiavelli, and that he had written such a book as "The Prince," with the object of showing that a person called to rule as a Prince is excused before heaven for committing any infamy possible to human malignity so long as he does it for the good of his subjects and the State! The revelations made by Mr. Augustine Birrell and the Under Secretary, Sir Matthew Nathan, go to prove that the Castle had foreknowledge of an intended rising, and had made preparations to stamp it out in blood, as Pitt did, not moving a finger to arrest any of the leaders until the trap should have been filled with victims. But the Castle did not know how formidable the movement really was, and the ruins of Dublin city and the pile of drumhead court-martial victims attested the depth of their ignorance as well as their cold-blooded iniquity. The leading organs of public opinion in Great Britain, for the first time, are unanimous in proclaiming that there is no remedy for Ireland's dreadful wounds but the immediate instalment of Home Rule in the mistreated island. This "compunctious visiting" comes rather late in the day; it seems almost a deathbed repentance. Still, it is good to have lived long enough to see it—better even at the eleventh hour than never at all.

Just one hundred and sixteen years after the Act of Union was signed and the Union Jack was run up for the first time as an Imperial ensign, the Home Rule scheme for Ireland was published in all the London papers. This step was virtually a repeal of the Union—the fulfillment of Daniel O'Connell's great dream sixty-nine years after the grand old chief's death. The mills of politics grind slowly, as do the mills of God. Still a hundred and sixteen years is not too long a time in the history of nations for the undoing of a gigantic international wrong—the blotting out of an old nation's independence by an act of despotic power and the use of the debauchery of gold and pinchbeck titles of a new aristocracy to extinguish the constitutional rights of a people who had a native Parliament sitting in Tara several centuries before the Christian era began. The principal features of the new arrangement were these:

First—An Irish House of Commons to be constituted by the transference to the Irish Parliament of seventy-eight members now sitting in the English Commons for the twenty-six Home Rule counties. (The total Irish representation in the Imperial House of Commons is 103, of which 25 members sit for the six Ulster counties, provisionally excluded from Home Rule.)

Second—Of the seventy-eight members to be transferred to the

Irish House, seventy-six are Nationalists or Independents, while two are Unionists, namely, Sir Edward Carson and J. H. M. Campbell, Attorney General for Ireland. These two members represent Trinity College, Dublin. They have both consented to sit in the Home Rule Parliament, and on this fact some hopes are based for future amity.

Third—Members of the Irish Commons to retain their seats in the English House.

Fourth—Representation of the Unionist interests in the south and west of Ireland will be provided through the nomination of their representatives to the Irish Senate. It is proposed that the Senate sit and act with the Irish Commons during the temporary settlement, to safeguard the interests of the Unionists.

Fifth—The temporary settlement is to continue until one year after the termination of the war. At that time the whole arrangement will come under the review of the Great Imperial Conference, which is to be held to adjust the government of the Empire.

Sixth—The framework of Irish finance in the Home Rule Act will not be altered, but some increases will be made in the sum to be transferred to Irish revenues from the Imperial Treasury.

Seventh—A new Lord Lieutenant to be appointed as a preliminary to the adoption of the new arrangement.

Finality is not the law which governs human arrangements. Pitt thought to secure it when he contrived the settlement known as the Act of Union, but he was only chasing a soap bubble, metaphorically speaking. Emmet's rebellion, only three years after the Act of Union was signed, proved the futility of trying to dam up the flowing tides of Irish patriotism with parchment treaties and gilded titles. The settlement arrived at in the first week of July, 1916, is not to be the last word in the protracted parleying between the unconquerable conquered and the unvictorious victor.

Lord Lansdowne, the most implacable foe of the Irish people and their claims that sits in the assembly of irresponsible privilege, has taken a step which may mean the disruption of the Coalition Ministry (of which he is a leading member) and shattering the whole arrangement as to Home Rule. He has given notice of a resolution to oppose the setting up of an Irish Parliament while the war continues, and to employ coercion to quell any murmurings of the Irish people. He calls for an army of 40,000 soldiers, under General Maxwell, to carry out this old Tory panacea for popular discontent. Lord Hugh Cecil sustains the reputation of his distinguished relative, the late Marquis of Salisbury, by opposing point blank any concession to Irish sentiment as to national rights. In other words, he is for a tearing-up of the treaty of peace between

the two countries. Lord Selborne threw up his place in the Coalition Cabinet when he found that it was the resolve of the Prime Minister to establish an Irish Parliament during the continuance of the war. In addition to these Tory barricaders there are the objections raised by Cardinal Logue and the Northern Bishops—MacHugh, MacKenna, MacRory, Mahearn. In a letter to a Derry Alderman, Bishop MacHugh made these important declarations:

"The Bishops whose jurisdiction extends over the area in question are absolutely unanimous in their opposition to the Lloyd George proposals, and they adopt without reservation the view of His Eminence Cardinal Logue that it would be infinitely better to remain as we are for fifty years to come under English rule than to accept these proposals.

"What causes more alarm to the Bishops than the voluntary surrender of the national ideal is the perilous position in which religion and Catholic education would be placed were these proposals, so imperfectly understood by the public, reduced to practice."

Mr. Redmond's reply to these fierce blasts was not less decided or prompt. He demanded the production of the bill which is to give effect to the proposals offered by Mr. Lloyd George in the name of the British Cabinet and accepted by the Irish people. The demand was made not for the purpose of hastening the introduction of Home Rule, but of finding out whether the Coalition Cabinet is keeping faith. He was not left very long in doubt on that point. The official accounts of the negotiations showed that the phraseology of the negotiations had been altered so as to permit of a juggling of the terms on which an agreement had been arrived. Mr. Redmond denounced this duplicity in terms of deep indignation and sternly informed the Premier that the Irish party would no longer support the Ministry, but would oppose their measures, if they found them objectionable, regardless of the consequences to the Coalition. So stands the situation as we write. No man knoweth what may transpire to affect the fortunes of the Home Rule compact. The terrible tragedy of the Casement fiasco and the sanguinary stamping out of the Sinn Fein insurrection in Dublin and elsewhere have entirely altered the prospects of Ireland's regeneration through the working of a native Legislature, for the feeling toward Britain has become intensely embittered by the conduct of her statesmen and generals toward Ireland. Still we must not look at the situation too gloomily, but recall the truth of the old adage—"The hour that is darkest is the hour before day."

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THE HISTORICAL ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

LEAVING Pisa at an early hour in the morning, the railroad train skirts the Mediterranean and passes through Leghorn and in time reaches Civita Vecchia. From here, on its way to Rome, the train passes through quite a portion of the Roman Campagna.

The *Campagna di Roma*, or Roman Campagna, is a section of country lying immediately around the Eternal City, and for ages known all over the world as a region noted for an atmosphere so deadly to man, but in nowise injurious to the lower animals. "Its circumference," says Gregorius, "may be marked by a series of well-known points—Civita Vecchia, Tolfa, Ronciglione, Soracte, Tivoli, Palestrina, Albano and Ostia." Its extent is variously estimated at from seventy-one to ninety-one miles long, its area being nearly 1,400 square miles. Though now nearly destitute of inhabitants, it was once the richest and most populous region in the world and the seat of numerous cities. Its decay dates probably from the third and fourth centuries B. C., when the Roman aristocracy monopolized the vast plain for their large estates and banished the agricultural population. Its condition did not improve under the early Emperors and many parts of the plain became the pestilential marshes they are to-day. Claudius, Nerva and Trajan did much to improve the district, and in their time it became once more studded with the villas and summer residences of the Roman nobility; but the desolation of the Campagna was completed with the inroads of the barbarian hordes which followed the fall of the Empire. In the Middle Ages the baronial castles of the Orsini, the Colonna, the Savelli, the Conti and the Catani gave new life to this doomed region, but it was only for a time.

Being of distinctly volcanic formation, the surface of the Campagna is marked by gentle undulations, burrowed by little hills and low ground—"a humpy soil," as Montaigne calls it, "whose cavities are filled with water." They were once limpid lakes, but now they have become unhealthy pools, producing an *aria cattiva*, an injurious atmosphere, to the influence of which the learned Brocchi attributed the 'gloomy, violent and terrible temper of those who carry in their veins the germs of the fever of the Maremma.'" In this respect the same influence is supposed by some authorities to be exerted upon all animals alike, for the buffaloes and oxen, with formidable horns, which wander about the Roman Campagna, are as savage as the herdsmen who tend them, and it is dangerous for strangers to venture within their reach.

In ancient times Italy was and still is a country of vast pastures, and the Roman Campagna to this day has its fierce shepherds, whose sports Virgil has described to us. Their great festival, the *Palilia,* was celebrated on the day of the foundation of Rome, April 21, and the royal hall of Romulus bore the name of the divinity (Palatine, from *pales,* a word derived from the root *pá,* which formed the verbs signifying "to pasture," in Greek, Latin and French). Rumina, the foster mother, watched over the suckling of young cattle; hence the name of the Ruminal fig tree, beneath the shade of which the wolf had suckled the twins. Rubigo preserved the wheat from mildew; Vertumnus and Pomona caused the fruit to ripen in the orchard; Feronia appears less prodigal of useful favors, yet she was held in so great honor that Hannibal found a rich treasure to carry off from her temple at the foot of Mount Soracte. A coin bearing her image was struck, in the time of Augustus, by the monetary tribune, Petronius Turpilianus, who did not bestow much beauty upon this goddess, Feronia. But it is recorded that Roman artists, even at the time when they were under the influence of Greek art, did not seek their goddesses in the celestial regions, but preferred to take them from the Roman Campagna. The Minerva of the magnificent chest, of Prænestе, known as the Ficorini, has the appearance of a *Contadina.*

From the legendary times when Latinus, Æneas and the rest of Virgil's heroes are supposed to have occupied the great plain of Latium down to the final settlement of the region by its subjection to Rome, B. C. 358, the Roman Campagna, as we have said, was peopled by communities living in towns. Latium, on the one side, and Etruria, on the other, contained confederacies of independent cities, with one or the other of which the Romans were continually at war, but they, one by one, gave way before the relentless power of the conqueror, until finally the character of the population of the Campagna underwent a complete change. In the second period of its history the towns were gradually reduced to mere villages, the small farms disappeared and gave place to the immense estates *(latifundia)* of rich proprietors,which were cultivated by hosts of slaves. This was the condition of the Campagna in the time of Cicero. The great villas, the ruins of which may be seen on all sides in the vicinity of Rome, were then constructed and were the seats of luxury and pleasure. So also the aqueducts, the ruined arches of which caught our eyes as we looked from the car windows on our way from Civita Vecchia to the city of the Cæsars. These aqueducts served not merely to supply the capital with water, but to irrigate the farms and country seats along the Campagna. During the later Republic and early Empire there seems to have been a constant ten-

dency to reduce the amount of arable land and to increase the extent of pasturage. This change affected the salubrity of the surrounding country and Rome became more dependent than ever upon foreign countries for her agricultural supplies.

The third and last phase of the Roman Campagna is the most melancholy. In the language of Pope Gregory the Great, *"Depopulati sunt agri, nullus in agris incola."* The magnificent aqueducts were more or less injured by the Goths at the siege of Rome under Vitiges, A. D. 537, and the luxurious country seats of the Roman nobles and princes must have been devastated by the successive incursions upon the Roman territories during the fifth and sixth centuries, in which the Lombards played a conspicuous part. Agriculture was no longer encouraged, and the few villages and country houses that remained soon became uninhabitable during a great part of the year because of the malarious exhalations arising from the uncultivated soil and the lawless bands of ruffian marauders who infested the country. Indeed, after B. C. 338, the Campagna lost all historical interest. Its history belongs almost entirely to the early times of the Roman Republic.

We have said that the Campagna is unhealthy. It is not difficult to see that its peculiar geological formation proves that without careful draining it is extremely deleterious to health. It is a region containing numerous closed valleys and depressions in the soil and without outlets for the water which naturally accumulates. The tufa of which the surface is composed seems, as a general thing, to take the form of isolated hills and irregular hollows between them so as to prevent the formation of regular water courses. Beneath this tufa is a quantity of marl and stiff clay, which retain the water after it has percolated through the tufa and sends it streaming out into the lower country, where it accumulates and, mingling with putrescent vegetable matter, taints the air. The mountain barriers by which the Campagna is surrounded produces a want of movement in the air and thus becomes another source of malaria. All these conditions suggest themselves to the eye of the tourist who has had any experience in "prospecting" or as a civil engineer.

It is a curious fact that the ancient inhabitants of Rome and the Campagna do not appear to have been affected by the baneful influences of the *aria cattiva,* or malaria, to the same extent as those of the present day. And yet when we remember that the waters of the Tiber frequently overflowed into the Velabrum and stagnated there; that the valley of the Circus Maximus was a marshy pool; that the Palus Caprea and the Stagna Terenti occupied a part of the Campus Martius, it is difficult for us to understand how the site of Rome could have been less pestilential than in our day. Since then

the level of the soil has been considerably raised by the accumulated rubbish of ruins and the Tiber now seldom overflows its banks. The volume of water carried by this river has also been decreased since the turning of the waters of the Chiana into the Arno, and the numerous forests which spread over the country in ancient times have all entirely disappeared. Lakes and lagoons, too, once scattered in various directions throughout the Campagna, have since been either dried up or drained. The Lake of Ragillus, which

> "Bubbled with crimson foam
> What time the thirty cities
> Came forth to war with Rome,"

and the lakes of Gabii, of Juturna and of Turnus, with countless lagoons in the vicinity of Lavinium, Ardea and Laurentum, have been gradually absorbed by the sinking of the Tiber or by artificial draining. All these must have contributed to make the air less healthy in past times than it is now.

But what strikes us as most astonishing is that, from the early times of Rome down to the glorious Augustan age, we find the very sections of the Campagna, where human beings now dread to spend a single night for fear of the deadly atmosphere, then inhabited by a numerous population. In the second century of the city of Rome the population was estimated at 80,000, which would give 190 souls to the square mile of territory, and we can readily understand that the population increased from that time at a very rapid rate, until in the sixth century of Rome it amounted to 1,400,000. Under the first Emperors the whole number of Roman citizens, including those in the provinces, was 4,003,000. This would seem to indicate that the population of Rome and the Campagna was from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 in imperial times. The population of Rome at the present day does not exceed 440,000, and that of the surrounding country may be set down roughly at about 140,000. These figures, of course, are mere approximations, and a few considerations, based on what is known of the towns in Latium, will explain in a manner the contrast between the density of population in ancient and in modern times.

Where Veii, Fidenæ and Gabii, the rivals and equals of ancient Rome, once stood, there is nothing but a few cattle sheds and their poverty-stricken herdsmen. Ardea, Laurentum, Lavinium and Ostia once enlivened the coast with their numerous population, but the Ostia of to-day is a paltry village. Ardea can boast of little over half a hundred inhabitants, while the sites of Laurentum and Lavinium are now marked by single towers. And yet time was when these pestilential regions were sought by the Roman nobility in

numbers equal to those now found at the most fashionable summer resorts of the world. Pliny the Younger describes these magnificent villas and towns placed at intervals along the beach, and even boasted of the salubrity and convenience of his own. Nay, more—he lived at his villa in the late autumn, winter and spring, as we may judge by his mention of cattle driven from the mountains. And yet the villa of Castel Fusano, now the site of Pliny's villa, is only occupied in the spring for a few weeks. Lalius and the valiant Scipio used to resort to the seaside of Laurentum and "amuse themselves there collecting shells."

But the wealthy Romans did not confine themselves to the seashore. On the Flaminian road, six miles from the capital, and on the site of Prima Porta was once the famous country seat of the Empress Livia. Parts of this villa have been excavated and it was found to have been beautifully decorated, as the splendid statue of Augustus and the busts of several members of the imperial family amply testify.

No wealthy Roman, we are told, would now consent to live on the site of Hadrian's stately villa, in the Campagna, near Tivoli. And even Tivoli itself, with its beautiful waterfall and its Temple of the Sybil, which Horace once hoped might be the retreat of his old age, and which was famous for its salubrity in Martial's time, has now lost its former reputation as a healthful resort and is known as

"Tivoli di mal conforto;
O piova, o tira vento, o suona a morto."

Strabo describes the now desolate district between Tusculum and Rome as having been in his day a most desirable place to live in.

The drainage of the Pontine Marshes has been undertaken from time to time with varied success. As early as 160 B. C. they were dried up, but only for a time. It was resumed with partial success during the pontificates of Boniface VIII., Martin V., Sixtus V. and Pius VI. In 1480 a law was enacted by Sixtus IV. severely punishing "any lay or clerical proprietor, baron, Bishop or Cardinal who forbade his tenants to sow the land and kept it under pasture." But the most beneficent improvements were effected under the orders of Popes Pius VI. and Pius VII., who endeavored by law to compel the cultivation of a large extent of land in the Campagna. This operated a manifest check on the fever and the health of the entire neighborhood was improved. The planting of the eucalyptus tree has also had a beneficial effect in certain quarters. A splendid monastery at the Tre Fontane, deserted for many years, was bestowed by Pope Pius IX. upon a community of French Trappists

in 1867. At first they only ventured to visit their new possession during certain hours of the day. One of the monks proposed planting eucalyptus trees around it. It was done, and in the course of time the monastery became habitable.

The roads that cross the Roman Campagna are well deserving a notice at our hands, for our attention was called to them in an especial manner by a gifted young priest attached to the Basilica of St. Cecilia.

In the days of Claudius, as Pliny the Elder tells us, the crowded streets of Rome extended over the vast circumference of seventy miles (Vopiscus says fifty); Rome had become the heart of the world, and the Triumphal and the Flaminian and the Prenestine and the Latin and the Appian Way beat like vast arteries with the ever-sounding pulses of the stream of life that went throbbing throughout Italy to the farthest boundaries of the world, supplying life and strength and energy to every part and bearing back upon its returning tide the wealth of a thousand provinces. On the Via Flaminia we now find the ruins of the Villa Livia, already referred to, and which brings to our minds the affection entertained by the Emperor Augustus for his wife, so beautifully expressed in his last words to her: "Preserve the remembrance of a husband who loved you tenderly." When asked how she contrived to retain this affection, Dion Cassius tells us she replied: "My secret is very simple. I have made it the study of my life to please him, and I have never manifested any indiscreet curiosity with regard to public or private affairs."

But the most interesting of all Roman roads is the Appian Way, laid down by Appius Claudius, the Censor, before the middle of the fifth century of Rome, and the great thoroughfare between Rome and Naples. What memories are awakened in the mind of the tourist as he pauses to contemplate it for the first time! He is carried back to his college days and his classical studies. He wakes up to the fact that it was along this road, at the season when vine and orange and fig, in flower and in fruit, scatter their fragrance on every side; it was along this road that proud patricians were wont to take their daily drives in their chariots for relaxation and amusement. It was along this same road, too, that toiled the worn and weary captives whose fathers had sacked the Eternal City, now hand-bound and conquered and surrounded by loads of spoils and standards and trophies; by lictors and priests and victims for the sacrifice; by clangor of trumpets and shouts of the populace; by eagles and garlands and crowns and incense—the successful commander in his triumphal car and all that went to make up a triumphal procession in the days of pagan Rome's proudest history. With

this in mind it is not difficult to understand why this magnificent way is lined on either side with mausoleums and monuments for the dead in the greatest variety of form and with such a wealth of talent and expenditure lavished upon them. It was along this road, too, that "on the fifteenth of the calends of February, in the year of the building of the city, DCCXCVI., Claudius Augustus for the third and Lucius Vitellius for the second time being Consuls," there journeyed toward the city two lonely wayfarers from Palestine. Unheralded and unadorned by pomp, jaded and travel-stained, a venerable old man and his reverential disciple pursued their way, barefooted and in silence. If heeded at all by the gorgeous multitude thronging the road to the vast capital, it was only to be scoffed at or eyed with contempt. St. Peter and his disciple, St. Mark, pursue their way to the accomplishment of their mission. The great apostle heeds not the voluptuous rites of Bacchus, whose votaries are reeling around his path; he pays no attention to the lascivious worship of the Cyprian goddess, the song of whose followers is ringing in his ears. He takes no heed of the tombs of the old Romans who carried the eagle triumphant through many a hard-fought battle, nor of the gorgeous palace, with its open bronze gates, on the summit of the "Cœli Montana." He came, the prince of the chosen twelve, to preach chastity, temperance, humility.

It was by this road, too, at a later period, that St. Paul entered the capital of the Cæsars, a culprit, bound and walking between his guards, not knowing what fate awaited him, and repeating his first Christian aspiration: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

The Via Ardentina branches off to the right of the Via Appia, and where the roads divide is the Church of the *Domine Quo Vadis.* The story goes that after the burning of Rome, Nero sought to throw the blame for this diabolical act upon the Christians. The converts besought St. Peter not to expose a life that meant so much to them. As he fled along the Appian Way he was met by a vision of his Divine Master journeying towards the city. Struck with amazement, he exclaimed, "Lord, whither goest Thou?" To which the Saviour, with a look of mild sadness in His eyes, replied, "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time," and vanished. St. Peter, taking this as a sign that he was to submit himself to the fate prepared for him, immediately turned back to the city and in time was crucified on the site now occupied by the Church of San Pietro, in Montorio. This story is attributed to St. Ambrose. It is perpetuated by Michael Angelo in his famous statue now in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva (titular church of His Eminence Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York). It is supposed to represent Our Blessed Redeemer as He appeared to St. Peter on this

occasion. A replica of it is in the little Church of Domine Quo Vadis. This incident is also represented in one of the ancient tapestries in the Cathedral of Anagni. "It is surprising," writes Mrs. Jameson, "that this most beautiful, picturesque and, to my mind, sublime incident, has been so seldom treated, and never in a manner worthy of its capabilities and high significance. It is seldom that a story can be told by two figures, and these two figures placed in such grand and dramatic contrast—Christ, in His serene majesty and radiant with all the joy of beatitude, yet with an expression of gentle reproach; the apostle at His feet, arrested in his flight, amazed and yet filled with a trembling joy; and for the background the wide Campagna or towering walls of imperial Rome."

About two miles from the Porta San Sebastiano, the most southern gate of Rome, we come to a tomb with which every student of Roman history is familiar. It is:

"A stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone.
* * * * * *
What was the tower of strength within its cave?
What treasure lay so locked, so hid?—a woman's grave!"

It is the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, daughter of Quintus Metellus, and was erected some 2,000 years ago by Crassus to the memory of his wife. The walls are twenty-seven feet thick. In the interior is a room fifteen feet in diameter which once contained a sarcophagus of white marble, since removed to the Farnese Palace.

At the Porta Capena the tourist is reminded that it was here that the survivors of the Horatii met his sister and slew her because she mourned the death of her lover who had fallen under the sword of her brother. Where the Via Appia crosses the brook of the Almo, now called Maranna, on the grounds of the Villa Celimontana, the tourist will be shown the spring which modern archæology has decided to be the Fountain of Egeria, where Numa Pompelius is said to have had his mysterious consultations with the nymph Egeria. This certainly carried us back to our old school days when we were delighted with Florian's *Numa Pompilio.*

A little beyond the Tomb of Cæcilia Metella, and still along the Via Appia, we cross to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. For miles around the whole plain is undermined by dark and winding passages, forming such an extensive labyrinth that years of patient labor would not suffice to explore and determine their extent. Care was always taken by the miners to have a sufficient wall on either

side to support the arching roof above, so that these narrow passages often run parallel and near to one another. Here the hunted and proscribed and hated followers of Christ took refuge from the fury of their persecutors; and when the hatred of these became more intense and when in darkness and under the earth protection was sought in vain, the poor fugitive constructed intersecting passages through which they might escape pursuit. Here they excavated temples to their God, and from the crypts and catacombs, in darkness and in sorrow, "rose sweet incense," holier prayer and more acceptable sacrifice than the bleeding hectatombs, the flame of whose offering ascended from the gorgeous temples of the pagan gods of Rome.

The study of the Roman Campagna is full of interest, whether we consider it in its wealthy villages and populous cities in the days of the Cæsars or in the desolation of the present day. The modern tourist, passing through this region from June to October, will find it deserted by all who are able to move to the hills. No villages or cottages are now to be seen, but here and there at long intervals a dismal looking *casale*, or farmhouse, or rather a cattle ranch. As there is no fixed population on these plains, laborers are engaged during the farming season from the highlands of the Appennines, where a scanty soil, though under a healthy climate, does not furnish sufficient occupation for the native peasantry. These soon fall victims to the fell disease, and by the end of the harvest scarce half the original number remains. What becomes of these poor wretches? They return to the mountains. Some of them die on the road, while others reach home exhausted with illness and fatigue, to return, if they live, and go through the same ordeal next year.

The only stationary population in the Maremma consists of buffalo-keepers. These are always mounted and armed with a lance with which to keep in subjection the wild cows and fierce bulls that roam about this region. These keepers lead a life of freedom and comparative independence, like the Arab of the desert. They are paid yearly wages and they manage besides to raise cattle of their own, which are allowed to feed with the rest. During the heat of summer they retire to the shady forests which line the seashore and where the air is not so unhealthy as on the open plains.

The buffalo of the Campagna, originally from Southern Asia and Northern Africa, was introduced into Italy towards the close of the sixth century. It is an invaluable beast of burden in the marshy districts, where the great breadth of its feet—somewhat resembling in this respect those of the reindeer—give it a decided advantage over horses. It grazes in herds in the Pontine marshes and will lie

for hours immersed in water, with nothing but its head above the surface and often enveloping itself in mud as a protection against insects. The Roman ox, too, is a beautiful specimen—large and well proportioned, always of a mouse color, and such a pair of horns! —white, with dark bases and tips, starting from the brow and winding in a most perfect uniformity, with a graceful and really majestic spread to sometimes three feet apart at the points.

We have spoken of the peasants who come down from the mountains in the planting and harvest season to earn a few *lire* on the farms of the Campagna. Akin to these are the *Pifferari*, or pipers, who may be seen playing, singly or in groups upon a sort of clarionet very much after the fashion of the little German bands that have become so numerous in our large cities. Their garb, though tattered and worn, has a brigand air about it which never fails to attract attention and to secure a few *soldi* for the performers.

It may be asked whether the spiritual welfare of the peculiar inhabitants of the Campagna is looked after during their working season. Our "Chapel Car," which has done so much for the isolated Catholics in our Western country, is regarded as a great novelty, but to the inhabitants of the Roman Campagna it is an old story. True, their Mass Car is not as elaborately equipped as its American "sister," but it answers the purpose. Imagine a cumbersome and heavy two-wheeled wagon, the superstructure high enough for the priest to stand under, with its gabled roof, open at the front, and a small platform for a sanctuary. Under the gabled cover is an altar. At the appointed time for Mass the oxen that have drawn the car to its place on the plain are unharnessed and lie down beside it, quietly chewing their cud. The people, men and women, kneel in front of the open part of the car in full view of the priest at the altar, and thus assist at Mass and listen to his instructions and at stated times receive Holy Communion. It is a strange sight and one that never fails to impress its beholders.

The gates that open out from the Eternal City upon the Campagna are pregnant with historical associations, and to dwell upon them at any length would carry us far beyond the limits of a magazine article. Yet we cannot leave the Porta Capena without lingering for a moment. Under the arch, which was perpetually dripping with the water of the aqueduct that went over it, had passed all those who since a remote period of the Republic had traveled by the Appian Way—victorious generals with their legions, returning from foreign service; emperors and courtiers, vagrant representatives of every form of heathenism; Greeks and Asiatics, Jews and Christians. From this point entering within the city the student of history will recall Julius and his prisoners as he moved on, with

the Aventine on their left, close round the base of the Cœlian and through the hollow ground which lay between this hill and the Palatine; thence over the bridge called Velia, where later on was built the Arch of Titus to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem; and then, descending by the *Via Sacra,* in that space which was the centre of imperial power and imperial magnificence, and associated also with the most glorious recollections of the Republic.

One beautiful afternoon we passed through the Porta San Pancrazio on our way to the charming Villa Pampili Doria, called by the Italians "Belrespiro." Our *vetturino,* anticipating the objection of the gatekeepers to hired carriages, had taken the precaution to blacken the number of our carriage with some blackening we had purchased on the way. The gatekeeper, who no doubt had seen this trick done before, shook his head and intimated that "it was no go," but his attack of palsy was miraculously and immediately cured at the sight of a silver coin displayed by Count C., who accompanied us. Needless to say, we were admitted without delay. In the Casino we found some ancient statues and some ruins of Venice in the seventeenth century by Heintius. The gardens are well worth a visit. They abound in beautiful azaleas and camelias. From the ilex-fringed Casino we had a magnificent view of St. Peter's, which is here seen without the town, backed by the Campagna, the Sabine hills and the blue peak of the Soracte. A small temple nearby, erected in 1851, commemorates the French who fell during the siege of Rome in 1849. The word "Maria" in large letters of clipped box on the other side of the grounds is a memorial of the lamented and beloved Princess Doria (Lady Mary Talbot), and not far from this is a columbarium. In ancient times the site of the Villa Doria was occupied by the gardens of Galba, and here the murdered emperor is supposed to be buried.

The Porta San Lorenzo, anciently called the Porta Tiburtina, built in 402 by the Emperors Arcadius and Honorius, has also many associations that appeal to the student of classical history. Not far from this gate is the Basilica of San Lorenzo, where we had the privilege of kneeling at the tomb of Pope Pius IX. of holy memory. Lady Georgiana Fullerton tells a very touching story which makes the basilica dear to pious souls. She says:

"When S. Francesca Romana had no resource but to beg for the sick under her care, she went to the Basilica of San Lorenzo Fuori le Mura, where was the station of the day, and seated herself among the crowd of beggars, who, according to custom, were there assembled. From the rising of the sun to the ringing of the vesper bell she sat there, side by side with the lame, the deformed and the blind. She held out her hand as they did, gladly enduring not the

resemblance, but the reality of that deep humiliation. When she had received enough wherewith to feed the poor at home, she rose and, entering the old basilica, adored the Blessed Sacrament and then walked back the long and weary way, blessing God all the while."

And we of to-day have reason to "bless God" that the spirit of St. Frances of Rome still lives in the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Little Sisters of St. Francis, the Sisters of St. Dominic and the other holy souls who go from door to door in our great cities "gladly enduring the deep humiliation" of holding out their hands for God's poor.

From what we have said in the limits of a necessarily brief article it will be seen that the history of the Roman Campagna is to a certain extent identified with the history of the City of the Cæsars. Though a desolate plain to-day, it was once traversed by countless warriors going to or returning from battles which added new territory to the already vast possessions of the Mistress of the World. Her ancient glories may still be read among the ruined monuments that line the famous Via Appia—that "street of the dead across an immense churchyard," for the desolate Campagna may be regarded as such. American tourists who have prepared themselves by careful and judicious reading may spend many profitable hours even in such a place as the "desolate Campagna."

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JOHN HEYWOOD.

I.

A QUAINT old English song chants the vacillations of "The Vicar of Bray." Some interesting correspondence on this ditty and its elusive author has recently appeared in "Notes and Queries."[1] Even as mythical as the writer is the character of the Vicar himself. Harrow boys were once taught that the Bray in question was in Ireland, and that the song expressed the difficulties which all Irish clergymen had once to solve. Others reject the Wicklow county parish and fix upon the Berkshire one, but quarrel over attributing the person to the sixteenth or to the seventeenth centuries and disagree even as to whether he died in 1709 or 1565, and as to whether his name was Simon Aleyn, Alleyn, Allen or Fillon. Whatever the real prototype of this interesting individual, a first study, if you please, of some of "George Birmingham's" interesting individuals, the character remains unique of the Vicar of Bray. Said the elder Disraeli: "He was a Papist under the reign of Henry the Eighth and a Protestant under Edward the Sixth. He was a Papist again under Mary and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds and taxed with being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling, as Fuller expresses it, he replied: "Not so neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die the Vicar of Bray.'"

In such confusing times lived John Heywood.[2]

Bale says that he was born in London, but the usual attribution is to North Minnus, in Hertfordshire, near St. Albans, in 1497. Pembroke College, Oxford (then named Broadgates Hall), which later fostered old Dr. Johnson, saw him for a while. Chalmers, in his "Biographical Dictionary," remarks: "But the sprightliness of his disposition not being well adapted to the sedentary life of an academician, he went back to his native place, where, being in the neighborhood of the great Sir Thomas More, he presently contracted an intimacy with that Mæcenas of wit and genius, who introduced him to the knowledge and patronage of the Princess Mary. Heywood's ready aptness for jest and repartee, together with the possession of great skill, both in vocal and instrumental music, rendered him a favorite with Henry VIII., who frequently rewarded him very highly."

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[1] 11 S. xii., 453; 12 S. i., 12, 72.

[2] In "Representative English Comedies" (New York: The Macmillan Company) there is an excellent essay on Heywood by A. W. Pollard.

The life-story of any Elizabethan or pre-Elizabethan dramatist is at best an unsatisfactory affair, and John Heywood is no exception to the rule. It has been a favorite task for students, inspired by the writings of these men, to spend many an hour in obscure libraries, where books and manuscripts are covered with the dust of decades and facts obscured by the passing of time, and there, finding pleasure in painstaking research which few persons comprehend and fewer appreciate, to evolve and defend elaborate theses on the literature of the period, to produce careful introductory notes for old plays and to publish scholarly dissertations in the universities of England, Germany and America. And their work has not been in vain; certain facts are from time to time brought to light which help to round out our portraits or to fill in the spacious and vague backgrounds.

In "Notes and Queries," G. C. Moore Smith recently discovered our dramatist as a Freeman of London. He consulted the archives preserved at the Guildhall, and in doing so came across the following items which refer, he has little doubt, to our own John Heywood. Not aware that Heywood's connection with the city has been noticed before, he quotes:

"Repertory IV., fo. 141: 'Jovis 22 die Januarij (1522-3) Isto die lecte sunt l*iter*æ d*omi*ni Regis p*ro* quodam J*ohan*ne Heywood vno s*er*uiente d*omi*ni Regis admittendi in lib*er*tate*m* Ci*uita*tis et super hoc concessu*m* est et ei responsu*m* quod sine co*mmun*i consilio nil inde possunt facere & ad proximum commune consilium motio fiet.'"

[There is a similar statement in Repertory VI., fo. 13, under the same date.]

"Letter-Book N, fo. 222 (1522-3): 'John Heywode & Tho. Tyrwhytte for whom the King directed letters to be made freemen been denyed to be made free except on payment of 10*l.* ac*cording* to the new Act.'

"Journal XII., fo. 235 b: 'xviij° die Junij anno regis henr. viii[ui] xv (1523). John Heywode. Itm. at the contemplacon of the Kynges lre John Heywode is admytted in to the lib*er*ties of this citie paying the olde Haunse.'"

[A similar statement in Letter-Book N, fo. 235.]

From 1521 onwards Heywood is supposed to have received an annuity of ten marks as player on the virginals; and we know that from 1538-44 he received quarterly the sum of fifty shillings in the same capacity; so it is not exaggerating these records in the "Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary"[1] to say that the pre-

[1] Sir Frederic Madden's production.

cocious youth of this godchild of Cardinal Woolsey, who played so well on the virginals, was due to Heywood's instruction.

In January, 1536-7, and in March, 1537-8, he received money in connection with the famous children of Paul's, who played before the Princess Mary; "his children," the record says. So if More's wit, as lasting keen even as the executioner's ax, delighted Henry, Heywood's pleased Mary. At her coronation in 1553 in St. Paul's Churchyard he "sate in a pageant, under a vine, and made to her an oration in Latin and English."[4]

Chalmers says that he died abroad; others, in London. At any rate, in 1587 he was "dead and gone." And there passed an interesting individual, a loyal Catholic author, whose loyal son resigned a Fellowship at All Souls in 1558, refused to conform to Elizabeth's Church and went to Rome to become a Jesuit. He was a friend to Sir Thomas More, tutor to Mary Stuart, saved his neck by his wit under Edward VI., was persecuted out of England by "the good Queen Bess," and ended his life at ill-fated Molines. His interludes are one of the most noteworthy elements in the development of the early British drama, and his parable of the spider and the fly depicts, with remarkable success, social injustice and religious disturbance in England during the years between the reign of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth the imperious.

> "Eche man as he vsythe the gods gyfts of grace,
> So schall he have in hevyn hys degre or place.
> But, mark thys chefe grownd, the sum of scrypture saythe
> We must walk with these gyfts in the path of faythe."

II.

The major non-dramatic writings of John Heywood are:

"A Parable of the Spider and the Flie made by John Heywood. Imprinted at London in Flete Strete by Tho. Povvell. Anno. 1556.

"John Heywoodes workes. A dialogue conteyning the number of the effectuall proverbes in the Englishe tounge, compact in a matter concernynge the two maner of maryages. With one hundred of Epigrammes: and three hundred of Epigrammes upon three hundred proverbes: and a fifth hundred of Epigrams. Whereonto are now newly added a syxt hundred of Epigrams by the sayde John Heywood. Londini. Anno christi, 1562."

The most part of these epigrams is a series of phrase turnings which lend a touch of the true to Chalmers' mention of Heywood's "ready aptness for wit and repartee," if the anecdote of the Duke

[4] See "Some Account of John Heywood and His Interludes," by F. W. Fairholt, in Pub. Percy Society, Vol. XX.

of Northumberland's table had not already done so. The clever juxtaposition of words was quite the thing in these days: the Elizabethan songsters were almost upon us and "Tottel's Miscellany" appeared in 1556. His "Description of a Most Noble Lady" is as pretty a compliment to Mary Stuart as ever rhymster paid to lady in sonnet cycle or other verse:

"Amongst her youthful years
She triumphs over age;
And yet she still appears
Both witty, grave and sage.

"I think nature hath ost her mould
Where she her form did take;
Or else I doubt that nature could
So fair a creature make. . . .

"It is a world to see
How virtue can repair,
And deck such honesty
In her that is so fair."

So he can blithely write of "vanished vanity," ask his friends to "keep possessed possession peaceably," and tell how "glory past increaseth present grief." He can chant a quaint and courtly lover's regret in "A Ballad of the Green Willow" ("an old thing it was" which Desdemona sang in slightly altered form, for it would not go from her mind), and he can also praise in a ballad "the most excellent meeting and like marriage between our Sovereign Lord and our Sovereign Lady, the King's and Queen's Highness," when Philip of Spain and Mary Stuart of England were joined together in 1554.

"Some count no charge
To talk at large;"

so Heywood penned a "Ballad Against Slander and Detraction" which deserves not to be forgotten; and the traitorous taking of Scarborough Castle moved him to a "ballet" urging folk "to 'bey their King and Queen."

But though he won some fame for his cleverness in shorter verse and longer drama, one of the most significant facts about Heywood centres around his "Parable of the Spider and the Flie." He was thoroughly awake to the social and economic shortcomings of the people of England, of high and low of each degree.

It is only necessary to look at the date of "The Spider and the Fly," 1556, and to read in the "Conclusion" that it was begun

twenty years before, the year of the Pilgrimage of Grace, 1536, and then we have some basis for understanding the poem. It is said that a contemporary writer in "Holinshed's Chronicle" remarked that neither its author nor any one else could "reach into the meaning thereof." But it is not so difficult. The flies are the Catholics, the spiders the Protestants, Queen Mary is the housemaid who comes in at the last minute (1553) and sweeps aside the arrogant cobwebs, executes the commands of the absent master (Christ) and her mistress (the Church) by killing the oppressive spider. Reading the tale thus, we get the whole story of Robert Aske and the Pilgrimage of Grace, with the patronage of St. Cuthbert and the banner of the five wounds.

It must not be forgotten that the conditions of the Peasant's Revolt of 1381, with its John Ball, "the mad priest of Kent," was reflected in Langland, nor that More's "Utopia" of 1515 likewise showed an insight into social and economic affairs. It must not be forgotten also that the enclosure of common lands by the lords, and even of peasant "strips," made the Pilgrimage of Grace as much the result of economic as of religious affairs, and probably even more.[5] The large land owners, who benefited from the enclosing of land, and the new nobility, the houses of Russell, Cavendish, Seymour, Grey, Dudley, Sidney, Cecil, Herbert, Fitzwilliams and Rich, who benefited financially from the suppression of monasteries, were ranged against the Catholic peasantry—the spiders against the flies.[6]

> "The towns go down, the land decays;
> Great men maketh nowadays
> A sheep-cote in the church."

It was not only the appropriation of the monasteries, but their appropriation for sheep, involving all the commercial changes and industrial prosperity to follow.

"The Spider and the Fly" shows how the spider wants to appropriate all the small openings in the window to which the flies had previously had free access—the common lands, of course. The figures, even the number of men actually engaged on each side in the military struggles, are not far from accurate, and the lack of organization among the flies is aptly condemned. "Force without order winneth victory seld." The idea is repeated in "The Foure PP:"

> "Men cannot prosper, wilfully led;
> All things decay where is no head."

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[5] H. de B. Gibbins: "Industry in England," 215-218.
[6] Goldwin Smith: "The United Kingdom," I., 334-336.

There is no doubt as to who is meant when Heywood speaks of the spiders as gentlemen who set exorbitant taxes and raised rents against the yoemen flies.[7]

The form of the poem is that of a dialogue with slightly shifting characters—a dialogue which proves a point as clearly and conclusively as ever did any question-and-answer product of scholastic philosophy.[8]

There is another similarity between this parable and the writings of Langland and More—a pertinent criticism of the lawyers and legal methods. "Reason, law, custom and conscience," we are told, should be the standards of judgment; there is too much "rude railing" in the courts; too much imprisonment without proof; quibbles are displayed in all their folly of men who "grant" yet do not absolutely grant; there is "meed" in the shape of rewards and bribery; one of the arbiters, "learned in the school of ignorance," quotes Latin, "spoke much and understood little." Justices are shown as Swift showed them later with no concern for absolute right and wrong, but only for the technical agreements or disagreements, "to try how good or ill custom is, is no part of our charge." And, finally, they are told that all should be equal before the law, that credence is a matter to be given not on the basis of rank, but according to evident honesty.

So, on the principle of equality, we return once more to recall the lack of class feeling in Langland and More, when they were commenting on good and evil. The Socialistic rhyming of John Ball is repeated:

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then a gentleman?"
> *(Gentleness and Nobility.)*

There is "dishonesty in spiders and in flies both:" noblemen should be "keeping themselves in their bounds as they ought" and the ploughman should "desire no more than is needful." Good and bad of all degrees are condemned, as Langland did condemn them. And even when enemies die, Heywood is moved rather to "lament their false facts than rejoice their false falls" *(The Spider and the Fly).*[9] Each must do his own part.

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[7] The subject of the transmission of feudal dues is also a subject of discussion in Heywood's "Gentleness and Nobility."

[8] Also the form of the dialogues "Wit and Folly" and "Gentleness and Nobility."

[9] The same idea is repeated in the "ballet" on the "Traitorous Taking of Scarborough Castle."

"What helpeth wyll where is no skyll?
What helpeth skyll where is no wyll?
For wyll or skyll, what helpeth it
Where frowarde knaves be lackynge wyt?"
(The Foure PP.)

Like the phrase "keep possessed possession peaceably," these lines represent more than a mere playing with words.

These were terrible times in which Heywood lived and of which he wrote, saying that it were better sometimes to be judged by your foe than by your friend, for your foe might attempt to conciliate and be lenient through fear and your friend would probably be treacherous from fear.

"Fear pierceth deep as hunger make ye sure.
The father his son, and the son his father,
The wife her husband, and the husband his wife:
The brother, his brother, all these we gather
To have seen (compelled by fear), where fear was rife
Bewray and betray each other in fear of life,
Sealed see we no natural a foolish kind pelf,
But he will hang his father to save himself."

The Vicar of Bray alone escaped, and how ever he did is a veritable marvel.

III.

The chief dramatic writings of John Heywood are:

"The Pardoner and the Frere" (1533).

"The Play called the foure PP." (1545, 1533).

"A merry play between Johan-Johan the husbadne | Tyb his wyfe | & syr Jhan the priest" (1533).

"The Play of the Wether" (1533).

"The Play of Love" (1533).

"A Dialogue Concerning Witty and Witless" (first printed from original MS. 1846).

The last three of these are scarcely more than academic disputes, little more exciting, so far as dramatic action is concerned, than a modern formal debate. "The Play of Love," for instance, contains but a single stage direction. Carefully arranged argument with repartee and rebuttal make up the most of these three.

But the other three are more interesting and we begin to realize why Heywood is "important in the history of English drama as the first writer to turn the abstract characters of the morality plays

into real persons," and how his interludes "link the morality plays to the modern drama, and were very popular in their day."

The figures which walked across his stage were not the "Manhode," "Folye" or "Perseueranaunce" of the moralities, but actual living persons out of sixteenth century England; and they carried not the symbolic properties of the early liturgical dramas, but real articles in use at the time by the very persons in the audience. The situation of Johan-Johan in the "mery play" in which he appears is typical of the change: he sits at one side of the stage chafing a candle and mending a pail by the fire, while his wife and Sir Johan eat the whole of a new pie which was to have been shared each-and-each. After touching on the broadest of broad farce, dealing freely with the boldest of social satire and ridicule, they typify the departure of the drama from the church, the churchyard, and even from church auspices and supervision. The theatre was becoming secularized. In the process of secularization it took over some of the characteristics of the humbler and more homely tales which delighted the middle ages. Chaucer's "Miller's Tale" and his "Reeve's Tale" are a little coarse in tone, but in character they touch very near the type of these "mery" interludes of John Heywood. It was the true beginning of English comedy.

Still, there was connected with it an element which had scarcely ever been absent from mediæval story telling of the French farce and the *fabliaux* type,[10] a pointed emphasis on class satire. Sir Johan is unkindly treated by implication, "giving absolution upon a bed;" the futility of pilgrimage faith without worldly works of worth is spoken of in the palmer *(The Four PP.);* and others are not spared, the sellers of indulgences, as is just, least of all:

> "Right seldom is it seen, or never,
> That truth and pardoners dwell together."
> *(The Four PP.)*

The long description of the various "virtues" of the many relics which the pardoner carries with him seem to take us back to Merlin and the world of enchantment, to Minnie, Morgan le Fay and invisible knights. Or they recall the biting criticisms and fervent condemnations of Langland, who could not abide the pardoners masquerading as priests and placing more confidence in Bishops' seals and Papal letters than in right living and clean thinking.[11] But it is often the case, as we found when looking at Heywood's

[10] See K. Young: "The Influence of French Farce Upon John Heywood," "Modern Philology," II., 97-124.

[11] Cf., Piers the Plowman; Text A., Prol. 68-75.

non-dramatic writings, that he criticizes all who need criticism without distinction. This was the mode of Langland and More, and also of Heywood.

"The Play of the Wether" is very nearly the most interesting of all. In it we have various persons brought before Jupiter demanding satisfaction of various desires and aversions with relation to the sort of weather which suits them best. The huntsman lord wants it clear without wind; the merchant wants cool breezes for his ventures abroad upon the deep to suit their courses; the wood-ranger, a lazy rogue, wants extreme storms; the water-miller wants always a steady rain and no wind; the wind-miller no rain and steady winds for his grinding; a gentlewoman wants her beauty protected from both storm and sun; a "launder" (laundress) wants hot sun for her clothes drying days, and the small boy frost and snow for the joy of youthful sports. These people all speak to Merry Rysert—and quarrel among themselves—and when Jupiter hears the demands he says that each shall have his wishes. He accomplishes the compromise of giving each his own part, in his own district and portion, by ordaining that everything shall be left "even as it was."

In a time of such turmoil, amid religious and economic uprisings, lordly greed and servile rage, intellectual expansion and commercial change, this little "Play of the Wether" comes as a fit lesson for the times. "Even as it was" each could work out his own path for right if only he would not ask and demand too much. It was the lesson of "The Spider and the Fly" as well as of this play. It was the lesson every true reformer of every time, seeing that pride and covetousness and greed are at the bottom of most social troubles, that if individuals were all reformed there would be no need for revolt nor for the formation of new institutions.

IV.

If the Vicar of Bray is in some sense characteristic of the age in which Heywood wrote and lived, there is another characteristic far more important—the Commercial Revolution which was just about getting under way. In "The Play of the Wether" he has sketched something of the service done by merchantmen through the world, East, West, North and South, bringing home the wealth of far lands in daily danger of their goods and life. Stressing as we shall in these essays literature as a reflection of social and economic, as well as intellectual history, there is scarcely a better way to end than by quoting another of Heywood's merchants *(Of Gentleness and Nobility)*, who speaks in defense of the trade he plied—the

trade which was to make the future greatness of Elizabethan England in commerce, as the drama made it great in literature. Shakespeare is but a counterpart of Francis Drake:

"I say the common weal of every land
In feat of merchandise doth principally stand.
For if our commodities be uttered for naught
Into strange lands and no riches brought,
Hither therefore we should come to beggary,
And all men driven to live in misery.
Then we noble merchants that in this realm be,
What a great wealth to this land do we;
We utter our wares and buy theirs good cheap,
And bring them hither with great profit,
And pleasure daily cometh to this region
To all manner of people that here do won.
Furthermore, ye see well with your eyes
That of strange lands the commodities,
We have such need of them that be there,
That in no wise we may then forbear,
As oil, silk, fruits and spices also,
Gold, silver, iron and other metals more . . .
And I spend my study and labor continually,
And cause such things to come hither daily,
For the comfort of this land and commonwealth,
And to all the people great profit and health."

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

ALEXANDRIAN MYSTICISM AND THE MYSTICS OF CHRISTIAN VIRGINITY.

GREGORY OF NYSSA AND METHODIUS OF OLYMPUS.

IN the history of Christian thought the catechetical school of Alexandria stands in the first rank, whether we form our judgment of it by the inspirational grandeur of the doctrines of its representatives, the boldness of the task its scholars proposed to accomplish, the impulse given simultaneously to theological culture and Christian piety, or by the new paths it disclosed to doctrinal Chistianity.

Charles Thomas Cruttwell writes: "Alexandria was truly a metropolis of Christian speculative thought, the teacher of the conformity of Christ's revelations with the highest human reason."[1] It was at Alexandria that the Gospel was first successfully presented as a system of religious philosophy.[2] It was in this city which has been well said had become a rendezvous of all creeds, all languages, all nationalities, a veritable cosmopolis of intellectual and religious movements, a nursery of all forms of eclecticism[3]—it was here that Christianity was set forth as the crown of all learning.[4] Christianity appeared to Clement and Origen, the literary founders of the catechetical school, not only as a religion that appeals directly to the heart, which transforms the soul, pervades the moral conscience and inspires sacrificial heroism, but it also appeared to them as the light which dispels the mists of human reason, as the sun which illuminates the minds of those immersed in darkness.

Christianity emerged from the narrow precincts of the sanctuary to cast itself with ardor into the vortex of intellectual life. It boldly entered the literary arena to wrest from the pagan poets and philosophers the jewels of truth, which, according to the oft-reiterated statements of Clement, Socrates, Plato and their followers had gleaned from the Hebrews. The genii of Gentilism were Attic commentators, or, to use more vigorous terms, unwilling plagiarists of the truth contained in Mosaism.

The Church was therefore obliged to take upon herself the task of exposing the literary thefts perpetrated by the pagan scholarship, and in order to effectuate her designs, "she was no longer to con-

[1] "A Literary History of Early Christianity;" London, 1893; I., p. 429.
[2] Ibid., p. 264.
[3] John Patrick, "Clement of Alexandria;" Edinburgh, 1914; p. 8.
[4] Ibid., p. 6.
[5] Stromata, I., p. 22.
[6] Ibid., V., p. 1.

sider herself a sect cut off from the world—it was rather to become a school or porch to prepare the world for the higher truth."[7]

It was by means of Alexandrian Fathers that as Harnack says: "Christianity became a part of the civilization of the world, and the whole of Greek science served the purpose of Christian apologetics."[8] Alexandrian theology possesses peculiar characteristics which cause it to differentiate entirely from the theological school of Antioch, its rival, above all in the third century. The school of Alexandria is essentially mystic, where that of Antioch is fundamentally logical. In the former the heart and a profoundly religious sentiment prevail, whilst in the latter reason and authority are the dominating factors. In Alexandria *Pistis* is the ruling norm of all true *Gnosis:* in Antioch rationalistic tendencies predominate in the scientific treatment of the Christian truths and at times they conflict with the traditional teaching of the Church.

The Alexandrians, imbued with a deeply religious spirit, seek always the divine element, the inspiration which comes from on high, in all the manifestations of the historical life of Christianity. The Antiochenes, on the contrary, assume an extremely grave, intellectual attitude, and, whilst the former are daring innovators and allow scope to their fancies, the latter are hostile to every phase of exaggerated thought. In a word, the Alexandrians look upon and elucidate Christian truths more as believers than as thinkers, as seers illuminated by divine grace rather than as cold analytical logicians. The Antiochenes, on the other hand, study, investigate, analyze and define Christianity. They reduce it to forms as do mathematicians in their search for the solution of a problem, or as theoricians, who, in the pursuit of their calculations, allow no scope to the flight of their imaginations. The result, therefore, is that in the school of Antioch the traditional scholastic character prevails, where in that of Alexandria the most intense Mysticism vibrates. For this reason the Alexandrians have been wrongfully condemned as mystics "who corrupted Christianity by an admixture of Oriental and Greek thought."[9]

The Mysticism of the Alexandrian catechetical school derives its being from three sources—theological, Scriptural and ascetical. The first furnishes the speculative, the second the poetical and the third the moral element. The first illuminates the mind with a wealth of celestial light; the second guides the imagination through flowery

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[7] J. B. Heard, "Alexandrian and Carthaginian Theology Contrasted;" Edinburgh, 1893; p. 38.

[8] "History of Dogma," II., pp. 319, 323.

[9] See Ch. Kingsley, "Alexandria and Her Schools;" Cambridge, 1854; p. 131.

fields, whilst the third bathes the heart and soul in a salutary flood of tears and penitence.

The theological ideal of the Alexandrians is very different from that of the Antiochenes. "The former endeavored to elucidate what was essentially obscure, to approximate what was essentially remote, and to render mentally palpable what from its own nature is inaccessible to the intellectual truth,"[10] but in their efforts to touch, as it were, with their very hands the word of life, they approached still nearer to the inaccessible object of their faith, by means of the ecstatic flight of their souls. Their gaze was fixed steadfastly on Christ and the contemplation of His glorious divinity, whilst they conversed of the Saviour with the ardent fervor of the mystics.

In the history of Christian theology the Alexandrians are the contemplators of the Trinity, and above all theoricians of the Word of God. They studied first of all the Father as being the fountain of life. With St. Athanasius they reached the very summit of Christian speculation, by the unfolding and elaborating of the doctrine of the Word, and the glorification of the Son of God made man and become the Redeemer of all mankind: with the great Cappadocians they are the defenders of the Spirit of God, as He dwells in the hearts of the regenerated. Their theology never strays from the orbit of divinity. Its aim is to nourish the soul with the manna of a celestial doctrine rather than to establish on earth the Byzantine priesthood and a Roman theocracy. Their minds cannot separate the human garb in the person of Christ from the divine supporter of it. Jesus Christ is to them always and above all things the Word of God, and as such the sacred torch which illumines the intellect.

The Mysticism of the Alexandrians has none of the outbursts of passion, which in the Christian mystics may be well defined as "The being in love with death." On the contrary, it takes the form in its most illustrious representatives of a contemplative serenity, which serves to maintain in a high degree the prestige of revealed truths and prevents them from becoming desiccated and ofttimes wholly deformed by criticism, audacious in its rationalistic pretenses.

In their attempts to sound the depths of and to decipher Christian truth, Christianity does not lose its pneumatic character to become the diversion of the erudite and the plaything of the dialecticians. The Antiochenes, on the other hand, aimed above all at externals and the dogmatic shell of Christianity. They were, in fact, much more concerned by the external attacks of their enemies than by the internal virtue of Christian principles, and as the latter armed themselves with a cuirass of rationalistic arguments, the

[10] E. Yerningham, "The Alexandrian School;" London, 1810; p. 15.

Antiochenes endeavored to follow their adversaries into the same arena, to illuminate Christian dogma by the pale light of reason and to pin their faith to rationalistic props. They aimed at a more accurate definition and formulation of revealed truths, would stifle exaggerated innovations and guard the traditional teaching from any attempt to warp or alter their meaning.[11]

The contrast between the two schools is more especially observable in their respective methods of interpreting the Holy Scripture. The allegorical method, which became the foundation of the Alexandrian exegesis, was introduced by Origen as being exigent to the adaptation of Christianity to Greek culture. As B. Workman observes: "There was much in the Old Testament that was unintelligible to Greek converts, much seemed contradictory to their new faith, some things that jarred upon their moral consciousness. Refuge from these difficulties was found in the adoption of allegory as the true key for the unlocking of the Bible treasures."[12] But that which apologetic necessity demanded became in a short time an inexhaustible fountain, an unexplored mine of mystical speculation. The allegorical method came to be regarded as the peculiar mark of Christian Mysticism. We are not unwilling to admit with Workman that the allegorical method grew out of a tendency to rationalism, of the attempt to explain away the riddles of the Scripture by getting rid of their literal or historical significance, and that rationalism is the worst enemy of Mysticism.

It is a fact, however, that the mystic sense developed the spiritual element and the power of absorbing spiritual things by liberating the spirit from its chains, freeing it from the incubus of the letter which kills, the bondage of formulæ, and allowing a wider margin to human reason which very often interposes itself between God and man.

Cruttwell says: "The Origenian theory of the mystical sense was a protest against the carnal liberalism of the Jewish Christian, and as such a blow struck for freedom as against bondage, for rule as against lawlessness,"[13] and the soul of the mystic, as is only too well known, needs liberty as the plant needs the light of the sun.

The Alexandrian allegorical exegesis was not so much the product of a rationalism which demands of the imagination those arguments which human reason is incapable of giving, as the development of the mystical sense which sees beyond the letter the lineaments of

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[11] S. L. Epifanovic, "Prep. Maxim Ispoviednik i vizantiiskoe bogoslovte" (St. Maximus the Confessor and the Byzantin Theology); Kieff, 1915; pp 7, 8.

[12] "Christian Thought to the Reformation;" New York, 1911; p. 8.

[13] Op. cit., p. 429.

divine beauty, and, bursting the bonds of theology, seeks God in fervent prayer rather than with the syllogism of dialectics.

In the theological school of Antioch the opposite occurs. The Antiochenes are more practical, more positive. They are well-balanced, sober-minded scholars, and the audacity of the Alexandrians excites in them a feeling or diffidence, sometimes of protestation. The pedantry of grammaticists is preferable, in their eyes, to the sublimest allegorical fancies.

H. B. Sweete describes them beautifully when he says: "All are diligent students of Holy Scripture; all brought to the study of Scripture a healthy freedom from conventional methods of interpretation, approaching it from the side of grammar and history. Abandoning Origen's endeavor to find mysteries in the plainest statements of the sacred writers, the Antiochene expositors were content to extract the precise meaning of the words; or, if they went further, they limited themselves to the legitimate use of Scripture in determining points of doctrine or of practice."[14]

The third element of Alexandrian mysticism is its tendency towards asceticism. According to Barthèlemy, Saint-Hilaire said mysticism "exige davantage que la lutte de l'âme contre le principe matériel et inférieur, et quand il est pratiqué dans toute sa sévérité, il va jusqu' à l'ascéticism le plus austére."[15] In their philosophical speculations on the vision of God, the point of departure of the Alexandrian mystics is from the beginning of a perfect purification of the human organism—a purification which at one and the same time frees the soul from all sensible perceptions, launches it into the luminous mists of divine reality, and releases the body from the slavery of the senses and from all ill-regulated passions. It may be truthfully asserted that the mystics of Alexandria made monasticism and virginity the essential conditions of a perfect fellowship with God and the necessary preliminaries of the mystical flight of the soul towards its Creator. In fact, Origen, the great master and legislator of Alexandrian mysticism, has been rightfully considered as the prime initiator of monastic mysticism,[16] whilst Methodius of Olympus and Gregory of Nyssa are the supporters and defenders of virginity—an essential requisite to the mystical development of the Christian soul.

METHODIUS OF OLYMPUS.

With Methodius, Bishop of Olympus (ob. 311), we enter the

[14] "Patristic Study;" London, 1902; p. 97.

[15] "De l'école d' Alexandrie;" Paris, 1845; p. 26.

[16] See Börnemann, "In investiganda monachatus origine, quibus de causis ratio habenda sit Origensis;" Goettingen, 1885.

heart of ascetic mysticism. The Apostolic Fathers found in Christ the source of mystical experiences, and following in the steps of their teacher, St. Paul, craved to be crucified with their Lord. With Clement of Alexandria and Origen, the features of the Saviour begin to evaporate in a glittering mist of philosophical speculations. Origen asserts that monachism is the best way to approach God. The passionate yearnings of Ignatius of Antioch toward the crucified Saviour are displaced by the exalted praises of virginity, styled the main fountain of the mystical purification of believing souls. "The offering of its own self to God," says Origen, "is the most perfect of all the vows. Every one who enters this way becomes an imitator of Christ; every one who practices chastity gives his own body to God."[17]

In Methodius of Olympus, the keenest adversary of Origen, we find, strange to say, the fullest development of the ascetic mysticism outlined in Origen's writings. In him, according to Harnack, we have the theological speculation of the future monachism of the Church. He represents the fundamental features of monkish mysticism. In him the state of virginity is the condition of Christlikeness. Unstained virginity is the perfectly Christian life in itself.

In the mystical teaching of Methodius the true gnostics are strong and generous natures, "which, vaulting over the stream of pleasure, direct the chariot of the soul upward from the earth, and, taking their stand upon the vault of heaven, they purely contemplate immortality itself as it leaps out from the undefiled bosom of the Almighty."[18] To Methodius it is not possible for a soul to be brought to God by means of reason, but men of faith are able to remove themselves from the atmosphere of darkness surrounding them and to go on from step to step, from knowledge to knowledge, till they reach the inextinguishable fire of love and are burnt in it and climb to the summit of the heavenly life.[19] The stages of the mystical life are represented by faith, meditation on Holy Scripture, charity, righteousness and chastity, which is the crown of all virtues.[20] At the beginning of the new life in Christ, Goed does not speak. By prayers and the prayers of others and by ascetic practices the soul elevates itself to the divine heights in the measure granted to human strength.[21] The ascetic life subdues impure passions, cleans and adorns the soul and uproots the distracting thoughts which darken

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[17] "In Num.," xxiv., P. G., xii., 760.

[18] "Symposium," i., 1.

[19] "De lepra," xiii.; Bonwetsch, "Methodius von Olympus;" Erlangen, 1891.

[20] "Symposium," ix., 4.

[21] "In Job," xxxi., 1; Bonwetsch, p. 352.

it.[22] The soul must be undefiled and unpolluted, "as a garden sealed, in which the odors of the fragrance of heaven are grown, that Christ alone may come and gather them."[23]

The most energetic agent for the cleaning of the soul is virginity, the brightest star of Christ,[24] the root of immortality, its flower and first fruit.[25] Therefore, if we long to reach the likeness of God, the chief aim of Mysticism, we must endeavor to honor virginity. The Word Himself when He was incarnate became the chief virgin.[26] Virginity is the final goal of that asceticism which spiritualizes the human body. It is a true and outstanding martyrdom.[27]

To advance in the stages of mystical life the Christian soul is to be betrothed and given in marriage to Christ, as a virgin.[28] It is to be espoused to the Word, as the Church,[29] which is a bride surpassing all in the beauty of youth and virginity.[30] Then the Word works out mysteriously the enlightening of the soul united with Him by the ties of a spiritual marriage. "It is impossible for any one to be a partaker of the Holy Spirit and to be chosen a member of Christ unless the Word first comes upon Him and he falls into a trance, in order that he, being filled with the Spirit and rising again from sleep with Him, may be able to receive renewal and restoration."[31] When the Word takes possession of the soul, the Holy Spirit gently breathing down from the treasures of the Father above, gives us all the clear, fair wind of knowledge.[32] Gradually the mystical soul, which is irradiated in the state of virginity by inextinguishable lights,[33] reaches the sunlit heights of God's vision. "The clear eye of the understanding looks more clearly upon the truth, urges the heart to love which radiates forth from the glorious beauty of chastity,"[34] and makes of the soul a church and a helpmeet of Christ in the work of salvation.[35]

The life of the souls that are initiated in virginity by the mystic rites of the Christian mysteries[36] ends in the attainment of a divine

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[22] "Symposium," ix., 4.
[23] Ibidem, vii., 1.
[24] Ib., iv., 1.
[25] Ib., i., 1.
[26] Ib., i., 5.
[27] Ib., vii., 3.
[28] Ib., i., 9.
[29] Ib., vii., 4, 6.
[30] Ib., vii., 7.
[31] Ib., i., 8.
[32] Ib., vii., 1.
[33] Ib., viii., 4.
[34] Ib., vii., 2.
[35] Ib., i., 8.
[36] Ib., vii., 5.

resemblance. This likeness of God is realized when we reproduce the divine features in our own life.[37] God was pleased to put on human flesh, so that we, beholding as on a tablet the divine Pattern of our life, should also be able to imitate Him Who painted it. The resemblance to God, the goal towards which we ought to tend,[38] is the recompense of the almost divine virtue of chastity.[39]

ST. GREGORY OF NYSSA.

Gregory of Nyssa deserves to be considered as one of the great masters of Christian mysticism. He has, in truth, been lawfully extolled as the precursor of the pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite. At the second Council of Nicea (787) he was entitled "The father of fathers," and was, in fact, a more profound, erudite and logical theologian than St. Gregory of Nazianza, "an original and constructive thinker who left a sure mark upon dogmatic theology."[40] Considered as a mystic, he is an acute moralist and philosopher, and above and before all things he is a psychologist, a tireless searcher into the interior phenomena of the religious conscience.

The mysticism of Gregory of Nyssa may be styled the mysticism of reason, the logical inference of abstract meditations on the relationship between God and man and on the antithesis between the soul and the body. It may be traced in a direct line to the mystical plans of Origen, Neo-Platonic influences and to the rules of monastic asceticism.

The influence of Origen upon the Alexandrian theological school, and in reality upon the entire Orient, is supreme. As Harnack has observed, "In the East the history of dogma and of the Church during the succeeding centuries is the history of Origen's philosophy. Arians and Orthodox, critics and mystics, priests who overcame the world and monks who shunned it, but were eager for knowledge, could appeal to this system and did not fail to do so."[41]

The Origenism of Gregory of Nyssa reveals itself in his method of Biblical hermeneutics, in his fondness for the allegorical meaning of the Holy Scriptures and in his system of ethics, his conception of the divine goodness and of terrestrial evils—a conception which led him, like his master, to admit the universal *apocatastasis*.[42]

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[37] Ib., I., 4.

[38] Ib., vii., 1.

[39] Fritschel, "Methodius von Olympus und seine Philosophie;" Leipzig, 1879; p. 28; Bonwetsch, "Die Theologie des Methodius von Olympus;" Berlin, 1904; pp. 125-140.

[40] Sweete, op. cit., p. 88.

[41] "History of Dogma," II., p. 379.

[42] Rupp, J., "Gregors des Bischofs von Nyssa, Leben und Meinungen;" Leipzig, 1834; p. 247.

Like Origen, he delights in seeking and finding in every word of the Biblical text a fund of moral instruction. The literal sense disappears or is completely sacrificed in the preface to his Homilies on the Canticle of Canticles.

Undoubtedly Gregory of Nyssa did not go so far in his worship for his master as to break down the barriers which ecclesiastical tradition had formed about the realm of Christian speculation. J. Huber defined him well when he wrote: "Gregory is timid by nature and somewhat inclined to femininity. He is tenacious of dogma and on principle opposed to any form of audacious innovation that may lead him on through unbeaten paths."[43] The system of Origen, like an unripe fruit, was the result of the evolution of Christian thought, and those who tasted thereof were drawn in despite of themselves to submit to its inebriating influence.

In the mystical system of Gregory of Nyssa Platonic influences were also visible. The saint loved Plato and took a keen delight deciphering and revealing his latent thoughts and exalting the Athenian who, notwithstanding the tenebres shrouding his pagan conceptions, fixed his gaze at times on the dazzling mirror of divine truth.[44] Neo-Platonic ethics aimed at purifying the soul, freeing it from the tyrrany of passions and preparing it for the delights found in the pure contemplation of the Supreme Being.[45] The moral tenets of Neo-Platonism, which permeated the whole ethical system of Clement of Alexandria and gave characteristic features and outlines to the Christian Gnostic of the Alexandrian school, formed the mystical speculation of Gregory of Nyssa. Franz Diekamp, who was the first to reveal the spiritual value of the writings of Gregory of Nyssa and their astonishing relationship to the celebrated works of Dionysius the Areopagite, is of the opinion that the latter have received their impress from the former. Koch justly observes that Gregory of Nyssa, like the pseudo-Dionysius, drew from the same Alexandrian Neo-Platonic Judaic fountain.[46] Following the footsteps of Philo, Gregory of Nyssa wrote his "Mystical Theory of the Life of Moses," which contains important data in the literary history of Christian Mysticism that are surprisingly analogous, whether we consider the contents or the style in his description of the highest mystical states to the mystical theories of the Areopagite.

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[43] "Die Philosophie der Kirchenväter;" München, 1859; p. 185.

[44] Bardenhever, "Geschichte der altkirchlichen Literatur;" Freiburg in Breisgau, 1912; p. 192.

[45] Grandgeorge, "Saint Augustin et le Neo-Platonism;" Paris, 1896; p. 11.

[46] "Das mystiche Schauen beim hl. Gregor von Nyssa, Theologische Quartalschrift," 1898, lxxx., pp. 398-399.

The Neo-Platonic influx reveals itself in an accurate analysis of the elements which virtually elevate mankind step by step towards the heights of mysticism, from whence his gaze is fixed upon the abyss of the supreme divine reality.

It would be well to note here that the Pagan and Judaic influences exerted on the mystical teaching of St. Gregory of Nyssa and of all the great Alexandrian teachers in general will never alter the profoundly Christian character of their mysticism. On the one hand, their religious experiences are not the product of a vaporous philosophical speculation that tends towards the infinite Reality by means of a misguided reason, and on the other, the highest state of contemplation of the Divine Reality is never transformed into an immediate and direct intuition, which would place Christian mysticism upon a strictly pantheistic basis.

Gregory of Nyssa, like the pseudo-Areopagite, insists constantly upon the coöperation and the action of the Word of God in the revelation of the various phases of the mystical process, and at the same time he is never weary of asserting, with rare energy and great beauty of terms and conceits, the impossibility of knowing God and the innate impotence of the human intellect to embrace with a glance, as it were, the immensity of the Supreme Being.

The mystical elevation of the regenerated Christian is for Gregory of Nyssa a renewal of the ancient dignity of the human nature —a sort of spiritual return to the primitive perfection of man as yet unpolluted by the stain of original sin. The nobility and grandeur of human nature is variously extolled and described in the admirable treatise, "De Hominis Opificio." Man is the image of God, the reflection of divine beauty. As the painter transfers the human form to his picture by means of certain colors, so I would have you understand that our Maker, likewise painting the portrait to resemble His own image and likeness, by the addition of virtues, as it were with colors, shows in us His own sovereignty.[47]

This idea of the perfect resemblance of man to his Creator—of a compendium, as it were, of all created human perfections—confronts us frequently in the writings of Gregory of Nyssa. Man is in reality a microcosm, and as such he is destined by his very nature to draw nearer to God and to find in a conscious fellowship with the Supreme Being the true spiritual beauty in its entirety. "The human nature was, by its likeness to the King of all, made as it were a living image, partaking with the Archetype both in rank and in name, clothed in virtue, reposing on the bliss of immortality, decked with the crown of righteousness, so that it is shown to be

[47] "De hominis opificio," v., P. G., xliv., 137.

perfectly like the beauty of its Archetype in all that belongs to the dignity of royalty."[48]

If such be the perfection of man, his mission and his happiness must be contained within the orbit of the divine. They must unfold by the constant impetus of all his faculties towards God as the source of true life and the centre of light and love. The rightful heritage of man is happiness, and this beatitude consists in intimate communion with God as He is.[49] The final end and the supreme reason of his being, subjugated by the fascination of virtue, is a participation of the divine nature,[50] and the tending of our whole being towards the attainment of a perfect likeness to God.[51] The human soul must become like a celestial palm-grove, the perfume of whose flowers must give forth the sweetness of incense, the symbol of divinity. This likeness to God must be so perfect that the man who has attained so high a degree of perfection must in a manner become familiar with God, must immerge himself in the Divine Being, must be one with Him,[52] and in order to attain his object he must force himself to accomplish acts that partake of the nature of the Divinity.[53] There is, however, an indispensable preliminary condition to the acquisition of a beatitude which gradually elevates us to a spiritual likeness to God. Before casting himself into the ethereal regions of the Unknown, the regenerated man must purify his body and soul; he must tread "the purgative way." Purification is necessary to the healing of the soul. The celestial pleasure produced within us in the God-seeing stage is the result of the crucifying process of an ascetic life. "The soul must be freed from fleshy needs, from the affection of material objects, in order to turn to the contemplation of immaterial beauty. Purity of heart, that master of our lives, alone can capture the divine and undefiled delights."[54]

Gregory likens the passions to those cavalry archers and stingers in Pharao's army who tumbled over one another in the Red Sea.[55] Man does not live for the flesh to be subject to the troubles of the flesh.[56] Vices contrary to virtue must be expelled and leave the field free for the latter.[57]

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[48] Ib., iv., 136.
[49] "In Psalm," i., xliv., 433.
[50] "In Cant.," Hom. ix., Ib., 968.
[51] "In Psalm" i., Ib. 433: De Beat. Or. i., Ib. 1200.
[52] "In Cant." i., xliv., 777; "In Psalm" vii., Ib., 456.
[53] "In Psalm," vii., Ib., 457.
[54] "De Virg.," v., xlvi., 349.
[55] "De vita Moysis," xliv., 361.
[56] "De Virgin," iv., xlvi., 348.
[57] "De vita M.," 332.

The mastery of Gregory of Nyssa in his thorough description of the purgative state of Christian mysticism depends upon his rare knowledge of the art of medicine. He therefore adopts criteria methods and even medical terminology when speaking of the soul dominated and seared by passions. For him the vices are *spiritual maladies.* In order to cure and extirpate them, *spiritual* therapeutics must be employed.[58] The liberation of the soul from its vicious husk is called its *restoration to health.*

That purification of the soul which extends itself at one and the same time to the senses and the intellect, to the exterior and the interior man, must reach its apogee by passional insensibility. Gregory expressly states that "apathy" or freedom from the agitation of the passions is the beginning and the groundwork of a life in accordance with virtue.[59]

It is interesting to note that the word "apathy" is not unusual in Greek mysticism. It was also used indistinctively by the Alexandrian mystics whose conception of the term, however, does not express an entirely negative idea, but denotes rather the preservation of the independence of the soul freed from the terrestrial and passional element, and for that reason expresses a state of union between action and rest, the utmost limit of the negative influence upon mysticism to which the positive influence is immediately connected.[60] If we make use of a comparison we should say the "apathy" in the line of demarcation is negative, but inasmuch as the tenebres follow from the opposite side the confines of light, the "apathy" is positive.

Gregory of Nyssa seems to have had a like conception when he defined transition from light to darkness as the first grade of contemplation.[61] This transition is accomplished in us by means of the mysterious operations of the Word of Life. During a season of spiritual tepidity the soul, abandoning itself to vice, accumulates within itself seeds of corruption, but the Verb produces eternal springtime, cultivates the soul, eradicates all that is useless and earthy and plants therein virtue.[62]

Like Athanasius, Gregory lays great stress upon the most significant rôle played by sacraments in the working out of spiritual deification: "Those who have been cleansed from the filth of iniquity through the water of the sacrament need no other purification, while

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[58] "Epistola ad Letoium," xlv., 224.

[59] "Or. catech.," vi., xlv., 29.

[60] Zarin, "Asketizizm, po pravoslavnomu-khristianskomu ucheniu" (Asceticism, according to the Christian orthodox teaching); Petrograd, 1907; II., pp. 302-306.

[61] "In Cant.," xi., xliv., 1000.

[62] "In Cant.," v., 873.

those who have never received that sacramental cleansing must necessarily be purged through fire."[63] The mystic waters of baptism wash away the defilement of our sins and through purity bring God into our souls.[64] This sacramental purification and its effects are beautifully portrayed in the following passage: "The earthly envelopment is removed by water. The likeness to the divine is not our work at all: it it not the achievement of any faculty of man. It is the great gift of God bestowed upon our nature. By clearing away the filth of sins the buried beauty of the soul shines forth again. Divine Good is not something apart from our nature and is not removed far away from those who have the will to seek it. It is the fact within each of us, ignored indeed and unnoticed while it is stifled beneath the cares and pleasures of life, but bound again whenever we can turn our power of conscious thinking towards it."[65]

According to R. M. Jones, the mystical views of Gregory, the process of mystical experiences effected by baptism and continued by the Eucharist, are unquestionably a serious drop from Paul, and even from Plato, and they led to a low and perverted mysticism of a second order in his successors—some such degeneration as Neo-Platonism underwent during the same period.[66] But it must be noted that mysticism is associated by the Greek Fathers with the elevation of the soul to the supernatural state of grace. Baptism, therefore, is emphasized by them as the door of access to the realm of grace and by natural connection to that of mystical experiences, and the Eucharist as a spiritual food strengthening the soul's powers in its ascent towards God. Hence it follows that the above mentioned utterances of Gregory are not to be understood as a stiffening of mystical energies into the materialistic atmosphere of outward rites. They are, in fact, the genuine expression of the teaching of Christian theology that baptism is the initiation into a newness of life begotten of the Incarnation—a life which by stages attains to the direct ecstatic knowledge of God.

In accordance with his ascetic yearnings, Gregory assigns to virginity a foremost rank in the hierarchy of the virtues purifying the soul. He seems ill-affected towards marriage. To him marriage is the last stage of our separation from the life that was led in Paradise. It is, therefore, the first thing to the left.[67] Virginity, on the contrary, "is the channel which draws down the Deity to

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[63] "Or. catech.," 35.
[64] Ib., 36.
[65] "De Virgin.," xii.
[66] "Or. cat.," 86.
[67] "De Virg.," xii.

share man's estate, which keeps wings for man's desires to rise to heavenly things, and is a bond of union between the divine and human, by its meditation bringing into harmony these extremes so widely divided."[68] The union of the soul with the incorruptible Deity can be accomplished in no other way but by herself attaining by her virgin state to the utmost purity possible—a state which, being like God, will enable her to grasp that to which it is like, while she places herself like a mirror beneath the purity of God and moulds her own beauty at the touch and sight of the Archetype of all beauty."[69]

The real virginity is "the power of seeing God." Virginity is, indeed, the crowning virtue of the purified soul. But it is not enough. Aiming at a complete purification, a mystic soul must break down every link whatsoever of connection with earthly things." No one can come near the purity of the Divine Being who has not first himself become such. He must, therefore, place between himself and the pleasures of the senses a high strong wall of separation. Such an impregnable wall will be found in a complete estrangement from everything wherein passion operates."[70]

To one who has cleansed all the powers of his being from every form of vice, the Beauty which is essential, the source of every beauty and every good will become visible.[71] When we restore the Godly beauty of the soul, when we mount towards heaven by the self-made likeness in our soul to the descending dove, when the chambers of our soul are found of such a sort that God can dwell in us and walk in us, to the soul there comes the power of prying into the mysteries of God. The mind's eye, like the visual eye purged from a blinding humor, can clearly look up to the distant skies. It leaves the murky mire of the world, and under the stress of spirit becomes pure and luminous in contact with true and supernal purity: it becomes itself a light. It enters into the atmosphere of eternal beauty. "When our soul becomes free from any emotional connection with the brute creation, there will be nothing to impede its contemplation of the beautiful, for this last is essentially capable of attracting in a certain way every being that looks towards it."[72]

The contemplation of God is perfectly incorporeal.[73] It needs no eyes, no sense of hearing. It does not unfold by following the ordi-

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[68] Ib., ii.
[69] Ib., xi.
[70] Ib., xxi.
[71] Ib., xi.
[72] "De anima et resur.," P. G., xlvi., 89.
[73] "De Vita Moysis," 373.

nary ways and means of human intellect, and is never attained unless it produces an intellectual void and by a complete and perfect renunciation of all sensible perceptions. The contemplative vision of God is limited neither by time nor space, because in the Divine Intellect time and space do not exist.[74]

But such a vision of the divine Beauty is not a direct intuition into the divine Being. The further we advance in the knowledge of God, the more His divine nature appears to us shrouded with a luminous darkness. By means of a series of ascensions the soul attains the heights of the Divinity and enters into the tenebres which surround God. As it mounts higher and still higher, the human intelligence comprehends with greater clearness the invisibility and incomprehensibility of the divine nature. Surrounded by invisible and incomprehensible mists, the soul sees God and understands that its mission consists in that which it sees, that which it does not see.[75]

Thus Gregory of Nyssa stands firmly for the *negativa via* as to the knowledge of God. The true vision of God, he says, consists in this, that we cannot see Him. But the sparkling mists of the supernal beauty do not hamper the movements of the soul heavenwards.[76]

Assimilated to God, the soul penetrates the mysterious darkness of the Divine Being.[77] Its life becomes in some degree a copy of that of God. It finds that the supreme and immaterial good is really worth enthusiasm and love, and it attaches itself to it by means of the movement and activity of love, fashioning itself according to that which it is continually finding and grasping. It understands that to see God is its life, and the recognition of God becomes love, because the beautiful is necessarily lovable.

By faith and love the soul attaches itself to God, becomes one spirit with the Spirit of God.[78] The soul shares then in the divine beauty and life. It becomes itself as beautiful as the beauty which it has touched and entered and is made bright and luminous itself in the communion of the real light.[79]

Thus in the perfect consummation of the love of God the organic process of the deification of the soul in the mystical teaching of

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74 "In Cant.," vi., 892; "De Vita Moysis," 377.

75 "De Vita Moysis," 377.

76 "De Vita Moysis," 401.

77 "In Cant.," 773.

78 "In Cant.," 772.

79 "De Virgin.," xi.; Moeller, "Gregorii Nysseni doctrina de hominis natura;" Halle, 1854, p. 81; Krampf, "Der Urzustand des Menschen nach der Lehre des hl. Gregor von Nyssa," Würzburg, 1899; pp. 49-64.

Gregory comes to an end with the complete freedom of man from the yoke of passions.

These brief outlines will serve to demonstrate that all the elements for a complete treatise on mystical Christianity are to be found in the writings of Gregory of Nyssa. Considered under certain aspects, the mystical schemes of Gregory seem to be of far greater importance than those of the Areopagite.

In the latter, the speculative and the philosophical element predominate exclusively, whereas in the former we find the ascetic speculative synthesis. Gregory of Nyssa is a pedagogue who does not disdain to impart at one and the same time the rudimentary science of a perfect life and the supreme science of divine contemplation. He is at once a spiritual physician and a high thinker, who, whilst gazing fixedly upon the divine Reality, does not forget to study and to heal human infirmities.

The mystical followers of Gregory of Nyssa, instead of completing his mystical synthesis, became analytical. They separated the speculative and ascetic elements which Gregory had endeavored to blend harmoniously. Under the pen of Evagrius Ponticus, Nilus Sinaita and the Abbot Dorotheus, mysticism assumes an eminently ascetic character and is transformed into a code of rules for the guidance of man in the struggle against his evil passions. By Dionysius the Areopagite it is launched into aereal speculations. The refinement of its rambling terms the splendor of its incomparable images and symbolical conceptions dazzle and bewilder the searcher and the thinker.

Gregory of Nyssa is a link between these two mystical tendencies. His is a synthetical mind which turns at one and the same time to the babes in Christ, feeding them with milk, not with meat (I. Cor. iii., 1), and to the perfect men who have reached the age of maturity in Christ and put away childish things (Ib. xiii., 11). His mysticism is despoiled on the one hand of that rigid formalism, that legal harshness which characterizes that of the ascetic mystics of the Alexandrian school, and on the other it is immune to the arid speculation and cloudy abstractions of him whom Alfred Vaughan styled the mythical hero of the Christian mystics—Dionysius the Areopagite.[80]

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[80] "Hours With the Mystics," London, 1860; I., p. 97.

MEDIÆVAL WARFARE.

War's a game, that were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.

THERE are three perennial sources of human and world-wide interest—religion, love and war; but when war is raging, it takes precedence of everything else. It is an obsession. We think, talk, read, dream and perhaps pray about little else except this war, which we rightly judge to be the greatest the world has ever seen. The odd thing is our ancestors thought the same of their wars, which seem to us puny in comparison with ours, of which, strange to say, we are very proud.

Our weapons of war, our strategy, our commissariat, our transport, our hospital service, our methods of making war all differ "toto coelo" from those of the middle ages, and yet one element, and that the chief in all warfare, to wit: Human nature remains the same, and so we are not surprised to find a good many points of resemblance between mediæval wars and ours, for history is ever repeating itself.

A glance at some of our old chronicles which treat of battles may therefore be interesting in exemplifying this.

To begin with statistics, as reliable in those days as in ours, perhaps, the numbers engaged in mediæval wars were much smaller than in this world-wide war of ours; on the other hand, their casualties were as great in comparison, if not greater, than ours are. This is, of course, because our defense is so much stronger than was theirs and because so many of them died of wounds who would have been saved had their surgical skill been equal to ours and had the wounded had the benefits the modern Ambulance Corps bestow.

The numbers engaged in the battle of Lewes, which took place in 1263, between King Henry III. on the one side and the Barons under Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, on the other, were said to be 60,000 on the King's side and 40,000, including the London citizens, on the side of the Barons. This is according to the Worcester Chronicle (Cotton MS.). Of these, Rishanger, a monk of the Monastery of St. Alban's, says in his chronicle that 5,000 fell on both sides, but the chronicles differ very much in their estimation of the losses in this battle.

Besides these killed, Rishanger[1] says that 2,000 fled and a large number were taken prisoners, among them Robert Bruce, John Bal-

[1] The Chronicle of William de Rishanger of the Barons' Wars. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. London: Printed for Camden Society, 1840; p. 33.

liol and William Wallace. He describes the slaughter "as terrible, and, it being civil war, father fought against son and son against father, citizen against fellow-citizen, relation against relation, some being on the King's side and some on the Barons'."

The Evesham Chronicle agrees with the Worcester in this estimate of the losses; the Salisbury puts them at more than 3,000; the Winchester Chronacle says: "Some fled, some were drowned, some killed up to 5,000, about 1,000 remained below the priory and didn't enter the fight." In the battle of Evesham, of which the chronicler, Robert of Gloucester, said "that it was not a battle, but a murder, so terrible was the bloodshed," the losses were heavier even than that at Lewes, for it was a Cadmean victory, both sides suffering equally. In it the King was severely wounded and carried off the field for dead, and Simon de Montfort, the leader of the Barons, was literally butchered, and the vengeance of his enemies pursued him not only after death, but even after burial, for one chronicler says that they stole his remains from the monks of Evesham after they had buried them in their church.

Rishanger does not mention the explicit number of the slain in this battle—he is more concerned with the names of the great ones who lost their lives in it:

"These are the names of the great men who fell in this miserable battle: Earl Leicester, their captain, beheaded, his feet and hands amputated, whose head was presented to the wife of Roger of Mortuo Mari, in the Castle of Worcester (may the Precursor of the Lord help his soul whose head was offered to the dancing girl in a feast!); Henry, the eldest son of the Earl; Peter de Montfort, St., beheaded in scorn; Hugh the Dispenser and many others, and men at arms, whose bodies going back to earth in this lamentable battle, their blessed souls, as we believe, were borne to heaven."[2]

This battle took place on August 19, 1265. Rishanger describes it "as this most cruel battle, in which it could almost be said that all the nobles were slain in a very short space of time, between prime and terce, and their cavalry were broken up and vanquished."[3]

The King's party, who were the victors, suffered as heavily as de Montfort's, who was the zealous partisan of the Church and the people, and may be called the founder of our freedom and Parliament, for he it was who first admitted the knights and commoners to Parliament.

Rishanger's Chronicle contains in the same volume, though not by him, some forty pages of miracles said to have been worked by

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[2] Rishanger, Chronicon, p. 46.

[3] Chronicon, p. 47.

Simon de Montfort after his death, when he was considered and honored as a saint by the people of England.

The reliance of the thirteenth century Englishman on our insular position as our best safeguard against foreign invasion, as is seen in mediæval writers, is interesting at the present time, when our "splendid isolation" is not so assured, in view of the war in the air with which we are also confronted.

Rishanger tells us that, after the battle of Lewes, Queen Eleanor of Provence, with the assistance of the French King, Louis, proposed to invade England with such a multitude of ships as any one would scarcely believe, we met together and girded ourselves to the battle to defend our country and our own heads, and all the strength of the kingdom was congregated round the maritime parts everywhere."[4]

In another old Chronicle by one Taxter (Cotton MS.) this same fact is mentioned in very similar terms, showing how alert they were in those far-off days to the danger of foreign invasion: "After the battle of Lewes, Eleanor of Provence, Queen of England, attempted to invade England with a large army, but the sea, the shore and the marine places were by the advice of the King and the Barons being guarded by a large army and the adversaries feared to cross. It is to be noted that unless the sea had been thus guarded England would have been taken by foreigners."[5]

In Warkworth's Chronicle of the first ten years of the reign of King Edward, in which some of the battles during the Wars of the Roses are described, he rarely mentions any of the numbers of men engaged or of the slain; indeed, his Chronicle consists largely of the seizing, hanging, drawing, quartering and beheading of various lords and commons and a description of the rebellions against Edward led by Earl Warwick, who fought on King Henry VI.'s side. These rebellions culminated in the rising of the Duke of Clarence, Warwick and the Marquis of Montague, and the flight of Edward to Flanders, and the rescue from the Tower of Henry VI., "who was not worshipfully arrayed as a prince and not so cleanly kept as should beseem such a prince."[6]

Warkworth, who was a strong Lancastrian and a great admirer of Warwick, was master of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, from 1473 to 1498, and wrote in Middle English, not in Latin, like the monk Rishanger. He tells us that in the March following this flight of Edward to Flanders, he came back to England with 900

[4] Chronicon, Wilhelmi de Rishanger, p. 35.

[5] Ibid. Notes, p. 129.

[6] A Chronicle of the First Thirteen Years of King Edward IV.; Camden Society, 1839; p. 11.

English and 300 Flemings, armed with hand-guns,[7] and after a very stormy passage, in which he lost a ship laden with horses, he landed in Yorkshire.

Warkworth also mentions that after the battle of Tewkesbury Edward raised an army of 30,000 men in ten days. At this same time Calais was a place of dispute between the two parties; it was then in the hands of Warwick's party and occupied by them, and we are told that "600 of Calais soldiers and shipmen sailed over to Calais," but their Captain the Bastard remained in England, unhappily for him, for he was beheaded shortly after by the Duke of Gloucester.

This Chronicle concludes with an amusing account of the siege of Mount St. Michael, in Cornwall, and the numbers considered necessary to defend it:

"It is a strong place and mighty and cannot be got if it be well victualed with a few men to keep it; for twenty men may keep it against all the world." We fancy modern artillery would make short work of "this strong place and mighty," and, as a matter of fact, it fell on this occasion, but through parleying. "For," says our chronicler, "there is a proverb and a saying that a castle that speaketh and a woman that heareth, they will both be taken, for men that are in a castle of war that will speak and entreat with their enemies, the conclusion thereof is the losing of the castle, and a woman that will hear folly spoken unto her, if she assent not at one time she will at another."[8] From whence we conclude Master Warkworth had a good deal of common sense and not a little knowledge of human nature.

There is another Chronicle[9] of this period telling of the rebellion against King Edward IV. in Lincolnshire, written by a Yorkist, which is more explicit as to the numbers engaged. He tells us that Edward, after landing in Yorkshire, got letters telling him that when he reached Royston on his way to Stamford he would find 100,000 men ready to join him. The Duke of Clarence and Warwick also sent word that they would come, but, says this chronicler, "this was false dissimulation." The battle was fought a few miles from Stamford and Edward won and "distressed more than 30,000 men." Edward's conduct in executing so many of the nobles who opposed him after this battle will ever blacken his name, "but," says this Yorkist chronicler, "he showed great mercy in saving the lives of his poor and wretched commoners."

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[7] These guns were fired by a match applied by the hand.

[8] Warkworth's Chronicle, p. 27.

[9] Chronicle of the Rebellion in Lincolnshire. Edited by J. G. Nichols, Esq. Camden Society, 1849; p. 10.

An interesting item at this time when Zeppelin raids are of such frequent occurrence on the coasts of England is found in a brief Latin chronicle, the concluding portion of a work entitled "Compilatio de Gestis Britonum et Anglorum,"[10] which begins in 1421 and closes in 1471.

Herein it is stated that in the year 1457 two small raids were made by pirates on the town of Fowey, in Cornwall, and of Sandwich, in Kent; and the raiders succeeded in taking away almost all the mobile goods in both towns. This is up to the present more than the Germans have succeeded in doing, though the mediæval pirates were less destructive.

The author of this brief Latin chronicle is unknown, but internal evidence shows that he was certainly an ecclesiastic, and equally certain is it that he was a strong Yorkist, and slurs over the murder of Henry VI. by saying that "he died happily in the Tower of London." He probably meant that "he happily died" from his point of view, not that his death was a happy one, but he gives no sort of hint that he was foully murdered.

His chronicle begins by describing the siege of Calais by the Duke of Burgundy in 1443, and, as Calais has played a considerable part in the present war, it may be interesting to know that the Duke invested the town with an army of more than 100,000 men; that he had 10,000 tents and pavilions, twenty-eight great guns, 7,000 cressets for burning at night, 7,000 gally guns (a kind of culverin), 7,000 little guns called ribalds, 10,000 crossbows and 12,000 vehicles.[11]

To drive away the besiegers, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, crossed over from England with a large force of 70,000 men, including princes and noblemen. But before he arrived the garrison of 2,000 soldiers, under the Earl of Morton and Baron de Camoys, an eminent warrior, who were holding the city, made a sortie, broke through the besiegers and in a short time killed many of them. Meanwhile the Duke of Burgundy, hearing that the Duke of Gloucester was coming over with such a large number of troops, took flight in great confusion, and thus ended the siege of Calais.

In another old chronicle written in a fifteenth century hand a still earlier siege of Calais is mentioned, which took place in 1346, in the reign of King Edward III.[12] This account is written in mediæval English and begins thus, the spelling being modernized:

"Here beginneth the retinue of the doughty King Edward III., and how he went to the siege of Calais with his host, and to the

[10] Three Fifteenth Century Chronicles. Camden Society, 1880; pp. 164-188.

[11] A Brief Latin Chronicle; p. 165.

[12] Siege of Calais, 1346. Historical Memoranda; Camden Society, 1880.

parts of France and of Normandy, and how he laid siege to the town and castle of Calais, by water and land, in the year of our Lord God 1346. And on the third day of September the good King Edward III. laid his siege to the town and castle of Calais, and there continued his siege, by water and land, until the third day of August next following, at the which day, through the grace of the Almighty Jesu, the said town and castle were delivered unto the said good King Edward at his own will."

Here follows a list, which occupies three octavo pages, of the number of all the princes, nobles, knights-bannerets, knights-bachelor, squires, archers, constables, archers on foot, hobblers, masons, carpenters, smiths, engineers,[13] pavylanders, armorers, gunners and makers of artillery. The sum of these cometh altogether to 26,541 men. This was in King Edward's army alone—each nobleman with him had his own knights, squires and archers. The King had besides a large naval contingent to transport the forces. These are noted as "master-shipmen, constalars,[14] shipmen and pages, ships, barges and ballyngers[15] and victualers—the sum of men cometh to 46,452 and the sum of the ships and shipmen and victualers cometh to 16,000.

This chronicler gives the cost of the whole exhibition at the close of his list—and it is very interesting to compare with the cost of this present war.

The sum total of the said expenses, as well for wages as for the expenses of the King's house, as for other gifts and rewards, and for ships and other things necessary in the said parts of France and Normandy, and before Calais during the siege there, as it appeareth in the account of Wil Norwell, keeper of the King's wardrobe, from the twelfth day of July, the year of the reign of the said King Edward, unto the twenty-seventh day of May, in the year of his reign the fourteenth; that is to say, be a year and three-quarters and forty-one days; that is to say, £337,000 9s. 4d.

The brief Latin chronicle before quoted consists mainly of an account of the Wars of the Roses and contains little that is not found in other chronicles of the period. Like other chroniclers, the writer mentions abnormal weather as coincident with wars. Thus, in 1464, when the Lancastrians suffered a great defeat and more than one battle was fought, he tells us there was an exceedingly hot summer that year, so that the corn and grass were dried up and the land became almost sterile. And the winter in the same year was intensely cold, so that both men and cattle suffered from it. And

[13] Sappers—from pauvre, to strike, or rain or perhaps roadmakers.
[14] Perhaps from the Anglo-Saxon "staelers," a predatory army.
[15] Ballingers, "slingers."

the same year in the Isle of Ely, from the burning heat arose great horned flies, with stings, and it was asserted that men and cattle stung by them died immediately.

The battle of Lützen between the Swedes under Gustavus Adolphus and the Germans under Wallenstein, though later than the middle ages, suggests several interesting comparisons with the present war, so that we venture to quote from a letter describing it, written by one George Fleetwood, a general who took part in it, to his father, Sir William Fleetwood, which has been published by the Camden Society.

Being an officer, General Fleetwood is very explicit about the numbers engaged on both sides in the battle, in which Gustavus, under whom he was serving, was killed, and also in his estimate of the losses.

He tells how Wallenstein had before this battle 15,000 men with him, who burnt and plundered all Meisen, which they passed through on their way to Leipzig, where they met their allies and became 36,000 strong—of these Wallenstein had altogether 18,000 men and his ally, the Duke of Saxony, had 12,000 or 14,000 men, but these last did not get to him in time.[16]

The Swedes won the battle, but Gustavus was killed, and says the general: "Lützen was a very famous battle, far exceeding that of Leipzig, and had not our foot stood like a wall, there had not a man of us come off alive, they being certain twice our number, and our horse did but poorly. The enemy, more afraid than hurt, fled in great disorder."[17]

General Fleetwood was a great admirer of Gustavus Adolphus, and says that he "was confident that had he survived the battle of Lützen he would have put a period to all the wars in Germany."

Like some other great soldiers, he was a strong advocate of the policy of silence and comments strongly on the Duke of Lauenburg, who, when Gustavus fell, "in all places openly gave out that the King was killed, a thing not so fitting to be done, especially among the vulgar sort"[18]—a graceful allusion to "hoi polloi."

False rumors then, as in our war, were a feature, of which he gives an example after Gustavus' death: "I am sure, though however it came about I know not, that the King had false intelligence the day before the battle, for his valor and experience was an army alone."

The losses after Lützen were 3,000 or 4,000 on the German side

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[16] Letter from George Fleetwoodn by Sir Thomas Coningsby. Camden p. 5

[17] Ibid., p. 9.

[18] Letter from George Fleetwood, p. 12.

and 1,500 on the side of the Swedes, "who took on the field thirteen half-cartours and eight other pieces and all their ammunition."[19] Cannon were used.

Wallenstein was entrenched near Nuremburg, and "to tempt him out of his trenches the Swedes marched round his lager with flying colors and drums." We cannot imagine these tactics being employed by the Allies to tempt the Germans out of their trenches in this twentieth century Armageddon.

Trench fighting is mentioned in a diary written by Sir Thomas Coningsby describing the siege of Rouen, which took place in the year 1590, during the wars of the league, who seized the city and put in a garrison of soldiers. The English assisted the French in this siege, and Sir Thomas was a distinguished general under Henri IV. of France. He mentions how on November 2 pick-axes and spades were brought to his men to entrench themselves, which they did. "They eat and drink what they can get, lie upon straw and were never better in their lives, though often less contented. The marshal came and highly praised the trenches they were making."[20]

There was also a great trench made during this siege at the foot of St. Catherine's Castle, which is mentioned in "Sully's Memoirs," where a spirited account of its capture is given: "It was taken by main force with the help of the English, who cleared it of fifty dead or dying enemies, whom they threw from the top of the hill. This trench was open to the fire of the fort, but Henri IV. had the precaution to order some gabions, hogsheads and pieces of wood to be brought there, which covered the English, to whom he committed the guarding of it." Sir Thomas mentions how "with great fury the enemy drove down the barrels of earth which they had laid for their defense in the trenches, but as his soldiers had spent all the powder and shot, there was no remedy but to sally forth to beat them with the pike and the halbert."[21] The journal breaks off abruptly at this point, so we do not know the result of this sallying forth—again a policy not pursued under similar circumstances in the present war.

In the introduction to this siege of Rouen an interesting account is given to the arms employed and the ordering of the army at this period, written by Sir Roger Williams, who acted as marshal in this siege. He says that the old English horseman was called a man-at-arms, which meant that he was heavily encased in armor. Every man-at-arms ought to have five horses, but very few except

[19] Ibid., p. 9.

[20] Journal of the Siege of Rouen by Sir Thomas Wringsley. Camden Society, 1847; p. 33.

[21] Ibid., p. 65.

gentleman-adventurers had so many. Light horsemen formed the greater part of the English cavalry—one-third of them carried lances, one-third pistols and one-third arquebusses. The infantry had a variety of weapons—some were pikemen and carried pikes, swords and daggers, some carried halberts or bills and on their left arm targets. There were two kinds of firearms used—the caliver[22] with a short barrel and the musket with a barrel four feet six inches long discharged on a rest. Muskets were just introduced when Sir Roger wrote, and he considered 500 muskets more serviceable than 1,500 bowmen.[23]

There was only one general in an army in those days, and he was called the lord general. There was one marshal, and he was inferior to the general. Each regiment then, as now, was commanded by a colonel, and he appointed his lieutenant-colonel. Companies were called bands, and each company consisted of from 150 to 300 men, and had its own captain, who appointed one lieutenant only to act under him. The marshal was a very important person. "He meddleth with the whole affairs of wars," says Sir Roger, who was himself a marshal. He tells us that a musket would kill an unarmed man—that is, a man who was not clad in armor—at 600 yards.

In Rishanger's chronicle of the Wars of the Barons, his description of the terrible nature of the arms used, of the strength of the defenses and of the fierceness of the fighting, which struck him as so wonderful, seems to us almost laughable, as perhaps our present methods of war will seem to future generations. For instance, he mentions "an exceedingly wonderful instrument of war," used by Henry III. against Kenilworth Castle, in which the Earl of Leicester was then besieged, and "which on account of its magnitude was called the bear, containing in itself various divisions for the introduction of archers,"[24] which is rather reminiscent of the Wooden Horse of Troy than calculated to strike terror into a modern army.

The King's son, Edward, afterwards Edward I., "with great industry prepared a wooden tower, exceedingly sumptuous, of wonderful height and breadth, fixed it to the wall by a contrivance; in divers parts of this tower were placed 200 and more crossbowmen that they might shoot darts and arrows on the besieged when they made a sortie. Eleven men persisted day and night in throwing stones into the castle; this was one means of assaulting a fort and is frequently mentioned. When the siege had lasted from the feast

[22] Caliver, from caliber, the bore of a gun.

[23] Sully's Memoirs. Note to Journal of the Siege of Rouen; p. 80.

[24] Chronicon de Rishanger; p. 54.

of Pentecost to the feast of St. Martin (November 11), the King's army had never made a general attack, but almost every day the besieged went out and boldly offered themselves and met a host of soldiers, horse and foot, impetuously leaving their heads and bodies there."[25]

During this siege a certain bold and strenuous soldier on the King's side was severely wounded, taken prisoner and carried into the castle, where he died and was placed honorably in a coffin with wax tapers round it and carried out of the castle, so that his friends from the King's army might fetch him peacefully to his grave. "In this act," says Rishanger, "the urbanity of the besieged is to be commended."

The same chronicler also tells us how when de Montfort and the Barons were besieging Rochester Castle "the earl brought with him by land and by water from London an instrument of war and all things necessary to fight the besieged, leaving an example to the English of a marvelous way of assaulting a castle, of which in those days they were ignorant. He ordered a certain ship to be filled to its highest capacity with dry wood, placing grease and tallow in it and other fuel and inflammable material; having set light to it, he ordered it to be placed so that the flames caught the full force of the wind and the ship then moved against the bridge, which was destroyed in a moment."[26]

At the battle of Barnet between Edward IV. and the Earl of Warwick, in which Warwick fell, firearms were used, for we read that at Barnet "each of them loosed guns at each other all the night, and on Easter-day, in the morning of April 14, right early, each of them came upon the other, and there was such a great mist that neither of them might see the other perfectly; there they fought from 4 o'clock in the morning to 10 o'clock of the forenoon."[27] The Earl of Warwick's army had the victory several times, but deceived by the mist, which was very thick, they mistook the Earl of Oxford, who was on their side, and his 800 men, for King Edward and fired upon them by mistake, whereupon these fled crying, 'Treason, treason!'; and then the Marquis of Montague was slain, whereupon Warwick leapt on horseback and fled into a wood by the field of Barnet, 'where there was no way forth, and one of King Edward's men had espied him and came up to him and killed him and stripped him. And so King Edward got that field.' "[28]

The want of provision for the wounded, which was the cause of

[25] Ibid., p. 56.
[26] Rishanger, p. 25.
[27] Warkworth's Chronicle, p. 20.
[28] Ibid., p. 16.

such loss of life in mediæval warfare, was responsible for the death of many of Warwick's adherents, but among those who escaped was the Duke of Exeter, "who fought manly there that day and was greatly despoiled and wounded and left naked for dead in the field, and so lay there from 7 of the clock till 4 afternoon, which was taken up and brought to a house by a man of his own and a leach brought to him, and so afterward brought into sanctuary at Westminster."

A strange incident and an example of Edward's want of honor and breach of faith is mentioned as taking place just after the subsequent battle of Tewkesbury, when "the Duke of Somerset and a number of knights were taken and beheaded, when the King had pardoned them in the abbey church at Tewkesbury by a priest, who turned out at his Mass with the Sacrament in his hands, when King Edward came with his sword in his hand into the church and required him by the virtue of the Sacrament that he should pardon them."[29]

Warkworth says that this nobleman and the knights might have escaped "if they had not put faith in Edward's word and remained in the church from the Saturday till the Monday, when they were beheaded, notwithstanding the King's pardon" given in so solemn a manner.

Comets played a somewhat important rôle in mediæval wars. One is mentioned as appearing in this same year, the eleventh of Edward IV., as "the most marvelous blazing starre that had been seen." A very long account is given of this comet, which was seen from the beginning of January to February 22, when it vanished away. It is said to have had a white flame of fire "fervently burning, and it flamed end-longs from the east to the west, and it was not upright and there was a great hole therein where the flame came out.[30] Its orbit seems to have been most erratic, and "some men said that the blazings of the said star were a mile long."

Several other comets are mentioned in this chronicle of Warkworth's: "In the eighth year of King Edward IV. a blazing star was seen in the west four foot high by estimation, in the evening going from the west towards the north, and so endured for five or six weeks." Again in the tenth year[31] another blazing star appeared in the west, "and the flame thereof was like a spearhead; divers of the King's house saw it and were full sore dread."[32]

Besides comets abnormally stormy weather seems to have been a

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[29] Warkworth's Chronicle, p. 18.
[30] Warkworth, p. 22.
[31] Ibid., p. 5.
[32] Ibid., p. 9.

feature of most wars, and in the middle ages omens, good or evil, were derived from it. Rishanger tells us that tremendous storms and hurricanes occurred on the eve of the battle of Evesham, where de Montfort was killed; both parties interpreted it as an interposition of Providence and the people firmly believed that it was a judgment from heaven for the death of their hero. These storms are mentioned in several other chronicles of the period.

One MS. records that "in that day the sun was darkened, thunder was heard, lightning seen and an earthquake took place."[33]

Another MS. (Arundel) says: "In the same day, about the third hour of the day, such an inundation of rain, such thunder and lightning and such dense darkness took place that when the dinner hour came the diners could scarcely see the food set before them."[34]

The Worcester Chronicle says "that as in the battle of the Machabees the sun did not shine on our golden shields, nor did the mountains glisten therewith and shine like lamps of fire. But from morning almost up to the sixth hour darkness was upon the whole earth, and the lightning illuminated all the world, and exceedingly the kingdom of England. But the aforesaid Simon, Earl of Leicester, clothed himself with armor like a giant and went out against the adversary with little respect for the other armies."[35]

Rishanger also says that "in this storm so great was the darkness that all were filled with terror, for this wonderful change in the sky came on so suddenly and lasted for half an hour. In some monasteries the monks singing in choir could scarcely see each other or discern the writing in their books before them on account of the darkness."[36]

The third year of Edward the Fourth was very severe: "there was fervent frost and cold throughout England and snow that men could go over the ice and fervent cold."

In none of these chronicles and diaries do we hear of any amusements being provided for the men as in our war, but in the account of the siege of Rouen it seems that the officers contrived to enjoy themselves in the intervals of fighting. Sir Thomas Coningsby tells how on December 11 three or four of them well mounted "went out from this infectious place to take the fresh air, and rode from one village to the other inquiring whose house this was, whose castle that. When told where 'some good and graceful company of ladies was,' after some trouble they were admitted to the house and well banqueted and pressed to stay the night, which we durst

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[33-34] Introduction to Rishanger's Chronicle.
[35] Chron. Wigorn; M. S. Cotton; Introduction, p. 35.
[36] Rishanger, p. 47.

not. I assure you, sir, the company was not unpleasing to my kind heart."[37]

The officers entertained each other at dinner sometimes and drank carouses and, as he frankly confesses, took too much wine. On one occasion they went to Louviers and spent the day playing tennis and making good cheer. In October they passed two days coursing in the fields, riding and playing at ballone, tennis and the like.

We get one or two glimpses at the military discipline of the time in this diary. Sir Thomas mentions how the lord general sentenced a gentleman of his cornet to be disarmed for striking a woman. This general was the celebrated Lord Essex, who lost his only brother in this siege and himself got into disgrace with his royal mistress, Queen Elizabeth.

Essex held a court-martial on October 21, at which some were condemned to die for going without passports to England and some for other things; he had just returned from a visit to England and experienced his Queen's displeasure, so was perhaps in a severe mood.

On December 12 "a sergeant of pioneers had conspired to lead away from fifty to sixty of the pioneers of the principalest of them into Rouen, which, being discovered, they were, by a council of war thereupon held, all brought to the tree and the sergeant only executed for example in the presence of them all."[38]

This writer mentions an outbreak of what he calls "the disease of the camp which is a pestilent ague somewhat less than a plague," of which his first cousin, Sir Richard Acton, died and the Earl of Essex had an attack.

In a MS. in the College of Arms, quoted in one of the notes to Warkworth's Chronicle, a very strange account is given to the punishment meted out to Sir Ralph Grey, who rebelled against Edward IV. and was besieged in the Castle of Bamburgh by the Earl of Warwick, who at that time was fighting on Edward's side himself, although he soon after became the leader of the rebels and supported Henry VI.

The MS.[39] containing this account also mentions the kinds of guns used in this siege, saying that the Lord Lieutenant ordered all the King's great guns that were charged at once to shoot into the said castle—Newcastle, the King's great gun, and London, the second great gun of iron, which beat the place so that the stones of the walls flew into the sea; Dyson, a brazen gun of the King, smote

[37] Journal of the Siege of Rouen, p. 60.
[38] Ibid., p. 60.
[39] Warkworth's Chronicle. Notes, p. 38-39.

through Sir Ralph Grey's chamber oftentimes, and these, with men of arms and archers, won the Castle of Bamburgh with assault in spite of Sir Ralph Grey and took him and brought him to Doncaster.

There the Earl of Worcester, the Chief Constable of England, sat in judgment and made him a long speech enumerating the knight's offenses and then pronouncing judgment in these terms:

"For these causes dispose thee to suffer penance after the law. The King hath ordered that thou shouldst have thy spurs stricken off by the hard heels with the hand of the master-cook, which he is here ready to do, as was promised at the time that he took of thy spurs; he said to you, as is the custom: 'If thou be not true to thy sovereign lord, I shall smite off thy spurs with this knife, hard by the heel, and then showed him the master-cook ready to do his office with his apron and knife.' "[40]

The judgment then sets forth that the King had further ordered that the King-of-arms and heralds should tear off his coat-of-arms and degrade him of his worship, noblesse and arms, and put upon him a reversed coat-of-arms, which he should wear as he went to execution; but this part of his penance the King had pardoned for the sake of his grandfather, who had suffered trouble for the King's predecessor.

The sentence concludes in this way: "Then, Sir Ralph Grey, this shall be thy penance: Thou shalt go on thy feet to the town's end and there shou shalt be laid down and drawn to a scaffold made for thee, and thou shalt have thy head smitten off, thy body to be buried in the Friars', thy head where it shall please the King."

We have made some little progress in the humanity of our punishments since those days, Deo gratias.

There are two or three passages in the letter of George Fleetwood from which we have been quoting above, who it will be noted was fighting against the Germans, which seem to show that the German character was very much the same in his day as it is in ours. Wallenstein's army plundered and destroyed Meisen very much as the German armies have destroyed in this war the Belgian and French and Polish cities through which they have passed.

Again, in discussing under whose name Gustavus' army would serve after his death, this writer makes a significant remark: "For the ambition of the Princes of Germany is so great that none will suffer the other to command." This seems to have been the case on Wallenstein's, or the Catholic and imperial side, quite as much as on the Bohemian and Protestant side on which in this thirty years' war Gustavus Adolphus was fighting.

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[40] Warkworth. Notes, p. 40.

They had no gas, of course, in those days, but their tactics were not unlike those of the twentieth century, for at the beginning of the battle of Lützen the Germans first set the town on fire, "which did the Swedes much inconvenience, the wind blowing the smoke upon them."

And so we come back to the position from which we started—that although the methods of war may differ as the world grows older, human nature remains the same and changeth not.

DARLEY DALE.

Stroud, Gloucestershire.

CERVANTES AND SOME ROMANCES, OLD AND NEW.

FOR a generation of novel readers it would be too bad if the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Shakespeare should eclipse the fact that the same date, though curiously enough because of old style and new style of the calendar the day was not the same, is the tercentenary of the death of the author of what is now universally conceded to be the greatest novel ever written. This is, of course, "Don Quixote," and there is no doubt at least in the minds of those who have the best right to an opinion in the matter that its author, Cervantes, is Shakespeare's greatest rival in the realm of purely imaginative literature. Shakespeare is, with Dante and Homer, one of the three supreme poets of mankind, and Cervantes stands far below them in the poetic quality of his work, but in the interest of his characters for subsequent generations he stands close beside our greatest English poet.

How much this means will be readily recognized from the fact that as Horace Howard Furness once said, and no one was in a better position to know the immense Shakespeare literature than the distinguished editor of the great American Variorum edition of Shakespeare, that more had probably been written about Hamlet than about any man who ever lived, except Him Who died upon the cross for us and Who was more than man. This figment of the poet's imagination not only rivals, but actually surpasses in interest for mankind ever since, and above all for the educated classes in mankind, all the human creatures who have come into existence during the past 300 years. Nothing that I know will bring home better for those who are interested in it the meaning of the word poet as a creator in the way the Greeks meant it than this fact with regard to the supreme interest of mankind in Shakespeare's Hamlet. Hamlet is so true to life that he has more interest than the living things around him. Hamlet's greatest rival in this regard is undoubtedly Don Quixote. The novel, then, in which he occurs, declared not by one, but by many generations of critics to be the greatest ever penned, should surely have a place of prominent interest in men's minds at the present time, when every one reads novels and more of them are published than ever before and best sellers are the order of the day, and all of them, though often so trivial, find so many interested readers.

James Russell Lowell did not hesitate to say that "Don Quixote" was the one book to which no educated man could afford to miss a reference in any language in Europe. If it might possibly be

thought that this represented the opinion of a more or less professional literary man, perhaps an almost similar opinion of that protagonist of common sense, Oliver Wendell Holmes, may confirm those distrustful of any mere academic quality in his New England colleague. Not to know it is to argue one's self quite literally unknowing in what is worth while in literature. It has not only been translated into all the modern languages, but it has been translated many times. Usually the period of literary life in any nation in Europe was not long under way before a translation of Cervantes' great novel appeared.

Indeed, the tributes to the greatness of "Don Quixote" have come almost more from foreigners than from Spaniards. His own people have just sat down to enjoy it and have assumed that everybody must find it marvelous, and, while they have written many commentaries about it, apparently have not thought it worth while to praise it overmuch. Probably the state of mind most opposed to that of the Spaniard in Europe is to be found in England, yet it is from England particularly that high praise of "Don Quixote" has come to us. Macaulay did not hesitate to call it "the best novel in the world beyond all comparison." Sir Walter Scott followed Henry Fielding in admiring it very much and turning often to it. It was a favorite book of Thackeray's. The first English translation by Shelton appeared as early as 1612, which is of itself a proof that there is something in "Don Quixote" that at once attracts powerfully and holds the attention once aroused. David Hannay, in "The Later Renaissance," a volume of the Periods of European Literature edited by Professor Saintsbury, says that the one difficulty in speaking of "Don Quixote" is that one has to come after some of the most illustrious men in the literature of the world who have expressed their opinions with regard to it, and "it may seem that after they have spoken there is nothing left to say." The first duty which this position imposes is not to endeavor deliberately to be different in the vain hope of obtaining originality.

One thing is certain—"Don Quixote" fulfills very completely what Cardinal Newman once ventured to term "at least the accidental definition of a classic," that it pleases in youth, in middle life and in old age. And yet it pleases very differently, for to the growing boy it is often scarcely more than a screaming farce, the practical jokes on poor Don Quixote tickling the nascent sense of humor rather strenuously; to the man of middle age it is one of the world's most serious books, a little discouraging perhaps in spite of its thoroughgoing optimism, because it seems to show that efforts for the amelioration of the evils of the world are largely the work of

leaders who are not themselves quite in their right mind in their forgetfulness of self and thoughtfulness for others. In old age its humor is, if we may believe the older men, thoroughly enjoyed, though it is seen through tears of sympathy for the poor, sad, mad Don.

But then whenever men and women feel at their best there are tears in their eyes. Never a moment of all the deep joys of life are the eyes without moisture that often has a tendency to overflow and run down the cheeks, though there is no question of its being associated with the feelings which are usually thought to be the causes and the occasion for tears.

Perhaps there is one limitation in the interest in "Don Quixote." I am not sure and I suggested hesitatingly, as becomes any such suggestion in our time, but it has always seemed to me that "Don Quixote" has nothing like the same appeal to women that it has to men. The practical jokes, always at least a little cruel, often so rough as to inflict severe suffering, which were played on the poor, dear knight of De la Mancha, are likely to prove deterrent to feminine natures, and I have more than once been told, after having tempted some woman of good literary taste to read "Don Quixote," that the book was quite impossible for her and that she could not understand how men could talk so highly of it and, above all, enjoy it so much as they said they did.

I have a friend who has even ventured to suggest that it is because women are lacking in humor, not entirely, of course, but to a marked degree as compared to men, that "Don Quixote" is lacking in appeal. Some women have an abundance of humor, of course. And then there are, I believe, some white blackbirds. My friend hastened to add that he did not mean at all that women were lacking in wit or the appreciation of wit. Humor is a very different thing from wit. Wit is biting and personal. Humor is kindly and sympathetic, even though it raises a laugh. Wit laughs at people. Humor laughs with them. There is a very great difference between the two.

CERVANTES AND HIS WORK.

Almost needless to say, the story of the life of the man who thus wrote the world's greatest novel should have a special appeal to our generation in these novel-reading days. Cervantes probably never made much money out of his book, though he sadly needed the money. "Don Quixote" was doubtless written under the spur of necessity and with the thought that it would enable him to pay some of his debts and help support himself and his family. According to what seems a well grounded tradition, the first part of "Don

Quixote" was probably written while Cervantes was in prison. He was in prison not through any fault of his own, but because of embezzlement of Government money by a subordinate which Cervantes was quite unable to repay, and it looked for a time as though he would be kept in prison until he made good the defalcation, in which case the outlook for his release in any reasonable time must have seemed extremely dubious. Its date could not be foreseen and the possibility of his spending many months or even years in prison had to be faced.

In spite of this Cervantes not only went on quite calmly with his great imaginative work, but even had it enlarge its aspect under his hand until from a sketch it became a romantic epic, or at least a very *comedie humaine* of his time, with all the world flowing through its pages. For, strange as it may seem, our greatest novel, "Don Quixote," is an example of a genius finding his work gradually expand before him until what he originally expected was going to be a comparatively short, simple story grew into a masterpiece of broad dimensions. It seems to be perfectly clear now that Cervantes' original intention when he took up "Don Quixote" was to write a short comic story, not unlike some of the others which he had been engaged in writing not long before and a number of which he composed later; but, unconsciously at first, the design grew under his hand until at length he came to realize what a fine setting he had for a presentation of human life as he knew it, and then "Don Quixote," even in the first part, became a whole human comedy. We have heard much about the great American novel in this country, the novel that shall somehow present "the form and pressure of the time" not only to ourselves, but to posterity, and over and over again it has been declared that some one of the many novel writers of this time was engaged upon what he hoped would be the great American novel; but it is probable that no great work of art or poetry was ever accomplished in that conscious way. Goethe suggested that the maker of a work of art has often to be taught his own meaning, and there is always an element of unconscious accomplishment in any very great work. Certainly Cervantes' "Don Quixote" is an example of this.

It is curiously interesting to trace the development of Sancho Panza in Cervantes' mind as he proceeded with the development of his novel. As we have said, Cervantes had started out to write a short story. This would have been very well done, almost needless to say, but, having written what constitutes the matter of the first three chapters as we have them now, he realized how much larger was the picture that he wanted to paint than the frame he was try-

ing to crowd it into, so then he divided the material into chapters and let the matter take its course. It was not until he came to the seventh chapter that he realized the opportunity that would be afforded by having as a contrast and a foil to Don Quixote a squire who was a thoroughly practical man and who would thus bring out the traits of the idealist Don Quixote's character and at the same time point the satire of the whole book, so far as the feeling with regard to common sense as the most precious of human qualities is concerned. One might think that he would then go back and rewrite the early portion, but not only he did not, but on first acquaintance with Sancho Panza his author even did not conceive the immortal squire very clearly and proposed apparently to make him an honest country lout, without too much sense. A little later he describes him as a long-legged man, though Sancho Panza was to become the very opposite of Don Quixote in another regard—a short, chunky man with particularly short legs.

In his lectures on Spanish literature delivered in this country some ten years ago, Fitz-Maurice Kelly has described very well this development of Sancho Panza in Cervantes' own mind and how he did not bother his head to go back and make all his work consistent, serenely confident that his readers would not note overmuch these little slips in their interest in the developed contrasting personalities. The Irish student of Spanish literature said:

"Cervantes does not venture to introduce Sancho Panza in person till near the end of the seventh chapter, and he is visibly ill at ease over his new creation. It is quite plain that at this stage Cervantes knew very little about Sancho Panza, and his first remark is that the squire was an honest man (if any poor man can be called honest), 'but with very little sense in his pate.' This is not the Sancho who has survived; honesty is not the most preëminent quality of the squire, and if anybody thinks Sancho Panza a born fool, he must have a high standard of ability. In the ninth chapter Cervantes goes out of his way to describe Sancho Panza as a long-legged man; obviously up to this point he had never seen the squire at close quarters and was as yet not nearly so well acquainted with him as you and I are. He was soon to know him more intimately. Perceiving his mistake, he hustled the long-legged scarecrow out of sight, observed the real Sancho with minute fidelity and created the most richly humorous character in modern literature. The only possible rival to Sancho Panza is Sir John Falstaff; but Falstaff is emphatically English, whereas Sancho Panza is a citizen of the world, stamped with the seal of universality."

CHARACTER CONTRAST AND HUMAN INTEREST.

It has been pointed out over and over again, and quite properly very much emphasized in the celebration of the Shakespeare anniversary, that the most important element in Shakespeare's dramatic success was his power of placing contrasting characters beside each other. This is the secret of the interest that the novel "Don Quixote" has always enjoyed. Contrast is Cervantes' as well as Shakespeare's greatest literary quality.

Don Quixote, the dreamer, who thinks always of others, who wants to relieve all the ills of mankind quite regardless of how much trouble or suffering this may bring on himself, or the risks he may have to run in accomplishing his purpose of affording relief, who always thinks in terms of others, forgetful of self, is, of course, not quite sane. What could possibly be the conclusion as to the mentality of all the rest of us if Don Quixote is to be thought sane?

As in duty bound as a physician more interested in nervous and mental diseases than in any other phase of medicine, I have recently pointed out that it is rather surprising to find that the two characters in which during the past 300 years men have been most interested, Hamlet and Don Quixote, are at least of dubious mentality. The Don is surely insane. There would be no difficulty in pointing out just exactly the kind of paranoia, with delusions of grandeur and exaggeration of the *ego,* from which he was a sufferer. With regard to Hamlet there might be more doubt, for personally I have never been able to persuade myself that Hamlet was insane, though he came mighty near the border line, but it would be quite easy to get any amount of expert evidence to prove his insanity in an American court if he should ever be tried for the murder of his uncle.

Cervantes did not choose an insane hero because he could not draw a perfectly sane individual, for if ever there was an eminently sane man in our modern estimation of sanity, surely this was Sancho Panza. His master may enthuse and forget himself and think only of others and of glory, but Sancho Panza never goes into any adventure without wanting to know what is there in this for him. He is thoroughly modern. He always has an eye to the main chance. He has plenty of homely wisdom and lots of common sense, but above all he has an abundance of readiness to look out always for number one and not bother too much about other people and their woes and trials. As I have suggested, he is properly sorrw for them, of course, but not so sorry that he feels that he ought to be expected to do anything for them at any considerable convenience, much less at the risk of injury or loss to himself.

Having created these two wonderfully contrasting characters,

"the impassioned idealist and the incarnation of gross common sense," Cervantes' triumph was immediate. Any one who wants to realize how truly the great heart of human nature beats in its appreciation of what is genuine in literature need only study what happened to Cervantes' work in the course of even a few months. Don Quixote and Sancho were almost at once accepted as great representative human characters. It was not alone in the city that the fame of the books spread, but at once out into the provinces and then beyond the seas to the farthest Spanish and even Portuguese colonies. As FitzMaurice Kelly says in his American lectures:

"The adventures of the fearless Manchegan madman and his timorous practical squire were speedily reprinted in the capital and the provinces; and within six months a writer in Valladolid assumed as a matter of course that his correspondent in the Portuguese Indies must have made the acquaintance of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza."

Hannay, in the volume on "The Later Renaissance" of the series Periods of European Literature, edited by Professor Saintsbury, has summed up very well what Cervantes accomplished by the contraposition of these two now immortal characters, for Sancho Panza, though manifestly an afterthought on the part of Cervantes, is quite as immortal as his knightly master:

"In 'Don Quixote' we have two characters acting on one another and producing the story from within. And these two characters are types of immortal truth—the one a gentleman, brave, humane, courteous, of good faculty, for whom a slight madness has made the whole world fantastic; the other an average human being, selfish, not over brave, though no more coward and ignorant, yet not unkindly nor incapable of loyalty, and withal shrewd in what his limited vision can see when he is not blinded by his greed. The continual collisions of these two with the real world make the story of 'Don Quixote.'"

It is the characters in "Don Quixote" that have given the universal interest to Cervantes' story. Cervantes was not lacking in invention, and the faculty of stringing incidents together when he wished to is very well illustrated in Don Quixote himself, but it is the characters of the story that count, and it is these that generation after generation have not read. Hannay, in "The Later Renaissance," from which I have already quoted, says:

"Cervantes had a fine inventive power; the adventures are numerous and varied, yet the charm lies not in the incidents, but in the reality and the sympathetic quality of the persons. We have no grinning world of masks made according to a formula. The

country gentlemen, priests, barbers, shepherds, innkeepers, tavern wenches, ladies' maids, domestic curates, nobles and officials are living human beings, true to the Spain of the day, no doubt, but also true to the humanity which endures forever, and therefore intelligible to all times. In the midst is honest, greedy Sancho, with his peering eyes, so shrewd and withal so capable of folly, the critic and also the dupe of the half-crazed dreamer, by whom he rides and will ride as long as humanity endures, in this book, and under every varying outward form in the real earth. As for Don Quixote, is he not the elder brother of Sir Roger de Coverley, of Matthew Bramble, of Parson Adams, of Bradwardine, of Colonel Newcombe and Mr. Chucks, the brave, gentle, not over clever—men we love all the more because we laugh at them very tenderly?"

Probably the finest triumph of Cervantes' genius is demonstrated from the fact that, quite contrary to the usual fate of those who ventured to promise to write a second part to follow a successful first part of a great literary work, the Spanish writer not only finished the continuation, but achieved in it such marvelous success that this second part of "Don Quixote" is voted by all the critics as surpassing the first. This was the case in spite of the fact that Cervantes was already suffering seriously from a severe form of heart disease, with dropsical complications, which must have made life a sad burden indeed. His physician recognized the fact that the accumulation of water in the dropsy was due to lack of excretion, and so he must have put him on a dry diet, from which Cervantes suffered so much that he says in the prologue to his 'Persiles and Sigismunda," on which he was working at this time, that "it seemed to him as if he had been born only to quench an unquenchable thirst." He makes Sancho Panza say in the second part: "Death is dropsical and great thirst drives him to drink the lives of all that live."

In spite of all his suffering he forged ahead with the second part of his great work during 1614, though he could see the progress of his disease, as that, too, pressed ahead toward the inevitable fatal termination. During the summer of this year, though he was living in Madrid in a slummy, unventilated quarter of the city, near the city slaughterhouses, where the heat must have been intensely oppressive and the smells most depressing, above all for an invalid, he went on pertinaciously with his work. Any one who remembers the intense dry heat of Madrid in the summertime—I was once there for a week in August and I found that it was quite possible to recognize the visitors to the Spanish capital by the fact that they would be using their tongues to moisten their parched lips as they

walked along the streets—will realize what Cervantes must have borne while going on with his work. He used often to rise at 4 o'clock so as to have the morning hours, when there was some coolness in the air, at least for his task, yet in the midst of all this he composed at the rate of ten chapters in four weeks, and by the end of the summer the composition of this second part must have been so well in hand that he could plainly see the termination of it, which actually came probably in February of the next year, 1615, about a year before the end of his life.

The second part of "Don Quixote" is of interest mainly because it represents the mature expression of a great genius with regard to life. Almost needless to say, second parts, even of great works and by great writers, are seldom successful. Even though the vision may deepen, the judgment broaden, the experience widen and maturity come, the second part of a genius' work may be much less satisfactory than the first part; but this was not true of Cervantes and "Don Quixote." Even so great a literary master as Goethe, in writing his second part of "Faust," furnishes an apt illustration of how easy it is for the second part not to be the equal of the first of an important work, even though it may have cost the author much more of time and effort and he may feel that he is putting his maturer powers into it. Cervantes, genius as he was, was still capable of listening and taking to heart the criticism of his book that in spite of the almost universal admiration for it had been rife. He knew how to differentiate between the criticisms dictated by those who were capable of judging and those which came merely from the hurt vanity of jealous rivals or writers who could not think that this maimed soldier could possibly have written a masterpiece. As Fitzmaurice-Kelly says in his lecture—161:

"Cervantes was not above profiting by criticism. He tells us that objection had been taken to the intercalated stories of the first part and to some scenes of exuberant fun bordering on horseplay. These faults are avoided in the sequel, which broadens out till it assumes a truly epical grandeur. The development of the two central characters is at once more logical and more poetic; Don Quixote awakens less laughter and more thought, while Sancho Panza's store of apothegms and immemorial wisdom is more inexhaustible and apposite than ever. Lastly, the new personages, from the Duchess downwards to Dr. Pedro Recio de Aguero—the ill-omened physician of Barataria—are marvels of realistic portraiture. The presentation of the crazy knight and the droll squire expands into a splendid pageant of society. And, as one reads the less elab-

orate passages, one acquires the conviction that the very dust of Cervantes' writings is gold."

He wrote so humanly and so profoundly, manifestly finding in himself the knowledge of human traits that are so universal that one would like to know just how he looked. We have no portrait of him that has been accepted as absolutely authentic. It is, of course, easy to understand that in his poverty of circumstance no portrait might have been made, though it is just a little difficult to think of the Spanish portrait painters of the time, for this was a great age of portrait painting in Europe, and above all Spain was a leader in most forms of art, neglecting such a magnificent opportunity, if they were at all interested in his great book. It is not surprising, then, that the Spanish Academy accepted a portrait of him as authentic recently. Fortunately for us, however, we have a portrait of Cervantes in the flesh painted by his own pen. This furnishes an excellent idea of his personal appearance:

"He was of aquiline features, with chestnut hair, smooth and unclouded brow, bright eyes and a nose arched, though well proportioned; silver beard, once golden twenty years ago; long moustache, small mouth, teeth of no consequence, since he had only six, and these in ill condition and worse placed, inasmuch as they do not correspond to one another; stature about the average, neither tall nor short; ruddy complexion, fair rather than dark; slightly stooped in the shoulders and not very active on his feet."

AN IMMORTAL SATIRE OF VERY PERISHABLE ROMANCE.

"Don Quixote" was written definitely with the idea of making fun of the old-fashioned romances of chivalry which were just then popular. It is one of the few lasting books written as a satire on other books, though it may be recalled that Defoe in "Robinson Crusoe" was not without the intention of satirizing his generation by showing it the depth of meaning there might be in the simple life. "Gulliver's Travels" undoubtedly had a purpose as a political satire. The curiously interesting fact about Cervantes' "Don Quixote" is that while the romances of chivalry have long since disappeared into innocuous desuetude, the interest of "Don Quixote" abides forever. Indeed, most people, and this includes even those who have deliberately striven to acquire a reosonably complete knowledge of literature, would know almost nothing of the romances of chivalry were it not for "Don Quixote," written to ridicule them. Cervantes' primary idea, then, was a satiric squib meant to hit off the absurdities of a mode of literature that had been taken too seriously, as many modes of literature are prone to be taken when

they are in fashion, but his genius gradually broadened the scope of his work until within the narrow compass of a satire, *quidquid agunt homines*—the "whatever men do" of Juvenal, the loves, the fears, the hopes, the deeds all came to be pictured in a sympathetic way, so that men have gone back to them over and over again time after time in life in all the generations ever since Cervantes' period.

If any one thinks that the romances of chivalry represented an earlier and more primitive set of interests in man, and that with the diffusion of education and the cultivation of the taste for reading among the great majority of people such an ingenuous literary mode was sure to disappear without a great author's satire of them, then it is time for that person to review other fads and fashions in fiction much nearer our own time. These tales of chivalry were merely types of similar tales that have been constantly with us. The knight-errant was capable of doing wonderful deeds of heroism and escaping unscathed from all sorts of predicaments in which death seemed inevitable. He was not in this respect, however, any more fortunate than the Indian fighter of the Indian stories of our boyhood. Some of them began bang! bang! bang!—five Indians fell or the like. The knight-errant rescued maidens all forlorn and married one of them, but then that is what the hero has been doing from the days when the sleeping princess was bewitched in the magic wood and the Prince Charming came to wake her and claim her for his own through perils that would be deterrent to any but a hero of the very first water. Knights rescuing maidens in distress was the underlying theme of many of the romances, but then so it has been of the popular romances of Ruritania and the other nonexistent little countries of Europe in which knightly young Americans, recent graduates of football teams—and our universities—have outwitted, outgeneraled and outheroed the effete Europeans, even of the highest and oldest nobility, and in spite of the dangers of the knife and the assassin pistol and hired bravos and poisons and every other risk have won the maiden for themselves. It is true that giants and enchanters and dragons figured largely in the romances of knight-errantry, but then impossible millionaires and physicians and scientists too subtle for human nature's ordinary moods and marvelous explosives too marvelous for belief and wonderful secret machines and contrivances that were never seen on land or sea have figured in our modern romances.

Whatever happens to be the ruling interest of the hour figures in the romances of a time. In our time money and science are the two all-absorbing thoughts, so impossible exaggerations with regard to these find their way into our fiction. In the later middle ages

and the Renaissance time, magic white and black and marvelous animals, the stories with regard to which were coming in from travelers who were writing at that time, figured as the marvels of the books, but the human nature in them was just the same and the interest of readers centred not so much in the marvels of the books as in the human nature and its exhibitions of itself under the varying circumstances as they read about them.

CERVANTES' STYLE.

Cervantes' "Don Quixote" is one of the few books of enduring literature in the world with a wide popular appeal, but that has even more of a fascination for the educated than it has for the generality of men, which yet is not a model of style. In our time, with its tendency to relaxation in every regard from the moral law to the rules of prosody, when divorce and *vers libres* are both on the tapis, it is sometimes thought that the shackles of form in writing, whether in verse or good prose, hampers the power of expression and encourages formalism and discourages natural simple expression. Any one who knows the story of good verse knows, however, that the so-called shackles of verse only serve to make the poet think his own thoughts more deeply in laboring to express them in a chosen form.

Still more almost is it true in prose that form counts for much in forcing thought to clearness and exactness. What seems very simple and natural to the reader, almost as if the thought could not have been expressed in any other way, has usually been labored over patiently and often. Styles with the clarity of that of Cardinal Newman are the product of many rewritings, the labor spent over them increasing rather than diminishing as time goes on, for the critical judgment becomes more severe. More and more care is taken just when facility might be expected to give felicity without effort. It is work that counts in the making of great masterpieces, and practically all of them have a finished style.

Don Quixote is, as I have said, an exception, however, for though he can write good Spanish when he wants to, he often does not. In short passages he has been well declared to be one of the greatest masters of Castilian prose—clear, direct and powerful. He soon tires apparently of the effort to keep his style at this level, and then he has a tendency to allow Italian idioms to creep into his sentences or he writes long sentences sometimes packed with needless relatives. As Fitzmaurice-Kelly says in his Spanish Literature in the "Literatures of the World Series:"

"Cervantes lived not as a great practitioner in style, a Sultan of

epithet, though none could better him when he chose; nor is he potent as a purely intellectual influence. He is immoral by reason of his creative power, his imaginative resources, his wealth of invention, his penetrating vision, his inimitable humor, his boundless sympathy. Hence the universality of his appeal; hence the splendor of his secular renown."

When Don Quixote wanted to and set himself to the task, he could write thoroughly good Spanish in a rather lofty and maintained style. Probably the best example of this is the famous declamation of Don Quixote on that good old time, the Golden Age, which is so often quoted from the book in the anthologies of Spanish prose, and which is therefore often presumed by extensive rather than intensive readers of literature as a typical sample of Cervantes' style. Almost needless to say, it is the farthest possible removed from that and not at all characteristic of Cervantes. Antonio de Guevara, who was much admired at the time, had written a good deal in this manner which was looked upon as "the grand style," and Cervantes set himself to the demonstration of the fact that if he wanted to he could write that way. Meantime the passage itself, if this fact is once understood, is extremely interesting as an illustration of how Cervantes could have written if he wanted to, though most of us are rather glad that he did not allow himself to be tempted to write too much after this fashion.

Don Quixote's declamation on the Age of Gold will be interesting at least to those who have not seen it:

"Happy the age, happy the time, to which the ancients gave the name of golden, not because in that fortunate age the gold so coveted in this, our iron one, was gained without labors, but because they that lived in it knew not the two words 'mine' and 'thine.' In that blessed age all things were in common; to win the daily food no toil was needed from any man but to stretch out his hand and pluck it from the mighty oaks that stood there generously inviting him with their sweet, ripe fruit. The crystal streams and rippling brooks yielded their clear and grateful waters in splendid profusion. The busy and wise bees set up their commonwealth in the clefts of the rocks and the hollows of the trees, offering without usance to every hand the abundant produce of their fragrant toil. . . . Fraud, deceit or malice had not as yet tainted truth and sincerity. Justice held her own, untroubled and unassailed by the attempts of favor and interest, which so greatly damage, corrupt and encompass her about. . . ."

There is probably no book in the world except professed collections of proverbs which contains so many proverbs as "Don Quix-

ote." The Spanish language is, of course, particularly rich in these pithy aphoristic sayings, and Cervantes, who knew all classes of the Spain of his time and had a good memory, must have had an immense collection of them at his command. They are put much more often into the mouth of Sancho than of any other, indeed to such an extent that when Don Quixote in the second part of the adventure instructs Sancho Panza, who has been appointed the Governor of an island, how to act, he suggests particularly that he should not use so many proverbs. Whereupon Sancho immediately proceeds to give forth a series of them.

Don Quixote says: "In the next place, Sancho, do not intermix in thy discourse such a multitude of proverbs as thou wert wont to do, for though proverbs are concise and pithy sentences, thou dost so often drag them in by the head and shoulders that they seem rather the maxims of folly than of wisdom." "God alone can remedy that," quoth Sancho, "for I know more than a handful of proverbs, and when I talk they crowd so thick into my mouth that they quarrel which shall get out first; so out they come haphazard, and no wonder if they should sometimes not be very pat to the purpose. But I will take heed in future to utter only such as become the gravity of my place, 'for in a plentiful house supper is soon dressed;' 'he that cuts does not deal,' and 'with the repique in hand the game is sure;' 'he is no fool who can both spend and spare.' "So, so, there, out with them, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "spare them not; my mother whips me and I still tear on. While I am warning thee from the prodigal use of proverbs, thou pourest upon me a whole litany of them, as fitting to the present purpose as if thou hadst sung, 'Hey down derry!' Attend to me, Sancho. I do not say a proverb is amiss when aptly and seasonably applied; but to be forever discharging them, right or wrong, hit or miss, renders conversation insipid and vulgar."

CERVANTES' SHORT STORIES.

The best example of Cervantes' literary work is to be found not in "Don Quixote," but in the Exemplary Novels which were written at various as yet undetermined times during the ten years just before and after the publication of "Don Quixote" and were themselves published in 1613, though it is known they were finished in 1612. It might possibly be expected that the title, *Novelas Exemplares*, which has been translated "exemplary novels," might very well have a different meaning from that implied by the same words in English. We are not accustomed to associate the idea of edification with novels except with those of the Sunday school order, and

they are as far as possible, as a rule, from anything even distantly approaching literature.

What Cervantes meant to write, however, were exactly as the English words imply—short stories furnishing good example. His genius made them the best collection of short stories ever published. In his recent life of Cervantes, Robinson Smith ("The Life of Cervantes," London, Routledge, 1914) emphasizes the fact that though these short stories, twelve in number, were the first short stories in Spain, if we except a few sporadic attempts, and some of them, notably the "Dog's Colloquy," were the first stories in the world to subordinate the action of the narrative to the development and portrayal of character, they are models of this mode of literature, and one of them is the best short story ever written.

As the short story has become so popular in modern times, it might readily be presumed that in the course of time at least this short and simple instrument of expression had greatly developed and improved in successive hands. It is rather interesting to realize that good authorities, who are not themselves Spaniards and therefore not likely to be specially partial judges, and who are looked upon as critics of world literature whose opinion is worth while, have not hesitated to say that Cervantes' literary triumph in this mode of composition was as great as in "Don Quixote." Robinson Smith, whom I have just quoted, has gone so far as to declare that "the 'Dog's Colloquy' is incomparably the world's finest short story, as the 'Don Quixote' is its finest novel."

Cervantes was a vigorous and undeviating stickler for morality in literature. The doctrine of art for art's sake regardless of morals had no appeal at all to his common sense and literary canons. He is even on record with the expression, "If by any chance it came to pass that the reading of these novels could tempt any one who should peruse them to any evil desire or thought, rather should I cut off the hand wherewith I wrote them than bring them out in public." There is indeed a well established tradition that he submitted the stories in manuscript to a friend, and on his advice deliberately changed the ending of one of them in order to make it exemplary, and another, the feigned aunt, "La Tia Fingida," he is said to have suppressed altogether. I wonder if there is another such example on record of a genius submitting calmly to a critic's judgment? Cervantes was always proud to maintain that the first part of "Don Quixote" "did not contain, so far as any one could point out, the suggestion of an obscene word or a thought less than Catholic." Nothing so disturbed him as the fact that a false second part of "Don Quixote" was foisted upon the public which was full

of indecencies. Probably nothing forced him more effectively to fulfill his promise to write a second part himself than this imposition on the public.

In criticizing it he wrote very emphatically that "as thoughts must be kept from things filthy and obscene, how much more the eye?" Cervantes himself is as pure, so far as any allurement to vice can possibly be found in his writings, as Homer himself. How strange it is to have to go back to the first great pagan writer to find an adequate parallel in this matter for Cervantes! It is curiously interesting to realize that practically none of the great writers have ever written anything that have made vice alluring. Viciousness—there is no other word for it—has been left for the smaller fry of literature who must attract readers by sensuous bait because they have no worthier message. If there were such a thing as the progress in literature that so many people suppose one might well expect that while earlier writers, closer as it were to the beast, might indulge in almost unlimited sensuality, in our precious time, when presumably the mark of the beast is growing faint in us, there would be at least ever so much less attention to this element of interest if it had not entirely disappeared from our literature. Just the opposite is true, and the earlier writers have much less of appeal to the animality of man than those of our time. In "Don Quixote" Cervantes suggested that the life of the writer had a good deal to do with his customs in this matter. He said: "If the poet be chaste in his living, no less will he be in his lines. The pen is the tongue of the soul: as are the thoughts engendered there, so will the writer's poems appear."

LITERATURE AND HUMAN PROGRESS.

Because of the depth of its characterization, "Don Quixote" may be set down, then, beyond all doubt as the greatest novel ever written. Certainly the interest of mankind in it in all ages and all countries, in all languages and all times, nor alone the academically inclined, but men of all kinds, and its thoroughly enduring attraction for them during more than three centuries would seem to indicate this. It will probably seem a surprise to a great many people that not only the greatest, but also the most interesting of novels should have been written so long ago. There is a very prevalent impression that there is constant and consistent, indeed almost inevitable, progress in power of expression in any mode of literature, and that after a time the evolution of mankind brings in a more perfect use of the mode than at the beginning. This idea of almost inevitable advance in mankind and its achievement is constantly contradicted

by the history of the race, and probably nowhere more than in literature.

The writer who is large enough of mentality to conceive a new order of literature, a new mode of expression, some hitherto undescribed phase of life and its interests, is practically always large enough also to execute the first specimen of that mode, though often it is a single specimen, at least as well as and often better than any one else will be able to do it. Homer invented the epic and probably wrote the greatest epic poems that we have. The writer of "Job" gave us a marvelous dramatic poem on the subject of the mystery of evil in the world, and though other great poets have taken this same theme and made masterpieces, and among them are such works of genius as Æschylus' "Prometheus," Shakespeare's "Hamlet," Calderon's "El Magico Prodigioso" and Goethe's "Faust," none of these surpass "Job" in literary quality or in the completeness with which they bring out this great mystery of human life.

The same thing is true nearly everywhere in literature. The first great dramas of the Greeks are among the greatest ever written. The very first man who ever put three people talking on the stage, Æschylus, bringing about thus the evolution of dialogue into drama, in the very first drama in which he attempted the daring innovation, "Prometheus," made a masterpiece that has, in the opinion of most critics, never been excelled and very seldom rivaled in all the subsequent history of the drama. Pindar's "Odes," though he must be looked upon as an inventor in this order of literature, have probably never been surpassed, and the earliest writers of sonnets in the thirteenth century made some of the greatest contributions to this form of literature ever achieved. It might possibly be thought that while absence of progress would perhaps be noted in the history of the more artificial modes of literature, this would not be the case as regards the novel which transcribes ordinary life. Practice and the following of models of successive generations and the lessons to be secured from preceding writers might well be expected to lead to a climax of perfection in this literary order, but those who think so are not familiar with the history of literature in what concerns the novel.

There never was a time when novel writing was so lucrative, novels never made so much money for their writers, to say nothing of publishers and booksellers, as at the present time, but there is almost an universal consensus that novels have never been so trivial, so insignificant in all that concerns real life as at the present time. Not that we have not an abundance of clever writing, but there is little of thought. There is plenty of style about our novels, but

there is no vision in them worth while talking about. Manner occupies the attention of writers to the exclusion of matter and distinction is a vanishing quantity. There is no more difference between them than there is between a series of fashionably dressed women conscious that their dressmakers are making exclusive models for them—and yet all of them strictly in style. The climax of evolution in the novel-writing industry shows the novelists of this generation either all written out or else writing so much merely to attract attention that the really deep, significant thoughts of life and its meaning are excluded from the purview.

Even the successful writers of to-day are quite willing to confess this, and when one of our quasi-literary journals not long since asked the writer of the most successful novels of the year to pick out their six favorite novels, it was found that the average age of the favorite novels thus chosen was nearly 100 years. Not one of them had picked out a recent novel, and only one or two novels written even within fifty years were chosen as worthy of a place among the six favorites by any of the modern novelists.

Any one who thinks of "Don Quixote," written 300 years ago and more, as not likely to be of interest at the present time because an author writing nearly ten generations ago could scarcely know enough about men as we know them to appeal to the readers of this generation, should recall our experience with regard to English novels. The two most popular novels in English are old, and, while not so old as "Don Quixote," they have a very respectable age as things go. Both of them are nearly 200 years of age. These two most popular novels in English—and they are not likely to lose their popularity for as long as this stage of civilization lasts—are "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels." The curious thing is that these are still best sellers and nearly every year sees new editions of them, and the witchery of the stories has its fascination for each succeeding generation which comes under their influence. After these hundreds of years we have no stories like them, and probably never will have. They are just sparks of genius thrown off so naturally that their authors probably never thought of them as literature at all, but even a little consideration of them helps one to understand "Don Quixote" and its place in literature much more easily than before.

CERVANTES' FAMILY AND SOME SCANDALS.

Cervantes was very probably a physician's son. His father, however, does not seem to have made a very great success of his profession, at least if we can judge from the fact that he moved from

place to place as the failures or ne'er-do-wells in the profession so often do. He shifted his abode from Alcalá de Henares, where his first five children were born, to Valladolid, where he spent the six years from 1555 to 1561, and then to Madrid, where he lived for three years until 1564, and then to Seville, where he spent two years, and then back again to Madrid, where he spent the next twenty years. Perhaps a serious deafness, so complete in 1578 that he could not hear papers read aloud in court and was obliged for the purposes of the record to read them over to himself and say that he understood and acknowledged the acceptance of them, hampered grievously his professional success. Altogether he had seven children, and he seems to have succeeded in keeping the wolf from the door in spite of the removals and his deafness, though the family must always have felt the grind of necessity and have never had any luxuries.

As Robinson Smith says: "Probably, then, Cervantes belonged to that great class, the class from which nearly all great men have sprung, which, having sufficient to keep the wolf from the door, must yet make its own living and so keep determination in the blood. The children of these families are not shut off from the essentials of education by dire poverty, nor are they made selfish, on the other hand, by having everything they want." They early learn in the school of adversity to be natural and human toward all men. They learn to lend a helping hand, and though hard luck often becomes a kind of habit with them, it is surprising how often, sometimes helped by the other members, some of the family pulls magnificently through. It may be well to recall that Shakespeare, Cervantes' greatest contemporary, went through a corresponding set of experiences over in England about the same time. Shakespeare's father also made a failure of life and of business and the family knew what debt was, and, almost as much as Dante himself, both the Shakespeare and Cervantes families must have known how bitter it was to eat the bread of others' tables. Yet out of such environments great genius lifted itself up and saw the meaning of life far more deeply than those have ever done who, having the leisure and none of the carking cares of existence, might be expected to have more time and better opportunity to cultivate their powers with less hindrance of their vision.

Very early in life Cervantes seems to have taken a lively interest in the theatre, or at least in dramatic performances, such as they were at that time. In the Preface to his Comedies he himself has told us how meagre were the properties and how jejune the apparatus of the traveling companies of players. He tells us that "The

whole paraphernalia of a whole manager of plays was contained in a sack and consisted of four white sheepskin dresses trimmed with gilt leather, and four beards, wigs and shepherds' crooks, more or less." The stage consisted of "benches arranged in a square, with five or six planks on top of them raised but four handbreadths from the ground." Back of the stage an old blanket was hung, behind which was the greenroom, where the actors made up and dressed and were in readiness for their stage appearances. Another old blanket drawn aside by two ropes formed the curtain. The performances took place in a public square, as now with strollers at a country fair, and was given twice a day, in the forenoon and in the afternoon, because, of course, there were no lighting arrangements for evening performances.

A very interesting note for the history of nursing, which is at the same time an index of the family poverty, is to be found in the fact that Dr. Rodrigo Cervantes' daughter Andrea, a sister of our Cervantes, the writer, evidently sometimes nursed her father's patients. There is extant a deed of the year 1568 which states that Andrea, then twenty-five years of age, nursed one Juan Locadelo, who, "absent from home and temporarily residing in the city of Madrid and at the Court of His Majesty, was made comfortable by her and cured of some infirmities I have had, as well she as her father, and did for me and on my behalf many other things wherefor I am bound to remunerate and reward them." By the deed he bestows on Doña Andrea 300 gold crowns, together with many pieces of furniture, articles of clothing and jewels of value, which the girl receives and acknowledges gratefully. The giver asks that these donations should serve as part of her dowry.

This deed makes it clear how some of the medical problems of the older time were solved. Here was a man away from home at court and without his family to care for him, stricken with a prolonged illness, a physician might suggest on theoretic grounds typhoid fever or something of that kind, for the disease was very common, though as yet unrecognized from many other diseases at that period. Such a patient manifestly needs a good, constant nurse, so the doctor sends his daughter, whom he could trust and who had doubtless been properly instructed, and then the patient, when he recovers, is appropriately grateful for this family care of him.

Sad to relate, at least part of this dowry of Andrea and most of that of her sister Magdalena and apparently nearly everything else that the family possessed was exhausted, and probably even in addition considerable debts contracted, in order to pay the ransom of Cervantes and his brother when they were taken prisoners by the

Moors. It is in the records that their father owned some real estate in Seville in 1564, but after the ransoming of one son he is called a "poor man," and after the ransoming of his second son (1580), no member of the family seems ever to have been counted by those with whom they had been on a footing of equality before as more than poor relations.

Biographers have as ever been intent on finding and exploiting any hint of scandal that there might be in Cervantes' life. Isabel de Saavedra is said to have been his natural daughter. There is, however, not a little of uncertainty about that, and it is perfectly possible to make out a case for her being the daughter of Cervantes' wife. Cervantes' niece refers to her as a cousin. The main foundation for the scandalous story seems to lie in an impossibility of making certain dates in the age of Isabel and the date of Cervantes' marriage harmonize. The more one knows about the attitude of all Spaniards at that time towards the question of their ages, and above all the attitude of Spanish women, as of most women at all times with regard to this precious secret of their age, the clearer it becomes that arguments founded on ages stated even in documents make an extremely tenuous foundation for any story. There is a statement of Isabel's age in 1605, when she testified that she was twenty. Cervantes was married in December, 1584, so that the scandal becomes minimized at least. As a matter of fact, Isabel's testimony means nothing, for in 1639 she said she was forty, though there is good reason to know that she was nearly sixty. We have seen that Cervantes himself understood his age on a few occasions, and his sisters were at least as careless as he was in this matter. His sister Andrea testified that she was fifty, when she had already seen sixty, and as for Magdalena, the younger sister, she apparently was never born in the same year twice. Above all, the women seemed to have had the habit of staying at a certain age—something like thirty or forty or fifty—for a number of years until they got ready to change for some other standard age. It was an American lady, I believe, who said, when on swearing that she was thirty and her attention was called to the fact that she had sworn two years before that she was thirty, that she was not one of these people who swore to one thing to-day and another to-morrow. Some such explanation as that would be needed for the Cervantes' women's ages as we have then in various documents.

The fact of the matter is that though certain biographers have made so much of a scandal, there is very little definite evidence for it, and many now reject it entirely. In quite the same way much has been made of Shakespeare's early marriage and the fact that

he married a woman so much older than himself and that their child was born within a few months after their recorded marriage has been exploited as a scandal, yet many biographers have come to feel not only the possible, but even probable truth of another explanation for these circumstances, which has been offered only during the last few years. Shakespeare's family was Catholic, as is well known, and so were the Hathaways, and it might well be expected that the marriage in these two families would take place before a priest, one of whom was known to be in hiding in Shottery about this time. After a while, however, it was found that such a marriage performed by a priest was no longer a legal marriage in England, and therefore the young married couple were bundled by Ann Hathaway's uncles over to Luddington, some six miles across country—far enough away so as to attract no attention—at a time when travel was slow and newsgathering unsystematic. They were there married formally by an Anglican clergyman under the only form of marriage recognized as legal in England at that time.

Scandalmongers love a shining mark, and biographers have even not hesitated to venture upon the innuendo that the payment of Juan Locadelo to Andrea Cervantes had some evil imputation in it. There is not the slightest reason for thinking that, however, except that some men must have the bones of great reputations to pick or they are not satisfied. Not only the evil that men do lives after them and the good is oft interred with their bones, but at times even evil that men did not do becomes attached to their names and is bandied about because little men must have such toothsome morsels of scandal to satisfy their craving for indulgence of feeling over the evil among men.

RELATIONS WITH THE CLERGY.

Cervantes' relations with the clergy of Spain all through his life are extremely interesting. Many a poor boy who was clever secured his opportunity for education at this time, and indeed for centuries before and after, through the friendship of the parish priest. From the kindly words that he had to say about one of them when there is question of the library at the beginning of "Don Quixote," Cervantes seems to have had a good deal of affection for the parish priest. More than one biographer has suggested that this kindly feeling must have been due to the fact that a parish priest had helped him in the first steps at least of his early education. Of course, there is very little evidence beyond this kindly description of the parish priest on which to found any such declaration, but the relations of Cervantes with the clergy later in life on many occations would give a good deal of color to it.

(Note: Very few people know that something of this same kind has been said of Shakespeare on no more evidence probably than Rosalind's expression in "As You Like It," when Orlando suggests, "Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling." And Rosalind replies, "I have been told so of many, but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak." A religious uncle, however, as some of us know, is not necessarily a priest, and Rosalind expressly declares that this one fell in love and evidently was not happy in it, for she says, "I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.")

From a passage in his famous short story, which competent critics have declared the best short story ever written, "The Dog's Colloquy," it has been declared by biographers, and the contention is emphasized by his latest biographer in English, Robinson Smith, that Cervantes was a student in the Jesuit school at the age of sixteen or seventeen. The Jesuit schools at this time in Spain were always free, and as we know that Cervantes' father was at Seville in 1564-65, the description in "The Dog's Colloquy" of the "two sons who were studying grammar in the school of the Company of Jesus" might very well be Cervantes and his younger brother, though in that case he underestimates both his own age and that of his brother. This may have been due to the fact that Cervantes was deliberately trying to conceal, or at least disguise somewhat, the personal elements in the story, or, as is pointed out by Robinson Smith, it may have been due to an inveterate habit that Cervantes had of understating his age. Either he was not quite sure about it or else he lopped off a year or two or a little more nearly every time that he mentioned it.

There is a passage in "The Dog's Colloquy" which shows very clearly how much Cervantes thought of the Jesuits and their education. It deserves to be recalled in connection with the tercentenary if for no other reason than to remind us 350 years later of the merits of a great system of education which is still with us:

"I straightway derived pleasure from seeing the affection, the settled behaviour, the anxiety and industry with which those blessed fathers and masters taught those children, strengthening the tender shoots of their youth so that they might not bend or take an evil direction in the path of virtue, which conjointly with letters they kept pointing out to them. I began to consider how they rebuked their pupils with sweetness, chastised them mercifully, animated them with examples, stimulated them by rewards and overlooked

their shortcomings with judgment, and, finally, how they described to them the ugliness and horror of vice and sketched for them the loveliness of virtue in order that, loathing the one and loving the other, they might attain the end for which they were educated."

After having been at the Jesuit school for a while, if we accept these details in the story of "The Dog's Colloquy" as autobiographical, Cervantes may have been for a time at the University of Salamanca. A hundred years ago a professor of rhetoric at Salamanca declared that he had seen Cervantes' name on the registers as a student of philosophy for two years. This record also told where he resided, but there is no such record extant now. In his short story (one of the *Novelas Exemplares),* "The Licentiate of Glass," there are some details of student life at the University of Salamanca which has been assumed as evidence of his having studied there as a student page. If these passages are to be taken also as autobiographical, they throw an interesting light on Cervantes' younger years which show that the boy was father to the man, for Cervantes was always well beloved by those who knew him. He tells of this student that "in a few weeks Thomas showed signs of possessing rare intelligence, serving his masters with such fidelity, punctuality and diligence that although he did not fail in any degree in his studies, it appeared that he was wholly occupied in waiting on them; and as the good service of the servant creates in his master the inclination to treat him well, presently Thomas was not the servant of his masters, but their companion. He most distinguished himself in the humanities and had such a happy memory that it was a thing to wonder at."

The professors in the philosophical department at the university of this time would be practically all clergymen or clerical students. The office of a "student page" was to run errands for the masters, but also to do many other things, such as copying, consulting books, finding passages for quotations and the like, and very probably also taking care of their rooms in various ways. We have reverted once more in our universities to a notable degree to having as university servants, waiters, sweepers, carers for furnaces, pages and the like —university students whose pecuniary position in life is not such as would enable them to afford a university education without the help provided by the salary or allowances for fees attached to such service. Not infrequently these men who are "working their way through college" are among the best students. Cervantes seems to have anticipated these familiar conditions of the modern times nearly 350 years ago. In our own time, too, it not infrequently

happens that the student workers become popular both among the masters and among their fellow-students who are not snobs.

After a time the poverty of his family seems to have demanded that Cervantes should take up some occupation that would enable him not only to support himself, but also contribute materially to the family maintenance. We know that for a time he was an attendant at court, though in what specific capacity is not known. The Cervantes family were descended from an old noble family of Spain, as the presence of the de in the name Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra indicates. The family was very much descended, however, but still it retained its nobility, and therefore Miguel would have the privilege of certain offices at court that could only be held by those of noble birth.

It is not probable, however, that this court function paid very much, but Cervantes was not destined to hold the post long. Lord Byron once said that Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away, but so far from truth is that expression that it is almost literally accurate to say that in writing "Don Quixote" he was just picturing his own character as it actually was. The quixotic part of him soon manifested itself in his court life, and as a consequence his career of nightly adventures had its beginning.

According to a tradition that is well founded, one day another of the young sprigs of noblemen in attendance at court spoke slightingly of a lady of their acquaintance. Cervantes without hesitation drew his sword to defend the woman's honor. He was at once arrested, and as to draw a sword within the precincts of the royal palace was punishable by loss of the right hand, it looked as though Cervantes would be maimed for life as the result of his chivalry. So as to avoid the consequences of his chivalrous indiscretion, he was given the opportunity, with the influence of some friends, to fly from Madrid, but he had to become a voluntary exile from his country. The next thing we hear of him he is in Italy occupying the post of chamberlain or personal upper servant to the young Cardinal Aquaviva. As the young Cardinal was one of the best known and most influential members of the Italian nobility, noted for his scholarship and his patronage of learned men, there gathered around him a coterie of learned and elegant gentlemen, and after a time Cervantes apparently was treated by these almost as an equal. He spent three or four years there, and these seem to have been the happiest years of his existence.

CERVANTES, THE CRUSADER.

Peace and happiness in pleasant intellectual surroundings were

to be Cervantes' lot in life, however, and so it was not long before we find him engaged in another quixotic adventure. The Turks had recovered from the setbacks given them by the crusades of the later Middle Ages and were again encroaching on Europe. At this time particularly they were making life and trade almost impossible in the Eastern Mediterranean. Thousands of Christians were falling into the hands of their almost piratic galleys and were being sold as slaves. They had learned their own power at sea so thoroughly, or at least had come to despise the Christian marine so much, that their arrogance knew almost no bounds. There had to be confederation of the Christian nations for marine warfare or else a submission to the Turks, and so what was in effect a crusade was organized against them. The Pope felt that Christendom was at stake and offered the privileges of crusaders to those who joined the marine forces.

In his lecture at the University of Pennsylvania on Cervantes two years ago (Note: University lectures delivered by the members of the faculty in the Free Public Lecture Course, 1913-14, published by the University of Pennsylvania, 1915, Philadelphia), Professor Hugo Rennert summed up in a brief paragraph one incident in the history immediately preceding the battle of Lepanto which makes it very clear why the Christians should have fought so bravely in that battle and how the great soul of Cervantes must have been touched to its very depths with the resolve that no more such outrages on his fellow-Christians should be allowed to pass with impunity. Professor Rennert said: "In 1570 the Sultan of Turkey, Selim II., made a peremptory demand on the Venetian Republic to surrender the Island of Cyprus. And these demands having been rejected, the question could only be settled by force of arms. Venice naturally sought allies—she gained first the Pope, Pius V., then Philip II. of Spain. Both sides were now preparing for the struggle. We need not go into detail concerning the petty bickerings of the allies, which, in fact, never entirely ceased during the whole campaign; nor need we more than mention the terrible tale of the siege by the Turks of Famagosta, on the Island of Cyprus. Mark Antonio Colonna failed to relieve the town, which finally surrendered upon terms highly favorable to the garrison, which had made a gallant resistance for eleven months. Of course, the Turk never had any intention to respect the terms of surrender. The heroic Baglione and his chief officers were hacked to pieces by the Turkish janissaries, but a much more horrible fate was reserved for the gallant Bragadino. After having his ears and nose cut off, he was flayed alive and his skin, stuffed with straw, was swung up to the yardarm of the Turk-

ish Pasha's galiot. This was the enemy the league was to meet." The battle of Lepanto took place October 7, 1571. The morning of the battle Cervantes was prostrated with a high fever. His physician forbade him to go on deck. Cervantes said that he would rather die on deck than below, so he crawled up, almost unable to stand and quite unable to do any fighting. According to tradition, however, he proved very useful in helping to make fast the Christian vessel he was on to a Turkish galley, so that boarding might be accomplished without difficulty. While doing this his left hand was nearly cut off by a Turkish scimitar, and ever after he was proud to be known as "the maimed soldier of Lepanto." For his bravery he was mentioned in the dispatches and was singled out for honorable distinction. The issue of the battle was for some time in doubt, but the event is well known. For the sake of the location of Cervantes' life on its proper background, it may be well to recall that the day of the battle Pope St. Pius V., engaged in consultation with the Cardinals in Rome, suddenly rose, went to the window and looked long toward the south, where the battle was being fought. He then came back, announcing that God had given a victory to the Christians, asked that a Te Deum should be sung and added the invocation Help of Christians to the "Litany of the Blessed Virgin."

FIVE YEARS OF SLAVERY.

In spite of his crippled hand Cervantes seems after his recovery to have served as a marine on Christian galleys for the extermination of Moslem pirates for the next three or four years. Then while on his way back to Spain, his services in the crusade against the Turks having apparently won him impunity for his youthful escapade at court, he was captured by a Turkish vessel and brought to Algiers. The next five years were spent as a slave in Algiers. His cleverness and his ability as an entertainer made him a favorite of the Governor's. He used his favor at court, however, for the help of his fellow-Christians. His hatred of the Moslems never ceased and he organized a series of revolts and attempts to escape, for which he always insisted on taking the whole blame when failure came, as it did on no less than three occasions. Once he was about to be hanged, but was saved by the Governor, and when his ransom eventually came he was actually on board a vessel to be carried to Constantinople to be sold as a slave in the East because of a last organization of Christians for escape which had exhausted the Governor's patience. A sum of money had previously come for his ransom, but was deemed insufficient by the Turks, who now valued him more highly than at first, and Cervantes, instead of having the

money kept until more could be added to it for his own release, insisted that since a ransom had come some one should be freed and another Christian sent home. He did this in spite of the fact that it was not very clear that the full sum for his ransom could ever be raised.

He had the good fortune, however, to benefit by a similar occurrence a little later. A Spanish nobleman had been captured and was being held by the Turks, and the ransom had come for him, but was not deemed sufficient, so Cervantes was ransomed. We know the name of that nobleman, though there is not the slightest use of mentioning it here, for absolutely the only reason that led to the preservation of his name from oblivion is that on this occasion he was considered of so much greater value than Cervantes that he had to remain in captivity while the man whom succeeding generations have come to look upon as his greatest fellow-countryman of that time went free.

We have a high compliment paid to Cervantes for his wonderful work among the Christian slaves during these years in Algiers. "His noble Christian, honest and virtuous character made him the particular envy of the other captives," said one who knew him. His conduct, said another, "gained him renown, honor and a crown among the Christians." Of his captivity and deeds," says Archbishop Haedo, "a particular history might be made," adding, "None did more good among the captives than Cervantes or showed more honor among them; some, renegades, he tried to restore to the true faith; to others, poor captives, he gave to eat and tried to stay the ill-treatment of their masters; to others he sent verses which he had composed in praise of Our Lord, His Blessed Mother, the Most Holy Sacrament and other holy things worthy of our devotion. For himself the great lesson of these five years was, as he says, the lesson of patience in adversity."

In his recent life of Cervantes, Robinson Smith says (page 37):

"Algiers in those days was a polite name for hell. Twenty-five thousand slaves toiled under merciless masters, who withheld from them sufficient food. The streets of the city were choked with the bodies of those that had perished of starvation or terrible disease. One of the captives records: 'Great are the miseries, labors, tortures and martyrdoms suffered these days by captive Christians in the power of Turks and Moors, chiefly in Algiers.' And Cervantes himself records how, herded together in so-called baths, these slaves lived out their wretched existence. 'But though hunger and nakedness tormented us at times, nothing pained us so much as to hear and see each day the never-seen and unheard-of cruelties that my

master used toward our brother Christians. Every day he hanged one of his captives, impaled this one, cropped the ears of another, and this with so little occasion and so frequently without it that the Turks knew that he did it solely for the sake of doing it and through being by nature the murderer of the entire human race.' This is said of the Viceroy or King of Algiers, Hassan Pasha."

(Note: It would be easy to think the cruelties practiced in Algiers represent that old time barbaric cruelty which characterized men's relations in the past and which the gradual amelioration of feeling among men has long since done away with. I need scarcely remind this generation, however, that during our Civil War the prisoners at Andersonville and Libby were treated with scarcely less cruelty, and while the South was but little to be blamed because of the lack of resources, our Northern prisons, without any such excuse, were quite as bad. We are learning some details of war prisoners in Europe just now that are not very pleasant to think about.)

CERVANTES, THE AUTHOR.

Having been ransomed, Cervantes returned to Madrid, a maimed soldier, to make his living as best he could. As one of his biographers said, he found that the sword was mightier than the pen so far as affording a living was concerned, for he nearly starved. He did all sorts of work—wrote plays and poems and short stories, though he was probably past fifty before he wrote his first short story, and he had been scarcely more than a hack writer before this. One play of his, "Numantia," has been declared worthy of a place in world literature. It tells the story of the siege of Numantia by the Romans, when the city was not captured until every inhabitant was dead. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when one of Napoleon's marshals was besieging Saragossa, the modern name for old Numantia, the Governor of the city, when the people were clamoring for surrender because they were starving, bethought him of having Cervantes' play given in the market place. It was received with so much enthusiasm that the French, deceived by the new spirit displayed by the Spaniards in resistance, shortly after gave up the siege. Cervantes probably in his highest enthusiasm for his work would never have wished for a higher tribute to it than this.

It must be confessed, however, that most of Cervantes' work was rather commonplace. The patronage of some of the nobility enabled him to get along, but he, like Dante, must have known how bitter it was to eat the bread of others' tables. He got married, and then he lived in the lowest quarters of the city—the street of the slaugh-

terhouse. After a time, through influence, as a sort of pension for his soldiering, he was given a Government position, and then the clerk whom he hired, an old soldier like himself, employed so as to keep him from starvation, embezzled some of the Government money passing through his hand, for which Cervantes was responsible. Cervantes was thrown into prison, and it looked for a time as though his imprisonment might be indeterminate and for a very long period. The Government insisted on the restoration of the money before his release, and as Cervantes could not get the money, the future was blank enough.

It was under these circumstances that what has sometimes been called the most optimistic of books was written. James Russell Lowell, in his address on "Don Quixote," read at the Workingmen's College, Great Ormond street, London, and published in "Democracy and Other Addresses" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1887), after suggesting that all he can hope to do is make a few illustrative comments on this immortal book, "which may tend to throw a stronger light on what I shall not scruple to call its incomparable originality, both as a conception and a study of character," goes on to say:

"It is one of the few books that can lay undisputed claim to the distinction of being universal and cosmopolitan, equally at home in all languages and welcome to all kindreds and conditions of men; a human book in the fullest sense of the word; a kindly book, whether we take that adjective in its original meaning of natural or in its present acceptation, which would seem to imply that at some time or other, not too precisely specified in history, to be kindly and to be natural had been equivalent terms. I can think of no book so thoroughly good natured and good humored, and this is the more remarkable because it shows that the optimism of its author had survived more misfortune and disenchantment than have fallen to the lot of many men, even the least successful."

As Mr. Lowell brought our very well in that collegiate address, Cervantes' experience of life was such that it might very well be expected that he would bring out the sadder side of life, and yet his book is highly optimistic. It is only when the details of Cervantes' sad experiences are stated cumulatively in the way that Lowell lists them that one can understand readily how striking this attitude of Cervantes' mind is. Mr. Lowell said:

"I suspect that Cervantes, with his varied experience—maimed at the battle of Lepanto, a captive in Algiers, pinched with poverty all his life and writing his great book in a debtors' prison—might have formed as just an estimate of the vanity of vanities as the author

of the 'Book of Ecclesiastes.' But the notion of Weltschmerz, or the misery of living and acting in this beautiful world, seems never to have occurred to him, or, if it did, never to have embittered him. Had anybody suggested the thought to him, he would probably have answered, 'Well, perhaps it is not the best of all possible worlds, but it is the best we have or are likely to get in my time. Had I been present at this creation, I might, perhaps, as Alfonse the learned thought he might, have given some useful advice for its improvement, and, were I consulted even now, could suggest some amendments in my own condition therein. But, after all, it is not a bad world, as worlds go, and the wisest plan, if the luck go against us, is to follow the advice of Durandarte in the Cave of Montesinos, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards.' His sense of humor kept his nature sweet and fresh and made him capable of seeing that there are two sides to every question, even to a question in which his own personal interest was directly involved. In his dedication of the second part of "Don Quixote" to the Conde de Lemos, written in old age and infirmity, he smiles cheerfully on Poverty as on an old friend and lifelong companion. St. Francis could not have looked with more benignity on her whom he chose, as Dante tells us, for his bride.' "

After a time Cervantes was released and then he took up his hard scratching literary life once more. His books sold well, but copyright laws were imperfect and within a very short time a pirated edition of the book was issued in Lisbon and sold freely throughout Spain. It must have been some consolation to Cervantes to know that his book was read in both the East and West Indies, and that before his death there were translations of it in English, French and Italian, but that must not have helped much to fill the stomachs of himself or his family when they felt particularly the need of it. Undoubtedly there were times when it was only the hard manual labor of his women folk in sewing, and perhaps also in washing, which enabled them to get the absolute necessaries of life. We have the bill of his sister issued to a neighboring noble family for some needlework done for them in Cervantes' handwriting. Probably his sister could not write. That original bill sold for many times what it was made out for as a curio the other day in Madrid. How the Cervantes family would have welcomed some of the rich proceeds of this long subsequent sale!

In the meantime Cervantes' relations to the Church continued to be of the best. The Spanish Inquisition required the omission of certain passages that would seem to reflect on the Spanish clergy, but Cervantes took the censorship quite as calmly as writers gen-

erally have learned to take censorship in our time. Just about the time that the first part of "Don Quixote" was finished, he joined the Confraternity of the Slaves of the Blessed Sacrament, a religious organization whose main duty was to take part in processions on Corpus Christi and other Church festivals, particularly in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. It was not unlike our Holy Name Society of the present time. His sisters and wife became members of the Third Order of St. Francis, and shortly before his death he joined the Third Order himself and asked that he should be buried in the habit of the order. He seems to have been rather intimately associated with the Franciscans, or perhaps I should say the Franciscans seemed to have been interested in him. His sister Magdalena was buried by the Franciscans manifestly because none of her relatives could afford the burial expense and this was a special form of almsgiving.

When the end of life was pressing on him and he could no longer do anything for himself or his family, the Franciscans were his refuge. He and his wife were harbored during a portion of the last year of his life in the house of a Franciscan priest, Francisco Martini. The Archbishop of Toledo continued to be a very dear friend and sent him material assistance evidently on a number of occasions. Just about a month before his death Cervantes wrote to him: "My illness is so much worse of late that I believe it will make an end of me, though not of my gratitude." Surely the expression is worthy of the author of "Don Quixote."

He made a will and named as his executors the Franciscan priest with whom they had been staying and his wife Catalina. The Lord knows there was not much to leave, and all that we know of his will is that he asked that two Masses should be said for the repose of his soul and that his executors should arrange to have other Masses said for him if that were possible. And so there passed from earth one of the greatest of imaginative writers, of whom the French Ambassador, asked to report on him to his Government because of French interest in his writings, could only gather this much: He was "old, a soldier, a gentleman and poor."

James J. Walsh.

New York, N. Y.

A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

TWO priests' graves in Ireland have for years been regarded as holy ground, hallowed by the memory of men whose names are held in benediction: that of Father Theobald Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, whose earthly resting place is in St. Joseph's Cemetery, in the southern environs of the city of Cork, and that of Father Charles Houban, the Passionist, who is interred in the little God's acre at Mount Argus, Harold's Cross, Dublin. Any day pious pilgrims may be seen kneeling in prayer at Father Mathew's grave. So many things have been attributed to the saintly Irish Capuchin, both during his life and since his death in December, 1856, which suggest the supernatural, that it is thought some day they may be submitted to the consideration of an ecclesiastical tribunal with a view to his possible beatification. Such steps have already been taken in the case of Father Charles, the name by which the eminently holy Passionist was popularly and widely known.

John Andrew Houban, son of Peter Joseph and Jane Elizabeth Houban (née Luyten), was born on December 11, 1821, in the village of Munster-Geleen, in the province of Limbourg, in Holland, close to the German frontier. He came of a good old Catholic stock and from a district which, amid all the changes and vicissitudes that have marked the course of history in that part of Europe, never swerved from the ancient faith of Christendom. Where piety is traditional in a family, its source is generally found in motherhood, for it is the mother rather than the father who really makes the home and gives it its tone and character. Father Charles' mother was a woman of this type. She lived to see many of her children and grandchildren enter religion. From the day of his First Communion, that important epoch in life, little Andrew's devotion deepened. It is related that he would remain for hours kneeling before the altar in the parish church until evening gave place to nightfall, to the great anxiety of his devoted mother, alarmed at his long absences, but her fears were dispelled when those who knew his habits invariably found him absorbed in prayer before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. It was a lay teacher, Professor Schregen, of Brocksittord, who introduced him to the Passionists. Conscription, introduced into Holland by Napoleon I., caused a break in his studies. In 1840, when he was nineteen, he had to join the colors. But a military career was not that for which he was destined. He was to be a soldier of the Cross. When, three months afterwards, a substitute was

found he resumed his studies until he reached the age of twenty-four, when he obtained admission into the congregation upon which his saintliness was to reflect additional lustre.

He joined it in a remarkable epoch in its history. The Church's "second spring," of which Newman spoke, was about to dawn upon England. The Tractarian movement was drawing converts into the fold from which so many had strayed since the so-called "Reformation," a heresy "made in Germany," had been imported. On the memorable night of October 8, 1845, Father Dominic, the saintly Passionist who, it is hoped, will be raised to the honors of the altar, received at Littlemore the greatest of them, their leader, who faithfully followed the guidance of the "Kindly Light" he had invoked. Soon another of "Rome's recruits," the simple-hearted Father Ignatius Spencer, uncle of the late Lord Spencer, the Irish Viceroy, was to preach a holy crusade among the seminaries and from many a pulpit, asking prayers for England's conversion, an apostolate in which it had been foreshown in vision to St. Paul of the Cross his spiritual sons would engage.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne had offered Father Spencer a house as a foundation of the Passionist congregation, and the Countess Catherine Marie of Croëser had ceded her house at Ere, in Belgium, for the same purpose at the instance of the Abbé Charles Bernard, vicar general of Cambray, to whom Father Dominic, when he met him in Rome, had communicated his aspirations for the conversion of England, to which he went in 1841. It was Father Peter, his successor as rector of the house at Ere, who received John Andrew Houban into the order and gave him the habit on the 8th of December, 1845. Henceforward he was known as Confrater Charles of St. Andrew. He had the happiness and advantage of being formed to the religious life by a novice master of remarkable piety and discernment, Father Seraphim.[1] Even during his novitiate he was regarded by his fellow-novices as a saint. On the 21st of December, 1850, he was ordained priest, and the next day said his first Mass. Every one present, it is recorded, was filled with holy awe on witnessing the seraphic look of the young priest while he offered the Holy Sacrifice, and the same feeling was experienced by any one who ever afterwards assisted at his Masses.

The advent of the Passionists to England, nearly seventy years after St. Paul of the Cross had had his wonderful vision, was epoch-making. The introduction among an ease-loving people like the English into a Protestant country where the very name of monk and the very idea of monasticism had become obnoxious of what

[1] Appointed in 1876 Secretary General in Rome, where he died in 1879.

Newman calls "the severest of modern rules," of a congregation "in some respects more ascetic than the primitive hermits and orders of the Middle Ages," which clashed with what is rightly described as "the hurtful and pusillanimous practice of toning down Catholicism in order to fall in with Protestantism, "was a bold stroke, a brave challenge in the perpetual conflict between the spirit of the Gospel and the spirit of the world. They were the first tonsured and sandaled religious to appear in their habits in public in England since the Reformation. In 1845 they organized the first open air procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament held in that country since its apostasy. It took place in the grounds of Aston Hall in presence of more than two thousand people, triumphal arches spanning the line of march. They opened a new era in the later religious history of England and greatly helped by their missions and retreats the revival of Catholicism, which received a further impetus from the Irish immigration consequent on the great famine. The poor stricken Irish, if they brought nothing less with them, brought the faith taught their ancestors by St. Patrick and to which they adhered with heroic constancy and fidelity through weal and woe. They, too, helped to re-Catholicize England, as the Irish monks of yore, who had gone out from Iona had Christianized the south of Scotland and the north of England. They went to Aston and Stone in crowds and were ministered to by the Passionists, who day and night attended the poor Irish fever patients, until one after another of the priests caught the disease, when the whole work devolved on Father Dominic.

The last meeting of Confrater Charles Houban with Father Dominic, who had entered into possession of the first Passionist retreat in England on February 17, 1842, and saw four foundations of his order established before he died, took place at the railway station at Tournay. A year after Father Dominic's death witnessed the arrival in England of Father Charles on February 5, 1851. It was just after the restoration of the hierarchy when Cardinal Wiseman's famous letter "from out the Flaminian Gate" fanned into a flame the smouldering fanaticism of Protestant England, intensified to white heat by Lord John Russell's Durham letter. It seemed to threaten a repetition of the Gordon Riots, until the bigots, who had momentarily lost head, were shamed into sanity.

Father Charles first went to Aston, where his holiness impressed both priests and people and where he readily acquired a knowledge of English. The Passionists had much to do to make headway against the narrow-minded intolerance of the times. In this they were encouraged and helped by the Irish, who, ever loyal and devoted to the priests, formed a strong bodyguard to protect two of

the fathers going from Stone to Aston one 5th of November, whom the Protestants threatened to mob. Father Charles left Aston for St. Wilfrid's on November 12, 1854, on his appointment as vice master. Before the Passionists got possession of St. Wilfrid's, formerly known as Colton Hall, it had been the residence of Newman and Faber, who there planned the establishment of the Oratory in England. A year afterwards, when the novices were transferred to Broadway, in Worcestershire, the sole charge of St. Wilfrid's devolved upon Father Charles, who, with another priest and a lay Brother, formed the community. They had charge of a rather extensive parish, the holy man having every afternoon to traverse miles to visit the Catholics. After a sojourn in Ireland from 1857 to 1866 he resumed his connection with the novitiate house. Broadway, where it was situated, was anciently an ecclesiastical benefice in the gift of the abbot of Pershore, and in the reign of Edward the Confessor was called "the land of St. Mary of Pershore." The Passionist monastery is described as a fine structure within a few minutes' walk of the centre of the quaint old-fashioned village. Father Charles spent a year at this peaceful retreat, where his meditative mind realized the truth of St. Bernard's saying: "O beata solitudo, sola beatitudo."

From Broadway he was sent to St. Anne's Retreat, Sutton, in Lancashire, one of Father Dominic's foundations, where the mortal remains of the founder and Father Spencer repose. In Lancashire he found himself in a more congenial atmosphere. The lamp of faith was long kept burning in the "far faithful North" when other English shires fell away from the ancient creed. Besides, as time went on, the blending of Catholic Irish with the best elements in English life resulted in the evolution of a sturdier, more constant and more resolute race than the more mixed and weaker breeds in the South. As Cardinal Vaughan said, Lancashire folk are outwardly a bit rough, but the backbone is stiffer.

Father Charles always felt kindly towards Ireland and the Irish, doubtless mindful of Father Spencer's pet scheme of reconverting England through Ireland. So whenever his brethren in Dublin wanted his help he readily and willingly crossed the Channel and went to their assistance, ministering there or in any other part of Ireland where he was needed. He always, we are told, received any one from Ireland with marks of no ordinary affection and esteem. While in the English houses of his order his old friends in Ireland corresponded with him whenever they required direction or spiritual counsel and coöperation. On the 10th of January, 1874, he quitted England for good. From that day until his death he gave himself entirely to the work of the Irish mission.

The whole of his future life was identified with St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, the principal Irish house of the order, founded in 1856. Ireland had already known and appreciated the Passionists, who in April, 1849, gave their first mission in Ireland at St. Audoen's, Dublin. It is noteworthy as being the only mission in that city conducted by Father Dominic, who died four months afterwards, on August 27.

Harold's Cross, where the Passionists acquired a dwelling house and grounds for their first Irish foundation, is supposed to derive its name from the defeat and death of a Danish king, Harold, for it was in early times a debatable ground, hotly contested by the native Irish and the invading Danes. It is much more likely that it associates the place with the family of Harold, who were owners of large mountain lands in the vicinity, or with a cross erected there to indicate the territorial rights of the Archbishops of Dublin. When Mass was first said there in a large room in the house transformed into a temporary chapel there was only a congregation of five persons. It is now a great centre of religious influence, an extensive house of retreat and handsome church, approached by two leafy avenues, crowning the summit of the hill or elevation upon which the original house stood, and from which a picturesque view of the Dublin mountains from one point and of the city and its southern suburbs from another, with "the smoky town," as the poet Furlong called it, low lying northward, is obtained. The congregations now are numbered by many hundreds, especially at Christmastide, when the Crib attracts visitors, or at Corpus Christi, when large processions of the Blessed Sacrament wind through the well-wooded grounds.

The first rector of Mount Argus was a remarkable personality. In the world he was known as the Hon. Captain Charles Reginald Pakenham, an officer in the Grenadier Guards and a nephew of the Duke of Wellington, the victor of Waterloo; in religion as Father Paul Mary, Passionist.[2] His death in 1857 coincided with the first arrival of Father Charles at Harold's Cross in company with Father Ignatius Spencer.

People frequenting the church soon perceived, with an instinct born of faith, that he was no ordinary priest. As his holiness became more and more revealed his confessional was besieged from morning till night by daily increasing numbers. Though the work was arduous and taxed his physical strength, he did not spare himself. People began to talk of the holy priest to whom they had been to confession, of the impression he made and the influence he exercised over them, and of the maladies cured by his blessing.

[2] See "Ave Maria" of April 8, 1916.

So great the concourse grew that part of the retreat had to be turned into a sanctuary. The priest was almost equally impressed by the people. Writing to his home in Holland, he remarked on the wonderful similarity between the Irish and the Limbourgian Catholics. It is so to this day, for it is noted that not even in Catholic Belgium is the priest or cleric treated with as much respect as in Holland. He was also much struck with the generosity of the Irish people, when the building of the new retreat and church —described by a leading journal as "the noblest religious house erected in these countries since the Reformation"—was undertaken, a work which he himself no less zealously promoted *con amore.* "God alone," says his biographer, Father Austin, "is cognizant of all that Father Charles did to make Mount Argus what it is; He alone knows the number and the value of his deeds which are so precious in heaven's sight. The period from 1857 to 1893 (with the exception of a few years which he spent in England) was passed by him within its walls, and his name will ever be entwined with its history."

Thither for years came the blind, the lame and the halt; people suffering from incurable maladies, which had baffled the skill of the ablest physicians and surgeons, to seek and to receive healing at his hands; the grief-stricken to be consoled by his soothing words; the poor to be relieved. His simple blessing wrought numerous well-attested miracles.[3] It was when proceeding from the retreat house to Our Lady's Grotto, followed by a large crowd, he usually imparted his benediction, besought with eagerness and received with fullness of faith. On the way he got them to join him in saying the Stations of the Five Wounds, for as a true Passionist his mind was constantly fixed on the mystery of Calvary, with the inmost sense of which he was penetrated. During the celebration of Mass, whenever he met with passages referring to the Sacred Passion, he could not restrain his tears. On Fridays he would prostrate himself on the ground before the religious and entreat their charitable prayers for him, "a poor sinner," and perform the Stations of the Cross with extraordinary recollection and fervor.

A priest who visited Mount Argus in the autumn of 1892 and diligently observed his manner of life and mode of action was deeply edified by the sight and could not refrain from noting the signs of extraordinary sanctity that were abundantly manifest, the crowds constantly in evidence to seek his blessing, the requests for a share in his prayers continually coming from all climes and

[3] This statement is made with necessary reservation pending the decision of the Apostolic tribunal thereon.

the gratitude evinced for a favorable response to his orisons—all bespoke the unusual.

"No one could be in the presence of Father Charles, even for a few moments," says Father Austin, "without being impressed by his striking personality. He, tall, of a strong, well-built, muscular physique, but attenuated, and towards the end of his life stooping. His face was rugged in outline and sallow in complexion, bore traces of firmness of character. The forehead was wide, the nose prominent and the lustre of his hazel eyes reflected the inward beauty of his soul. When animated his face wore an expression of singular brightness and sweetness. The simplicity of his manner little showed the firm grasp of theological principles that he possessed, and which rested on a retentive memory and assiduous study in early years. Though very fervent as a preacher, in his latter years he rarely ever attempted a set sermon, and in this respect his power for good lay more in the fervor of the short exhortations which he gave to the crowds who sought his blessing." It was not only the crowds of laity who thronged to Mount Argus who sought it, but his religious brethren, groups of whom frequently knelt around him during recreation, the highest superior and the humblest lay Brother alike considering it a great privilege to receive his benediction.

He had a great attraction to mental prayer, being frequently so rapt in contemplation as to be oblivious of everything external; even in the refectory and at recreation it made itself manifest. As he expressed it himself, he thought only that he was alone with God. He passed thus whole nights prostrate on the bare floor of his cell. One morning he was found swooning on the floor, and it was discovered that his bed had not been lain on during the night. When asked why he prayed so long, his only answer was, "Temptation, temptation." On another day, at the conclusion of ordinations in Mount Argus' church, his physician went to visit him in his cell, and, having knocked at the door, entered. To his amazement he beheld the priest in ecstasy, a sight he never forgot. He was quite motionless, and seemed to gaze on some entrancing vision, unconscious of any one being present, until the doctor touched his arm. "Oh," he exclaimed, "I was praying for the newly ordained priests."

Whenever he was wanted the two places in which he was sure to be found were—in presence of the Blessed Sacrament or in his cell. This cell was a narrow room at the top of the house, with a single window, bare whitewashed walls, a few cheap devotional prints, a chair, a table, a bedstead with a straw mattress, a Crucifix and a discipline with which, like St. Paul of the Cross, he scourged

his body until the blood flowed. When obliged to say his office privately he did so on his knees. Like St. Thomas of Aquin, it was in prayer before the altar he acquired the science of the saints. The Anglican Dean Stanley said that the history of the Church of the first three centuries was a history of the Blessed Eucharist. Of Father Charles it is said that his whole life was one constant act of adoration of the sacramental Presence of Christ. Whenever he heard the Blessed Sacrament named he uncovered his head. When saying Mass tears flowed from his eyes, and during his thanksgiving he remained motionless, as if his corporeal senses were suspended, while his countenance shone with ecstatic delight. Every day after celebrating he heard all the Masses he could and was ever ready to serve the Masses of other priests.

His prayer was the prayer of the humble that pierces the clouds. He would have priests make prayer the guiding star of their lives. He never lost his first fervor. An old Passionist who had lived with him two years at Ere and seven years in Dublin, noticed that the fervor which had distinguished him as a student had in no way diminished, but had increased even as the early brightness of the morning dawn increases to the perfect light of noonday. An ex-provincial of the order writes: "I regarded Father Charles as a man endowed with great faith, which enabled him everywhere and always to realize the presence of God. To me he seemed to live more in heaven than on earth." From constant kneeling a large protuberance had grown on one of his knees, which is accounted for by the fact that his favorite kneeling place was the cold hard flagway of a bell tower, where with bowed head he recited the Psalter or prayed for the conversion of sinners and the deliverance of souls from Purgatory, a devotion he practiced to an heroic degree, making and getting others to make what is called the heroic act.[4]

The fame of such a man was not confined to Mount Argus. When people saw him driving through Dublin on his many errands of mercy they would beg his blessing, kneeling in the streets, as they often did when Father Henry Young, another saintly priest, passed through the city, for the popular voice likewise proclaimed him a saint. As he walked in the May processions at Mount Argus crowds gathered to gaze at him to kiss the hem of his habit or surreptitiously cut off pieces of it to keep as relics. The sight of

[4] The heroic act consists in resigning the satisfactory part of our works, all indulgences and all suffrages, which will be offered for us after death, into the hands of the Blessed Virgin, to be distributed according to her good pleasure to the souls in Purgatory, whom she desires to free from their torments.

his bent, fragile form as he stood in the centre of a clustering crowd, each one waiting his or her turn to get blessed, is described as like the picture of a mediæval saint. His compassion for the multitude was truly Christlike, for is not the priest called *alter Christus?* Not only did he come down from his poor cell to wait on the poor, but as long as his strength lasted he sought them out in their miserable dwellings, of which Dublin still has too many, though many are being improved away to provide better housing.

"In every province and county in Ireland—in many cities and towns in England—even in America and Australia," says Father Austin, "there are many persons to be found who have reason to be grateful to the servant of God for the favors which he obtained for them—for the pains which he took to make their lives happy—for the wisdom and foresight with which he directed them when they sought his advice." Father Alphonsus, who founded the Passionist congregation in Australia, tells how during the five years and a half he spent there, visiting nearly all the Australasian colonies, including New Zealand and Tasmania, he could scarcely call to mind any of the places where he conducted missions and retreats without finding some who had known Mount Argus by report or personal acquaintance, but almost invariably in connection with the name of Father Charles. His name became a household word far and near. He visited halls and hovels. In the mansions of the wealthy he was usually greeted by the entire household, who knelt to ask his blessing on the house and its occupants. The reputation of his holiness, his gift of discernment and his miracles involved him in a continuous correspondence with people of all classes who sought his much-valued advice. Proud and haughty men who would scorn to salute a priest, it is noted, acted with the greatest reverence towards Father Charles, such is the compelling power of sanctity.

Like all holy ascetics, he was penetrated with a profound sense of his own unworthiness, of his "sinfulness," as he called it; would publicly accuse himself in the refectory of his "faults and imperfections; "would obey even those who had no authority over him, asking the Brother who usually accompanied him when away from Mount Argus permission for everything he did, as if he were his superior; who was often heard, when he imagined himself alone, to say, "after all my confessions, all my Communions, all my Masses, I am full of sin." It is well understood, of course, that this conviction of their unworthiness in such elect souls arises from their clearer perception of the holiness of the Godhead, of the profound truth expressed in the words of the Preface at Mass,

"Tu es solus sanctus," and their sense of the inherent fragility of fallen humanity.

To the last he was a man of prayer. When asked during his last illness why he was not taking repose, he answered, "Meditation, I must meditate." When it became known that he was in danger of death prayers for his recovery were offered up in many religious houses, churches and homes. But he had finished his course, and on the morning of the 5th of January, 1893, he passed calmly away without any death agony.

His obsequies evoked an extraordinary manifestation of mingled grief and veneration. A vast crowd of mourners not only from Dublin, but from the most distant parts of Ireland daily thronged to Mount Argus to gaze for the last time on the worn features of the saintly ascetic before the coffin lid was screwed down, and the body he had kept in subjection to the spirit by the same method as the Apostle St. Paul and the founder of his own congregation, was consigned to earth. The inroad of pilgrims continued, it is recorded, as train after train deposited its living freight in the environs. One of the Passionists, who had known him for many years, told from the pulpit the story of his life in a way that moved preacher and congregation to tears. The eagerness of the people to secure relics could with great difficulty be restrained. The church doors had to be closed when it was overcrowded, and there was no room for the dense mass who swarmed outside. When the dirge was chanted a kind of barricade had to be erected on account of the crush and the impetuous behavior of the multitude who desired to touch the body with some devotional objects, to be religiously preserved as memorials. A group of strong, muscular men formed a phalanx, who, wedged between those departing and the inrushing mass, prevented any disastrous consequences and preserved from injury the remains and the sable shroud which partly enveloped them. Innumerable beads and scapulars were laid for an instant on the habit of the dead religious, beside whose body the people of Ireland mourned for four days, the same striking scenes taking place daily until it was laid to rest in the cemetery hard by beneath shade of spreading beech trees, the grave being marked by a simple wooden cross with his name in religion inscribed on it. Before the coffin lid had been adjusted an eminent doctor, having examined the body, pronounced that it was quite flexible; there was no *rigor mortis*. There it awaits the summons of the archangel to arise incorrupt and glorified on the Last Day.

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THE NIETZSCHEAN IDEA AND THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL —SUPERMAN AND SAINT.

THE tragedy of thought for which the so-called Reformation is directly responsible culminated at the close of the past century in the anti-Christian doctrines of Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche. The influence of his false philosophy has been felt in many quarters, for "He was," says a certain commentator, "in a condition of insanity without hope, while his books were read from New York to St. Petersburg."

In our day we have witnessed a growing laxity in morals and religion, a spirit of liberalism and free-thinking, an unrest of mind and soul, which among the intellectuals has produced, on the one hand, erratic thinkers, and, on the other hand, among the more or less educated masses, an inordinate love of pleasure, pomp, pride and power. Nietzscheism is but a form of that modern pagan philosophy which has taken up anew the old fight between the material forces and the spiritual forces; the contest between rationalism and revealed religion; between pure reason and the light of faith. The result has been, as it must ever be, a realization of the limits to man's finite intelligence and the consequent awakening of man's spiritual nature to a recognition of the higher claims of true religion and morality, in fine, of those truths which are a reflection of the infinite intelligence of the Supreme Being.

Spiritually minded men have all along foreseen that out of the great conflict now raging in Europe, with which God has visited mankind, a providential good would be drawn. It has already shown itself to be at hand. Men have been brought to the feet of the crucified Christ by suffering and sacrifice. Literature, which reflects the minds of men, will return to a state of simplicity and spiritual longing. It has run the gamut of the material, and the progress it had boasted has to give way to the desire to accomplish a spiritual largeness, so that the death-knell of materialism has already been sounded. The cant and hypocrisy which thinkers such as Nietzsche have endeavored to expose as existing in Christian teaching and practice has in turn been found to be the complexion of their very teachings. They have striven in vain to set up new standards of truth, which, having their root in materialistic and perishable doctrines, have not been able to pierce the veil, but have only succeeded in obscuring the higher spiritual truths which alone can satisfy the cravings of the intellect to master all knowledge that can make for the perfection and the salvation of man's immortal soul.

The writings of Nietzsche have gained world-wide attention, their popularity being due to quaintly phrased philosophizings that please the reading public's liking for novelties, and to the fact that men, grown intellectually proud, are prone to welcome any new herald of revolt against the tried and true in the realm of thought and conduct.

Like that of Schopenhauer, who still counts his votaries, the philosophy of Nietzsche is pessimistic. If his were only a healthy pessimism, such as is implied in calling this earth a vale of tears through which we pass as penitent pilgrims to a happier beyond, all might yet be well. But his doctrines summarize the philosophy of despair and destruction. "His doctrines," says Dr. William Turner, in his "History of Philosophy," "are of extrinsic importance as reflecting the sentiments of an age grown weary of life and infected with rationalism and idealism. For pessimism is an index of inferior vitality rather than of spiritual insight, and the insistence on the non-rational nature of reality is a symptom of a malady which may be traced to an overdose of transcendental metaphysics."

It is indeed a sad commentary upon the workings of the human mind that in its constant search after truth, when guided merely by the light of reason and unaided by the light of faith, it should time and again sink into old errors, which, despite repeated refutation, spring up anew in some strange guise to entrap the unwary and lead man back into age-worn fallacies.

Nietzsche's philosophy is as old as that of the Chinese philosopher Yang-tse, who lived in the fifth century before Christ. Dr. Turner tells us that he preached "a kind of Epicureanism: Man should enjoy the present and cheerfully accept death when it comes; virtue is but a name; good reputation is a shadow; the sacrifice of self is a delusion." The fallacy involved in his teachings is as pagan as that of the stoics, who "maintained that the material is above the real. They would not admit, for example, that the soul, or virtue, is real, except in so far as it is material. God Himself they believed to be material. To them God and the world are the same reality. The supreme canon of conduct is, therefore, to live conformably to nature."

In this respect Nietzsche never progressed further than the Greek, whose "spirit of naturalness" prevented him in his philosophy "from carrying his theological speculations far enough to determine, for example, the notion of personality. It was left for Christian speculation to complete the work of Plato and of Aristotle and, by laboring the Greek spirit of completeness and manifoldness, to determine, as it did in the Golden Age of mediæval philosophy, that faith and reason are at once distinct and continuous. In

this way Christian philosophy carried the Greek fidelity to nature into the region of the supernatural, refusing to admit any antagonism between these two phases of reality—the world of reason and the world of faith—just as the Greek had refused to admit the antithesis between mind and matter which is the postulate of modern philosophy."

While in an article of limited length we cannot begin to attack Nietzsche piecemeal, yet we can condemn his false premises and the conclusions, a fortiori, will die of themselves. Nietzsche has built his house of cards; let us see if the true and tried weapons of Catholic philosophy may not cause them to tumble down. If we can point out the defects of his system and the perniciousness of his doctrines, and that his doctrines are no substantial substitute for Christianity and its teachings nor as soul-satisfying, we shall not utterly fail. In a brief article of this kind it is possible to point out the principal defects in the entire system of Nietzsche's philosophy. Yet Nietzsche has no system. He is little more than a desultory essayist, a veritable Seiltänzer as Zarathustra in his representative work—a ropewalker in the arena of thought, performing for our amusement rather than for our instruction. He poses as a constructor of a superman's ideas; he ends up by making us pessimists, and pessimism is always destructive. In "Thus Spake Zarathustra" he reveals himself to us as a false prophet. Chapter follows chapter, startling us with such captions as "In the Garden of Olives," "The Immaculate," "The Redemption." Always he ends each chapter with the remark, "Thus spake Zarathustra." There is not the authoritative conviction of Christ's "Amen, amen, I say unto you." In nothing that he addresses to his audience can he everlastingly secure the hearing and the following that the Christian world has ever accorded to the meek Saviour of men in His "Sermon on the Mount."

It is hard to tell where Nietzsche begins and where he ends. His writings are the veritable ravings of a madman. You cannot corner him, make him mark time and make himself intelligible, for when he is at least intelligible he assumes a wisdom which he has not and he answers you with a laugh and bids you laugh with him and dance with him, as dances Zarathustra. He proves nothing. He gives us supposed truths based upon his own abnormal experiences. He suffered. He was unhappy. For there is no happiness except in being virtuous. He would make overbearing snobs of us, ruthless overmen. He spins out his ideas not modestly and reasoned out systematically, as becomes the philosopher, but with positive epigrammatic assertions that are wise in their own conceit.

Nietzsche lies, and deems his lying a holy falsehood. He con-

siders himself greater than Christ and is the blasphemous author of a pamphlet which he entitles "The Anti-Christ." "Jesus on the Cross," he writes, "is an anathema upon life." And all his miserable fame was the antithesis of the fame of him who had changed from admiration of Nietzsche to contempt of him—Richard Wagner, whose Christian ideals created more enthusiasm among the Germans than was ever accorded this mad philosopher Nietzsche. "I am not a saint, but a satyr," he exclaims. And he was right. No one envies Nietzsche the reputation he gives himself. Among the Germans he was a "lusus naturæ," as he styles himself. No wonder his dearest friends turned from him and regarded him with fear. He repelled by his overbearing egotism and his intellectual pride, which led him to assume the rôle of an intellectual dictator and ended in madness. He offended not only humanity, but divinity itself, and his destruction was inevitable. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." Christ upon the Cross has drawn all hearts to Him. Nietzsche thought he could convert the world from Christ to his own doctrines. His purpose, as his life, was a failure. Among false philosophers he is easily the supreme anathema upon life. His blasphemy, like a curse, has come home to him.

Thomas Hardy has recently told us that Nietzsche and his school seem to have eclipsed in Germany the close-reasoned philosophies of such men as Kant and Schopenhauer. Paul Elmer Moore, in "The Nation," calls him a fanatic, opposed to pragmatism and philosophical speculation. Like Kant and Schopenhauer, he is, as has been pointed out, "in a class with all philosophers that by erroneous and destructive doctrines have made a bad impress upon the modern world of thought." It is not true that Nietzsche, according to Sir Thomas Beecham, tried to avert by his teachings "the mental and moral decadence of Germany, its utter bankruptcy in the higher planes of art and philosophy." If it be true that Germany "has taken a headlong flight down hill into the valley of grossest materialism," as one writer unreservedly states, Nietzsche has only succeeded in contributing his share to the subversion of that sound philosophy for which the Catholic Church is the sponsor the world over.

In taking up the cudgels of adverse criticism against Nietzsche, we are attacking that school of false ethics of which he is the stoutest promulgator. His doctrines are founded on the principles that, according to Max Nordau, moral precepts are nothing but "conventional lies;" that, according to Max Stirner, that alone is good which serves my interests, whereas the common good, the love for all men and so on, are but empty phantoms.

There are seen in Nietzsche traces of Oriental mysticism, particularly in "Thus Spake Zarathustra." It has been pointed out that the German mysticism of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries has unfortunately developed into the materialism of Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bernhardi and others of the same school. Faith plays no part in their philosophies, which are systems of agnosticism and atheism. Despite this fact, however, there is ever present in some form or other with the philosophers of the German school a craving for the philosophical absolute. Instead of culminating as Christian philosophy does in the expression of a union with God, as man's last end and completed happiness, their systems teach an ending in the expression of the perfect and independent will of the superman which throws aside the doctrine of the subjection of the will of man to the will of God. The result is a material nothingness in which all things earthly end.

There results, too, a dissatisfied helplessness, the sufferings of a tortured soul made miserable because of the finite limitations it must face—in a word, in the worst kind of pessimism. So that, far from becoming for us a soul-satisfying doctrine, the doctrine of Nietzsche becomes a hopeless theory of life and of its true meaning and purpose. More than this, it becomes a contradiction of what it should stand for, namely, a substantial substitute for the Christian doctrine of sacrifice and eternal reward. It proves the futility of creating such a being as a superman, since he, the superman, is but a selfish, self-willed creature who overrides by sheer will-power all that has hitherto been held most sacred, merely because he cannot distinguish between the morally good and the morally bad and does not realize that the greatest happiness comes to him who governs his conduct accordingly. He does not realize that man is not an aggregate, but an individual being, endowed with free will to be exercised according to the dictates of his conscience for the salvation of his own soul. And he who succeeds by the exercise of his will, coöperating with the will and the grace of God, in saving his soul is truly a superman among sinful and weak-willed men. If such were the doctrine of the superman, what a consoling doctrine it would be? And if such were the doctrine of the superman, it would be nothing more or less than a reiteration of what Catholic, or, if one prefers, Christian philosophy has always inculcated and will continue to inculcate until the end of time.

It needs only a casual review of some of his more pronounced false doctrines to put a quietus upon any attempted apology for Nietzsche and his philosophy from the Catholic point of view.

Nietzsche taught the doctrine of the superman. He tells us that man is something that must be overcome. An analysis of his doc-

trine indicates how this conquest is to be brought about. The superman, or overman, is he who by the power of his will wills to live in a manner superior to the common herd about him. That is to say, he must begin by overcoming his fear of a God and a moral law as interpreted by Christianity. Man, he would have us see, is above any limitations or restrictions set him by morality. By his theory of the transvaluation of all values he would inculcate the idea that man's highest hope should be his highest thought—to overcome every obstacle placed in the way of the exercise of one's free and independent will. To so act, it is, of course, logically and fundamentally essential that we cast aside any belief in God. He tells us that God is dead. Therefore, without God to dictate to us what we ought to do and what we ought not to do, man is no longer the slave of morality, and not even a slave of his passions; for good and evil have lost their significance, and man's hatred and jealousy and sensuality, just as his love and his ambition, for instance, are only to be regarded as so many means for man to be what he is to the fullest extent, so that by sheer force of his fearless self-expression he may be seen to be above other men in strength of his will and to gain the supremacy over the vulgar mob by asserting himself as their superior in will, mind and body. In this lies his success. As so he tells us, "I rejoice over the great sin as my greatest comfort." Needless to expound, such a doctrine discards sympathy as a weakness and love of neighbor as a dangerous form of self-love.

In his search after truth, he substitutes his own truth. "Nietzsche resolved," says Dr. William Barry, "to be free as air, supremely selfish, with an arrogance bordering on mania; he must conquer the world or retire from it." And again, in her brother's biography, Frau Förster-Nietzsche says: "Maybe this life-history is important chiefly in this respect—that it presents us with one great problem. For it is a problem that Friedrich Nietzsche, who denied our present moral values, or at least traced them to sources absolutely unsuspected hitherto—this transvaluer of all values—should himself have fulfilled all the loftiest and most subtle demands made by the morality now preached among us. And he did not do this because of any moral imperative, but from a perfectly cheerful inability to act otherwise. I leave it to others to solve this problem."

Now, as a matter of fact, Nietzsche's life plainly shows that he did not fulfill the loftiest demands made by the morality now preached among us. And this statement of Frau Förster-Nietzsche demonstrates that she had rather a vague understanding of what Christian morality demands, and least of all what morality demands as interpreted by Catholic doctrine. For in Nietzsche the purpose

of living a life of moral rectitude was all distorted. Moreover, he only appeared to meet its demands. To whatever degree his life wah morally correct when judged by Christian standards, it was so because of a passive disinclination—perhaps for social and utilitarian reasons—to be otherwise. But he roundly berated and despised others who refused to give him ear or approve or follow his teachings.

Then, too, if we read between the lines, we cannot fail to see that there were times when he was afraid of himself and his condition of mind. His greatest sin was his intellectual pride and his stubborn determination to suffer physically and mentally all the tortures of the damned in order to live out to the bitter end the ruthless demands made upon him as the self-satisfied and supposed superman by the very theory of life he had created. He regarded it as a weakness to be a slave to morality, yet how pathetic a figure he makes in being a slave to his own delusions! It appears the problem is not so hard to solve, after all.

Nietzsche is entirely out of sympathy with sympathy. To him sympathy is a sign of weakness. Yet it forms in the family, which is the unit of society, the strongest ties of devotion, and in society at large it is the basis of the great humanitarian movements which now constitute so progressive a characteristic of our cosmopolitan life. Sympathy? Why, without it the world would stand still. It is the keynote to the proper practice of our religion. It was out of sympathy for sinful and weak-willed men that Christ took upon Himself humanity and suffered and died for it. Love, human and divine, have fired the heart of the world ever since. For sympathy is the one touch of nature, of which the poet sings, that makes the world kin.

Far from being, therefore, a sign of weakness in him who shows it, sympathy is the sign of strength. For it is the expression of a strong will that is moved to act not merely for its own immediate object of good for some selfish advantage, but for the good of another. "Sympathy does exist," says Nietzsche, "and I will tell you what it means—it is the slave-morality, the system of the herd, on which modern democracy is founded." And Dr. William Barry, commenting on Nietzsche's viewpoint, says: "A tremendous invective against all that Christians hold sacred. Morality is law, and law is a limit; how might mankind fulfill its destiny were limits abolished? And what is its destiny? Here Nietzsche reveals the purpose which he has had in view all along. Mankind, he would say, has one supreme task—not a moral duty, but a physiological necessity—to produce the overman."

Nietzsche, as anti-Christ, exclaims with the fiend, "Non serviam"

—"I will not serve." And such a stubborn state of mind is seldom converted, except, perhaps, in the infernal pit, where the truth must at last dawn upon such intellectually proud ones that, after all, it would have been better to have served on earth, since one cannot reign in hell.

To begin with, Nietzsche tells us that we are not big enough not to know hatred and jealousy, and that therefore we should be big enough not to be ashamed of them. He tells us to be such as whose eye always seeks an enemy. This enemy, of course, we are to vanquish and by our victory prove ourselves to be the better man, the fitter man. He preaches the doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

Thus Nietzsche discloses the secret of his doctrines. To him hatred and jealousy are mere natural inclinations, which are to be reckoned with as facts and not as sin or evil inclinations to transgress the moral law. He inculcates a novel philosophy of life by distorting the nature of our actions, without reference to whether they are matters of observance or violation of a moral order or a code of ethics, but regards all acts as not affecting our moral being one way or the other. In a word, he simply regards all actions as proceeding from the will, and accounts them good or bad, according as they do or do not make us superman. And the superman is he who fights to overcome not his evil inclinations, but himself and his fellow-men, when he is afraid to assert his own will against the will of another, even if that other be God Himself, and be himself ruthlessly, if necessary, and regardless of any consideration of the rights of any other being, human or divine. The superman is obedient not to moral laws, for to him they are mere phantoms and deterrents to the way of his will, but obedient merely to the command which helps him to be the vanquisher of every obstacle to the carrying out of his independent will.

To be good, in a moral sense, or to strive to live a life of virtue, according to Nietzsche, is impossible. Does he not tell us that in the chaste, sensuality looks with envy from everything that they do, and does not advise chastity for that person to whom it is difficult? To the individual soul trying hard to overcome some bad tendency, some terrible temptation and prove the victor in the fight against sin for its ultimate salvation, these words of Nietzsche must come as a staggering blow. They hold out no hope for man. He is led to believe that every bad impulse that comes to him, that every temptation he has to meet, simply indicates that he is at heart such a man, and that his trying to be other than he is, is hypocrisy at best. Surely we have here the philosophy of despair that might well lead weak-willed men to pessimism and self-destruction.

The chaste, he tells us, recognize that chastity is madness, but

that they did not seek this madness, but it came to them, and, since it abides with them, let it remain as long as it likes. Now he who is chaste is so because he wants to be. Chastity is not madness, but a virtue. It would have no merit if it were forced upon us and we did not desire it, but tolerated it. It shall remain with the chaste as long as they are chaste and by an act of their own free will.

Love he calls madness, and to him marriage is the union of man and woman based on the desire of the fulfillment of sensual desire. The true object of marriage, he claims, is to create supermen, and with his end in view it is holy.

Increase and multiply, said the Creator, and the creature has been following that mandate ever since. "The primary ends of marriage," we quote Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J., "are the generation and education of children, whereby the human race is perpetuated and elevated to a becoming standard of intellectual and moral excellence. The secondary end of marriage is the direct good of the contracting parties—their peace, mutual love and union of mind and heart. Yet in its primary and secondary ends, marriage is subordinate to the last end of man, his everlasting beatitude."

Nietzsche's vile insinuation that man has primarily a sensual and beastly end in view when he marries is not borne out by facts, except where pure love does not prompt marriage, but mere convenience. Marriage as a sacrament and entered into with true Christian motives behind it can never be the vile institution that Nietzsche would make of it.

What a sacred thing is the love of man and woman born of a wholesome mixture of spiritual and physical attraction! It is this double attraction, this twofold force, which welded into one forms the perfect union. And from this unity, from the two in one, springs the innocent offspring, and lo! a trinity is completed. Then it is that father and mother and child should follow the guiding of their devotion up the path that leads to heaven, where the souls of men are wedded to the soul of God.

According to Nietzsche, love of neighbor is our improper love for ourselves, the proper love of ourselves being to love solitude He teaches us not neighborly love, but friendship to prepare the way for the superman. And so he would make of us selfish creatures, and only urges friendship as a means of making ourselves supermen, which is, at best, a selfish motive for fostering a friendship based on self-interest and making its motive merely utilitarian. He calls love of neighbor a form of self-love and would recommend us to fly from our neighbor, as if man could do nothing for his fellow-man disinterestedly and as if it were improper for the strong to help the weak. Acts of brotherly love may not bring us

material gain, but they will add to our spiritual stature and we thereby fulfill the fundamental law of Christianity.

Christ taught us to love our neighbors as ourselves. Herein lies the highest motive, the immolation of self for the advancement of all the children of God, and yet not the destruction of self, for by fulfilling the law of loving one's neighbor we must fulfill the law of loving God, and in loving God we fulfill the spirit of the decalogue. Thus we render possible in the highest sense the union of God and man, the consummation of which hereafter is supreme and perfect happiness, the very end of our existence in which we rest.

Nietzsche's doctrine leads to a quite different last end. He would have us die at the right time, leaving those who remain behind to enjoy the material world the more. By death man returns to the earth from which he sprung in order that he may have rest. He lived to toss the ball of his being to his friends, who in turn are to keep the ball rolling. Surely a doctrine that takes into account not the immortal soul, but only the material side of man's nature, as if spiritual progression in finding no decay, but resting eternally in its reward, were not more satisfying than mere earthly evolution, can bring only material and intellectual pleasure to those who survive as the fittest.

Nietzsche advises us to be true to the world and not to believe those who speak to us of a beyond-the-world hope. "Poisoners they are," he tells us, "whether they know it or not. They are despisers of life, dying and self-poisoned ones, that are tired of the world, so they may depart!" He does not rail, however, against those who are inordinately attached to the perishable things of this life. He does not seem to realize that he who keeps in mind the reward for righteous living and lives in the hope of a life beyond the grave, the consummation of his activities here below will be of more use to his fellow-man while on earth than he who is bent upon riding roughshod over the less intellectual, the weak in mind and body, and living the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. True it is that it were a miserable and nonsensical world that were composed merely of hermits praying for death. Nietzsche were right if he could be understood to condemn a passive perfection tending to weakness and degeneracy, because of a lack of effort to practice self-denial, self-sacrifice, charity towards others and the practice of the works of mercy. Our Christianity should be virile. We need the heroic faith of the martyrs and confessors. We must be possessed of a spirit of self-sacrifice and moral earnestness and live consistently and persistently a life of truth and moral rectitude. We Catholics must be practical Catholics and not Catholics in mere

name only. We want less tepid Christians. We must act as Christians and learn the lesson of the Will to Love, and not the Will to Live, as if our soul had merely an animal and vegetable life, nor the Will to Power that is merely intellectual and material, as if we were not reasonable and responsible free moral agents.

The day of the spiritual dilletante is at an end. Men have died for the faith; the hour has struck when men must live for the faith. They must live by faith, by charity, by hope. We have witnessed the destruction wrought by the gospel of material might. Man is not only a creature of mind, but a creature of heart as well. And the one touch of nature, sympathy, which makes all men kin, will "ring out the old, ring in the new, ring in the Christ that is to be!" The day of the Christian mystic who lives to love Christ and his fellow-man and the things that are of virtue must be emphasized anew for the salvation of man from the slough of sin. Nietzsche teaches there is no reward for virtue beyond the grave. He identifies virtue with self, the excellent superman, to whom Christian virtue is a sham, as if the virtuous man gloated over those who are not so and used his virtue to harm his enemies. Churches he calls sweet-smelling holes in which the soul cannot fly to its heights. "Who created these holes?" he asks, and answers in the same breath, "They who would hide themselves and were ashamed of the open. They called God," he continues, "what spake against them and hurt them, and they know no other way to love God than to crucify mankind. They expected to live as dead men arrayed in black." To believe in them, he asks that they appear as saved. He calls it madness that they taught that with blood truth is to be sealed.

We must pity this man without the gift of true faith, who, in calling churches sweet-smelling holes, has not known the spiritual joy of the Catholic worshipper who kneels in his church that smells of sweet incense, wrapt in devotion before his Eucharistic God and exclaiming in his soul, "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth!"

He takes a fling at the priesthood. Priests are heroes, he tells us, who suffer and would make others suffer. "He Whom they call Saviour put them in bonds, and, oh! that one would save them from their Saviour!" he exclaims.

Here we have a slander uttered against the sacred character of the Catholic priesthood which those outside the Church of God cannot appreciate. What does this Nietzsche know of the Sacrament of Holy Orders, who scoffs at everything religious and divine? One is reminded of what his sister, Frau Förster-Nietzsche, narrates of her brother's attitude towards the priesthood and the

Catholic faith. One of his friends, who had come under the influence of Schopenhauer, was a Dr. Romundt. To quote his sister in the matter: "Now, strange to say," she declares, "his profound study of Schopenhauer had made Dr. Romundt decide to become a Catholic priest. My brother was beside himself with anger, for he was very fond of Dr. Romundt. He could not in the least understand how a philosopher who had learnt to value *freedom of thought* could possibly intend to take up a position which, from an intellectual standpoint, *was so terribly confined on all sides.* And the fact that a friend, after having frequented his company for eight years, could thus secretly have planned such a *coup* against the freedom of his own spirit made him thoroughly unhappy. After lengthy discussion, however, Dr. Romundt did at last decide to return to his earlier calling as a teacher."

This is important, as it brings to our attention what Nietzsche's idea was concerning Catholicism. It is evident that Dr. Romundt, like Nietzsche's sister, interpreted Schopenhauer in quite a different way from his friend. "My brother," says Frau Förster-Nietzsche, "understood perfectly well that as a Christian my understanding of Schopenhauer was very different from his; for instance, I scarcely realized Schopenhauer's atheism at all." As for Dr. Romundt, Schopenhauer had simply impressed him with a sense of pessimism that had not gone so far as to make him the materialist and atheist that it had made of Nietzsche, but had brought home to his truth-seeking soul the fact that he was a pilgrim in this "valley of tears." Naturally enough, he turned his thoughts heavenward and did not seek to find on earth true and lasting happiness, but looked towards the Catholic Church for the haven where he might anchor safely after wandering about in a sea of doubt. The freedom of spirit which he sought would find its realization in the conserver of a true faith, based upon a satisfying certainty of true knowledge. It was to be confined only in the sense that it was to be determined by certainty of truth. But he did not realize the logical necessity of faith based upon right thinking, and so he once more turned in his weakness back to his scoffing companion and did not appreciate fully the true meaning of the step he had taken. The greatest of all truths and the only satisfying truth neither he nor Nietzsche had arrived at, namely, that truth is one, so that in its essence it cannot be uncertain and indetermined and that the conclusions that Nietzsche had arrived at were but disordered emanations and illogical calculations of the real truths. He could but wander forever in a circle that led him to rest only in restricted declarations of false premises that were not correctly based upon real truths. Beyond the simple truths that were clear to the minds of even such great

pagan philosophers as Plato and Aristotle, Nietzsche thought he saw still greater truths and more subtle ones, which in reality were but contradictories and which led him into sophistry. And this he mistook for freer and higher thought, and so he drifted into a mysticism which was pure madness.

In a letter to his friend Gersdorff, Nietzsche complains that nature had not gifted him with more intellect. "He was melancholy, desiring freedom," we are told. "Freedom from what? Possibly from himself and the turmoil of thoughts he had created in himself. He wished for a more overflowing heart. All this, too, was after his illness brought on by the campaign of '71. Nietzsche was probably already showing signs of mental deterioration, which finally ended in his madness."

Nietzsche, like so many other free-thinking and infidel philosophers, was all his lifetime seeking after truth and never finding it. He did not deign to admit in his intellectual pride that God is Truth, and that the Eternal Truth revealed in the Christian religion is not only soul-satisfying, but also soul-saving.

Nietzsche said: "First, we believe a particular philosopher; then we say that however wrong he may be in the proof of his propositions, the propositions themselves are true. Finally, we say that it does not matter what his propositions are—the nature of the man himself is as good as a hundred systems. As a teacher he may have been wrong over and over again; but the essence of his doctrine is right, and we shall hold by that. There is something about a philosopher which can never belong to a philosophy, i. e., the cause of many philosophies—the great man."

Do we not see in these statements of Nietzsche a covert admission that he may have been wrong in his teachings time and again? At any rate, he would have been a greater man had he taught the importance of cultivating a strong will to resist temptation and to perfect ourselves more and more to become not supermen, as he understands them, but saints of God.

Nietzsche's philosopher that became for him his evil genius was Schopenhauer, who seduced him to the cause of pessimism. Speaking of his first acquaintance with Schopenhauer, Nietzsche said: "I know not what demon whispered to me, 'Take this book home with thee.'" The result may be imagined from his own confession when he says: "By drawing all my qualities and my aspirations before the forum of gloomy self-contempt I became bitter, unjust and unbridled in my hatred of myself." He concluded that nothing is clear save the fact that all is obscure. "Dear friends," he wrote, "there are two roads—either we accustom ourselves to be as narrow as may be and to turn the light of our vistas low as possible

and then seek riches and to live on the pleasure of this world, or we know that life is miserable, we know that we are the slaves of life, the more we enjoy it, and so we discard the goods of this world, practice abstinence, are mean towards ourselves and loving to all others,simply because we pity our comrades in misery—in short, we live according to the strict precepts of primitive Christianity, not of the modern sugary and formless Christianity." And again he says: "To understand nature one must go to her. What was man to me with his restless will? What mattered to me the eternal 'Thou shalt' and 'Thou shalt not?' How different are lightning, storm and hail—free powers without ethics? How happy they are, how strong they are—*pure will without the troubles of the intellect.*"

His, too, is the doctrine of might makes right. He tells us to love peace as the means to further war. He advises us not to work, but to fight. He advises not peace, but victory. "You say the good cause it is that sanctifies war. I tell you the war makes holy everything. War and valor have accomplished greater things than love of neighbor. Your love of life be a love of your highest hope, which is to be the highest thought of your life, namely, man is something that must be overcome. So live your life of obedience and of war. What does living a long time amount to? What warrior wants to be spared?"

Turn the tide of Nietzsche's thought in the right direction and we have noble doctrine, truly. Our highest hope, indeed, be our thought of life, but life eternal, to acquire which we must overcome our evil inclinations, our passions. This is the highest form of self-conquest, beside which the wars of the world sink into insignificance. And to succeed in this struggle to save our souls we must obey not our natural impulses, but the laws of God Himself, even by self-denial and self-abnegation. Nor does this mean, as Nietzsche erroneously supposes, unhappiness. For man may enjoy the lawful pleasures of life. And he who denies himself certain lawful pleasures finds his joy in the practice of the highest virtues that lead to spiritual perfection. But Nietzsche would have none of this. We maintain that we are compounded of soul and body. Nietzsche admits only of the body, and that the soul is merely a bit of terminology for something that belongs to the body. To him the soul is merely intellect, *Vernunft.* Whereas the Christian moralist teaches that reason (Vernunft) is only a faculty and not to be confounded with the immortal soul itself, whose highest function through the workings of the intellect and the will is to conform with the spiritual cravings of man towards the attainment

of moral perfection as something higher and nobler than mere material and intellectual power and greatness.

Nietzsche takes issue with Christ Himself. He tells us that the greatest sin on earth hitherto has been the word of Him Who said, "Woe to them that laugh here"—a thing which Christ is nowhere recorded as having said. "If he found no cause to laugh here, he sought badly. He did not love enough, or he would have loved the laughing ones. But he hated and mocked us and promised us howling and gnashing of teeth. Must one curse right away what one does not love? But this he did, this absolute one. He came from the rabble. And he himself did not love enough, or else he would have grown less angry that one did not love him. All great love wants not love—it wants more. Avoid such perfect ones. They have hard looks for this earth." And he ends up with the advice that we laugh and dance. Yea, verily, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die!

It cannot be expected of a materialist like Nietzsche that he can appreciate the gospel of Christ, in view of the fact that he regards Christ only as a human teacher and would have us believe that he himself is a better teacher, with a better doctrine. Judging Christ by mere human standards, with Nietzsche's distorted vision of life, we can expect nothing more than just such statements which we have just quoted and which to a Christian, who believes in the divinity of Our Lord, must ever seem blasphemous. For who could imagine one possessed of a divine intelligence indulging in laughter? Laughter is not a necessary expression of joy or happiness or love. Laughter results from surprise that is caused by an unusual combination of ideas expressed as a witticism, a joke, a bit of humor or some queer and ludicrous actions. In other words, the limited and finite intelligence of man is taken by surprise by one or other of these manifestations, and the result is laughter. The louder and more prolonged the laughter, the less intelligence behind it. There is "the loud laugh that (speaks) the vacant mind." We read nowhere in the Scriptures that Christ laughed, but we do read that He wept. His intelligence was divine and did not become finite or human in the flesh. But the divine and infinite and compassionate love was incarnate and expressed itself in deep feeling that at times might well have caused the visible human expression in tears of what His human heart suffered for sinful mankind.

Christ was the person of God in the flesh. His was a serious and sacred personality, so to speak. He was not a buffoon, a tightrope dancer like Zarathustra, the image of Nietzsche. Christ suffered in the flesh for the sins of men, but Nietzsche sinned in intelligence and died to no purpose in a madhouse, paying the penalty

of an over-developed brain, which softened and died. A dead machine, in truth, this abnormal brain of Nietzsche's.

"God is dead," says Nietzsche. "Since he lies in His grave, you have arisen. God died: we therefore would have the superman live." Nietzsche is, accordingly, first of all, a disbeliever in the resurrection of Christ—in a word, the divinity of Christ. His expression "God is dead" indicates, secondly, his atheism. To him only the superman lives—one who is by sheer power of his will above all moral law such as Christianity inculcates.

"Be not virtuous beyond your strength," he counsels. "Badness," he says another time, "is the test of man's best strength, if only he be true. Man must become better and worse. The worst is necessary to the superman's bestness. That he (Christ) suffered and endured for the sin of mankind may be all right for those preachers of little people. I, however, rejoice over the great sin as my greatest comfort."

Man would have to stifle conscience to follow Nietzsche. There would be no moral right or wrong, except what would interfere with man's becoming a superman in the Nietzschean sense. And to become a superman, according to Nietzsche, means to be a mere bold, arrogant, shameless sinner.

To Nietzsche, then, sin is only an expression of strength—that is to say, it indicates a will that is strong enough to assert itself whether in doing bad or good. He admits only that to be wrong which arises from a weak will afraid to act because of a moral law, which for him is a mere fiction and a hindrance to the will in acting as it would. He does not understand the true meaning of the doctrine of free will, which points out that the individual, in exercising his power to chose between right and wrong, is not compelled to act contrary to his wishes, but chooses that form of good—since the good is the object of the will—because his reason points out the difference between the apparent good and the real good, and that the real good is the moral good. Far from restricting man's will in its power, his choice of that which is morally good in preference to that which is morally bad, makes him less the slave of the baser appetite. It renders him the free agent to accomplish the purpose of his being, namely, to make himself a real superman in the sense that he is above such of his fellow-men whose aim is no higher than to satisfy an animal appetite, that is no sooner sated than it leaves man weaker physically, intellectually and spiritually —in a word, leaves him not a superman, but an underman, if we may be allowed to so style the antithesis of what Nietzsche would have us be, but which, in fact, is what Nietzsche unwittingly would make of all of us.

"Badness," says Nietzsche, "is the test of man's best strength, if only he be true." That is to say, he who wishes to be bad in preference to being good, and yet wills not to be bad, presumably from a motive of fear, is untrue, and in this lies his weakness. Herein Nietzsche contradicts himself, for a man decides to be either bad or good, and in either case he is, so to speak, true to himself. But for a man to be bad in order to be true to himself does not constitute him a man superior to other men, or a superman, except in his own conceit, which will avail him nothing. Nietzsche would turn the world topsy-turvy and assumes that black is white, despite the fact that black is black and white is white in the very nature of things.

In a word, we are not all hypocrites because we refuse to have materialistic and utilitarian aims in our actions. The loftier and spiritual aims can only be inculcated by religion and result from the proper education of a will, the object of which being the good, is led by the light of reason, under the guidance of religion, to prefer the higher good to the meaner good and by conforming our wills to the will of the Most High.

In Nietzsche we have, first, a misconception of the true nature of the faculties of the mind or soul, namely, the intellect and the will. And, in the second place, he would set up for us a disordered course of action which is in direct antagonism to that course of action dictated to us by our conscience and by the moral law.

"Men of genius and superiority in particular are coming more and more to be regarded as exempt from the moral law," says a writer on the subject of Ethics in the Catholic Encyclopædia. "And," he continues, "according to him (Nietzsche) goodness was originally identified with nobility and gentility of rank. Whatever the man of rank and power did, whatever inclinations he possessed, were good. The downtrodden proletariat, on the other hand, were bad, i. e., lowly and ignoble, without any other derogatory meaning being given to the word bad. It was only by a gradual process that the oppressed multitude, through hatred and envy, evolved the distinction between good and bad, in the moral sense, by denominating the characteristics and conduct of those in power and rank as bad and their own behaviour as good. And thus arose the opposition between the morality of the master and that of the slave. Those in power still continued to look upon their own egoistic inclinations as noble and good, while the oppressed populace lauded the 'instincts of the common herd,' i. e., all those qualities necessary and useful to its existence—as patience, meekness, obedience and love of one's neighbor. Weakness became goodness, cringing obsequiousness became humility, subjection to hated oppressors was obe-

dience, cowardice meant patience. 'All morality is one long and audacious deception.' Hence the value attached to the prevailing concepts of morality must be entirely rearranged. Intellectual superiority is above and beyond good and evil as understood in the traditional sense. There is no higher moral order to which men of such calibre are amenable. The end of society is not the common good of its members; the intellectual aristocracy (the overman) is its own end; in its behalf the common herd, the 'too many,' must be reduced to slavery and decimated. As it rests with each individual to decide who belongs to this intellectual aristocracy, so each one is at liberty to emancipate himself from the existing moral order."

It is, perhaps, a natural temptation with men of artistic or intellectual attainments to imagine themselves supermen because they are mentally superior to the so-called "common herd." They seem to forget that mental superiority does not necessarily imply moral superiority and that rank and station in life have nothing to do with moral goodness and moral badness.

Let us corner Nietzsche for a moment—but he is such a rambler that it is hard to corner him—and his teaching amounts to this: That we are to make ourselves supermen, intellectually so superior to those beneath us, that we would not do anything immoral, because we know better than to commit a folly. We wonder in passing why Abellard sinned.

If man were merely a creature of intellect and not of free will, this doctrine might stand on one leg for a while. But since man has the power to will or not to will to commit a wrong, and his conscience readily and warningly dictates what he may do and what he may not do, it remains for us to admit the possibility of one doing evil, irrespective of the fact that mentally one may be a giant. It is strength of will and not of mere intellect that counts in the constant struggle against temptation while we are still on trial in this life, and it often is the case that a brilliant mind may be the chief source of moral corruption when left to shift for itself without the guidance of religion. The mastery to be gained over one's evil inclinations is through one's own efforts of good will and by the sustaining grace of God. Hence, too, there is reason for reward for the victorious in the fight and punishment for the losers in the fight. The entire scheme of redemption and its necessity is rendered futile by Nietzsche's doctrines. The finite offended the Infinite. Man had gotten away from God and God from man, and so God redeems humanity in the flesh and reunites the two, making it still possible for man to gain heaven by his free will.

Do Friedrich Nietzsche and his school suppose that a world of supermen would be a Paradise regained? If so, they are doomed to disappointment and their dreams are Utopian. If, on the other hand, they merely claim that the teaching of the doctrine of the Superman should serve to create more supermen and hence a better world—better according to their gospel of valor that might makes right, then we who proclaim the Christian ideal declare that the Catholic Church claims much more in her doctrine of right makes might. Her supermen are her saints!

Sainthood is the result of victory over sin. And sin is natural since man first sinned in Adam. We must rise above the natural tendencies of our fallen nature. And when we do, do not call us supermen, but saints of God! The beauty of this doctrine lies in the spirit of self-sacrifice, the conquest of our soul in its constant struggle against sin to really earn, in the end, the everlasting reward.

"To him that shall overcome, I will give to sit with Me in My throne, as also I have overcome and am set down with My Father in His throne." This is the true Paradise Regained. And this is possible to all men, rich and poor alike, learned and unlearned, and the category of saints attest to this from the foundation of the Christian Church to the present day. The blood of the martyrs has sealed this doctrine and by God's grace still continue the good fight of saving their souls by a doing violence to their evil inclinations which arise in the best of us, the most intellectual of us, and with less excuse, as well as in the lowliest and most simple-minded of us. It is Parsifal against Kundry; first the cross and then the crown.

In vain, then, shall the boast be made that Nietzsche's doctrines are founded on facts. When, as a matter of fact, Nietzsche has distorted the facts that are based upon human experience, he has applied a cruel and destructive scalpel to the wounds of suffering, bleeding humanity, in the battle between flesh and spirit, and he has not helped to heal the wounds made by sin in this ghostly warfare. He has probed them and laughed with glee over them, having laid them bare after they have already been bared and are being healed. He takes for granted sham and hypocrisy where it does not exist. Better a thousand times that an earthly Paradise was lost in order that a heavenly one might be regained by the strength of man's will! Herein lies the true Christian valor; in this let us be supermen! Goethe has well said: "Mental culture may advance as it will, the knowledge of nature grows in depth and breadth, and the mind of man along with it; but farther than

the sublimity and moral discipline of the Christian teaching, as it shines and lightens in the Gospels, it will not go."

The moral welfare of a community does not necessarily depend on intellectual greatness in some of its members, but only upon the educated and uneducated classes, whatever degree of intellectuality they may individually possess, being obedient to the laws of the State and the moral law as well. It does not require the highest form of education or intellectual attainment to understand and keep the ten commandments. On the other hand, intellectual snobbery retards community growth, and an intellectual aristocracy would prove as intolerable, for instance, as an aristocracy based upon mere wealth.

Moreover, if intellectual superiority could guarantee moral perfection, it would be most desirable. But, as already stated, the more intellectual a man is the greater capacity he has for being immoral because of his increased responsibility. Intellectual pride alone can lead to one of the greatest of sins. Witness the wrecked souls of men of intellect in the history of the world's literature alone! How many men have strayed from God and religion and have fallen into schism, infidelity, materialism, atheism and other "isms" as a result of trusting too much to the supposedly infallible workings of their own minds?

The education of the intellect is only one form of education of man, and while it is comparatively higher than mere physical education, it is also inferior to man's moral education. Merely educate a man physically and intellectually and you may well expect a materialist. Educate him morally, religiously, and he reaches the highest form of intellectual education, you send him out into the world the most perfectly endowed being this side of mortality. But then, and then only, will he be true to his physical, intellectual and moral stature when by the exercise of his will he subjects his weaknesses to the will of God and by coöperating with divine grace makes possible and practical such perfection as leads to sainthood itself.

Bishop Spalding has summed up the errors in all such systems as that of Nietzsche when he speaks of Culture and Religion. He says: "Culture, it is said, is only refined epicureanism. Its aim is to educate man so as to fit him for the enjoyment of the greatest possible pleasure. It shrinks from vice, not because it is evil, but because it is gross and disgusting. The men of culture, like the ancient Greeks, are without the sense of sin, and consequently at best have but a conventional morality."

Nietzsche belongs to that class of philosophers who admit within themselves the divorce between the intellect and the will, instead

of recognizing the functions of both these faculties coördinate, yet individual. He did not distinguish between intellect and will as separate faculties of the Ego.

Speaking of Nietzsche, Dr. Turner in his "History of Philosophy" says: "From Plato he derived the theory of Ideas as stages of the voluntary phenomenon, and from the Buddhists the pessimism and the negation of will, which form the practical aspects of Schopenhauer's system." And further he says: "It is important to note that by will Schopenhauer understands not merely the faculty of choice, but also impulse, the blind, unreasoning impulse to self-preservation, which manifests itself in pleasure, pain, hope and fear, love and hatred—in a word, the will to live. To this blind impulse he subordinates knowledge, and although he claims that voluntarism is opposed to materialism on the one hand and to subjective idealism on the other, the whole trend of his investigation of knowledge is towards the materialistic conclusion that understanding is a function of the brain."

"With Nietzsche," says T. M. Kettle, one of his biographers, "reason deliberately abdicates, bearing with it into exile its categories of good and evil, cause and end. Schopenhauer had suggested to him that the true key to the riddle of existence was not intellect, but will." But Nietzsche in his rediscovery of the importance of the will did not realize that the will, unchecked or misguided by reason, could only make of man a dangerous libertine. To him the Christian idea of the will of man subjecting itself to a moral law or a divine will was putting restrictions upon the will, and so the Christian religion was for him too confined. "That older and more sacred fountain of civilization, the Will to Love," as Kettle puts it, was to Nietzsche an anomaly. He did not transvalue values aright, or else he would have realized that in the will to will aright, according to the Christian notion, which makes for happiness, lies the real test of strength unconfined by the forces of moral evil, which would thwart the will and make it subject to the will of the world, the will of the flesh, the will of the devil. And the will thus allowed to run riot is the will that discards the faculty that counterchecks, the reason which distinguishes the man from the brute, and which properly enlightened by religious faith gives man the proper means to realize his highest purpose as a creature of both intellect and free will.

Nietzsche is guilty of over-emphasis of the will, and in this respect he is an absolutist as his master Schopenhauer was before him. He subordinates intellect to will and emotional striving, exaggerating the influence ascribed to purpose. His doctrine narrows itself down to teaching man to be a superman, a being of

indomitable will. But that will is not exercised in striving after attainment of his highest object, the moral good, but rather consists in the will to disregard the existence of the morally good and the morally bad and to persist in the maintenance of an absolute indifference to everything that interferes with the accomplishment of the ideals of the superman. What these ideals are in the main we have already seen. Thus he falls into the ruthless error of might makes right, and would create in man a ruthless will to do and be all that would lead to the conquest of man's self and overriding in ruthless fashion any opposition or rights of the wills of others. This would lead to a survival of the fittest in the struggle of life. It is a selfish doctrine that teaches us to disregard the rights and weaknesses of others in furthering our own material ends.

Thus, too, the intellect in its search after truth is lost sight of. For truth to Nietzsche can only be relative to the cravings and desires of the will. He distorts truth and subjects it to his distorted experiences, his pessimistic point of view. He gives us nothing in return that satisfies the constant craving after happiness. In fact, he tells us we must be miserable. In this alone he appears consistent. He goes wrong in not realizing that the faculties of intellect and will are to a large extent independent, in that their objects are different, and so he is only a one-sided theorist. The truth lies in realizing that the thought antedates the action of the will where it is a question of voluntary action. Apply this to the moral consideration, and we have sins of thought which are only possible with the full consent of the will.

Furthermore, the will and the intellect must ever act harmoniously and not independently for the best results. Behind the action is the motive, and the motive is dictated to be right or wrong by the mentor of the soul, the conscience. But always it is the Ego that acts, the soul, of which both intellect and will are faculties. And the soul is something spiritual, not subject to material decay and material laws. Any impairment of the faculties is due to their physical nature; psychologically they know no decay. This is compatible with the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

Again, the intellect is finite, limited in its activity. In its search after truth it can go wrong. The will may control its actions and prove itself the stronger of the two under certain conditions. But the will also may prove a weak instrument. And so from a moral point of view, when the intellect sees aright, it rests with the will to act properly.

When we come to consider moral conscience and the consciousness of the Ego we enter at once upon the realm of the soul or

spirit. And here it is where ofttimes reason gives way to the higher and spiritual promptings of faith; reason is supplemented by faith. And he who would see all things by the light of reason alone is apt to overstep the bounds of possibility for human intelligence. The physical brain snaps—yes, may soften, as in the case of Nietzsche, whose ending in a madhouse is significant from a physiological and psychological aspect, to say nothing of a moral viewpoint. The perfect man must be well balanced, not only physically and intellectually, but also spiritually, or better expressed, morally. Had Nietzsche taught us to be supermen along these lines, the ball he tossed would never have been lost to us.

Man must, indeed, conquer himself. But not by the methods Nietzsche advocates, nor for his purpose. Experience teaches repeatedly and conscience insists upon it that man, when he has made known to him and has realized as true the guiding precepts of moral truths, must fashion his own fate by sheer force of his will to do right and avoid wrong. The pivotal idea of all right action of ethics, in fact, is man's threefold responsibility towards himself, his neighbor and his God. By this his rights and duties are governed. The way towards moral or spiritual perfection is once and for all made clear to him. "You have the law," said Christ, and every Christian, and more particularly every Catholic, knows the law.

It resolves itself to this, that reason alone cannot satisfy the soul in its quest after ultimate happiness. Sin and the suffering and pain that it entails must be reckoned with, for to violate the moral law is to bring misery and unhappiness upon the transgressor, whose way is indeed a hard one. Once the intellect sees the right and the wrong of his actions as dictated by man's conscience it becomes his duty by the power of his will to do that which is right, if he would be happy here and hereafter. And since to be happy here and hereafter is man's aim and desire, and to accomplish this end he must do that which shall save his soul, it follows that he must do that which is morally correct and avoid that which is morally bad. Reason itself dictates this course of action as a matter of common sense. To act otherwise is to act inordinately, foolishly. But to so act man must be guided by the light of faith. For mere reason cannot dictate or supply the means which make right moral action a duty towards God and neighbor. Here religion steps in and supplies the necessary means, and man at once becomes not merely a rational creature, but a religious creature as well. Belief in God and that which he has revealed as truth to guide us in our way of life must lead man aright. Bar out from the intellect a knowledge of the supernatural and there remains only the natural, which quickly resolves itself into the merely temporal, which ends

in a hopeless dissolution. For the intellect unaided by the light of faith is limited in its search after truth. The craving of the immortal soul must be satisfied, and the possession of God, as our last end, is the only ultimate happiness, to rest in which is the Christian Nirvana. God in Christ joined to our human nature to teach us the way to heaven. He is truly, then, the way, the truth and the life. Let us take up our cross and follow Him! Let us give ourselves less concern of the many distracting things, and remember that only one thing is necessary and, like Mary, we shall have chosen the better part!

Had Nietzsche recognized the existence of not only the human will, but the divine will, he would have known that resignation to the divine will was the thing to be desired and the production of the greatest hope in man. The will to live aright according to the divine will as expressed in the moral law would have satisfied his ever-reasoning instinct and effort towards existence, that is, the immortal life with God. As it was, his existence was aimless; he had not come to a realization of the Greatest Happiness principle, the perfect union of man with God hereafter. He forgot that as all things created have a purpose, man, too, has a purpose, to know, love and serve God and so be eternally happy with him hereafter.

Nietzsche's immoralism is that of Darwin and of Huxley, who, in maintaining the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, advocate a "ruthless self-assertion" and that "the practice of what we call virtue involves a course of conduct which in all respects is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle of existence." He and his kind argue that it is opposed to science and to evolution to be virtuous in the Christian sense, and in Nietzsche's case contrary to his doctrine of the "will-to-live" and "the will-to-power." It forswears all sympathy, all love of neighbor; it is opposed to the Sermon on the Mount; it is utterly anti-Christian. It is the philosophy of the stoic who could murder an infant that had no promise of being physically strong. It reckons with man only physiologically, but spiritually it leaves man out of the question. And so Huxley asks whether the artificial world within the cosmos could keep in a state of progression and mount higher in the course of evolution, if the least fit are to remain in the way because of sympathy.

How utterly absurd this is in the light of facts as they are! They mistake that the individual soul, far from becoming weak, becomes by that the stronger, unless we are to be enthralled by the material that moral growth is to count for nothing beside physical power. When Christ told us that the poor should always be with us He meant to call our attention to the fact that we should always

have our less fortunate brethren to aid in their equal right to be among the "select" and the "fittest." In the final analysis, too, the materially strong have to answer the question, "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world, but lose his own soul?" Shall we judge an artificial world's progress merely by physical and intellectual power? Truly, this would be a one-sided development which does not take into account man as a moral being at all. Passing men and notions are no more certain than the ultimate passing of the material world, a world subject to the laws of decay. And in their denial of a spiritual world, the resting place of the immortal soul hereafter, who guarantees to them a survival forever of the fittest in a measured span of existence? What, then, shall profit their "will to live" when life itself shall end all earthly power and crumble in the dust? Their theories set their own limitations and evolution becomes a mere term. But the facts contradict their theories. The physical weak still mingle with the physically strong; the physically weak are often the morally strong and the physically strong are often morally weak.

These false theorizers do not stand, as they believe, "beyond good and evil;" they simply fail to take into account good and evil, rights and duties and the individual responsibility, which is the pivotal principle of Christian ethics. They only recognize a purpose for the race of men in the aggregate, or rather for a class of men supposed to make up the select or fittest of the race with the will to achieve power, which has no guarantee of ultimate stability and which in the very nature of things cannot be realized. For they cannot compel man to be free of God and not subject to decay and death as the forfeit of sin. Christianity in direct contradiction teaches retrogression of man individually as brought about by sin. Christianity alone has emphasized the scheme of redemption and the absolute state of perfection, and happiness is only to be realized, since we have the right to expect to realize it, being created for the purpose Christianity teaches, in a world beyond time. Their philosophy "is the revolt of flesh against spirit, impulse an argument to deny free will, good and bad confounded in one."

Nietzsche wandered about, as it were, in a circle oppressed by his loneliness and he dreams of that Ideal One. Restless, he found no rest, for he had not found the solution to his searchings. His end was that of the madman. He burst through the bonds of social convention, but not like the saintly hermit did he despise the world aright. Had he been a Christian he would have made a model monk. As it was, he became a mere selfish fanatic, whose doctrines serve as an enigma to unbelievers and are despised by all true Christians. His life and his work served no other purpose

than to emphasize the helplessness of reason in its search after the real truth when not guided by the light of religious faith. Unwittingly, too, he served his purpose in strengthening the claims of Christian ethics and Catholic philosophy in view of the shallowness of his own speculations.

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche was a philosophical product of the Reformation. It was the Reformation in Germany that started men on the road of free-thinking, with the resulting schisms in religion and conflicting systems of philosophy. It was Luther's dangerous doctrine of justification by faith which dealt a staggering blow to heroic efforts on the part of the human will to win, by coöperating with God's grace, the salvation of the soul by overcoming all temptation to sin and following the straight and narrow path. For Luther insisted that we are not beyond sin, even as Nietzsche taught we are not, for instance, beyond hatred and jealousy, and considered his greatest sin as his greatest strength and comfort. In Luther we have expressed the doctrine of a passive will which leads to that mystic quietism of barren inactivity. In Nietzsche we have the strength of the will, unfettered by moral law, confounded with an expression of will power which is identical with passion and brute force. In both we have a misunderstanding of the correct function of the will, for they would have its action unhindered, thereby giving us a supposedly perfect freedom. They forgot that motives that control the will in its actions spring from the promptings of the intellect, sitting in judgment, and are not actual hindrances, but mere indications that the will has the power of choice, and that in choosing aright it makes for its own real freedom and the freedom of the soul, which it serves, towards a perfect union with the will of God.

Bernard Shaw, the English Nietzsche, has called attention to the passing of the age of faith which gave way in turn to the age of intellect, and he now sees the will coming into its own. Were Shaw to realize that religious faith springs from the best and highest efforts of the human will in its choice of acting in the direction of correct moral conduct, he and his kind would have to admit the whole truth, the seeking of which would set them free, that justification by faith is brought about by living the faith that is in us through good works, and that the will in choosing to act according to the dictates of the moral conscience grows by every such act the stronger and the freer and makes us less sentimental and the less liable to act in a manner that binds us to the "earth earthy" and will not let us soar to the empyrean of spiritual success.

Not the will to power, nor yet the will to live, but the will to love, be the standard of our belief in God and the creatures of

God. For only through the conformity of the will of man with the will of God can the soul find peace and rest. "Fiat voluntas Dei." "Thy will be done," that is the Christian prayer. The expression of love is the most perfect act of the will. And he who wills to do the will of God gives expression thereby to the love of God and of his neighbor, which is the fulfillment of the moral law.

Through all the hodge-podge of Nietzsche's error there runs like a golden thread, the more or less sincere object, to get nearer the truth and the understanding of the unknown and that "Ideal One." As Barry says in his "Heralds of Revolt:" "That which was wanting to him at a critical moment was the authority of a teacher to whom he could look up. For he had begun to vex himself with the problems of the New Testament and the Christian origins, supposing, as he said afterwards, that his toy—with the aid of the science of language—could give a direct answer to questions of religion. He ceased to be a Christian. His evangelical training could make no stand against Bible criticism as it was practiced by the eminent men around him. And the familiar painful experience followed, a void in his own heart, the loneliness of life intensified, the past melting into legendary mist, the future a blank. Nietzsche joined that throng of disorderly pilgrims who have substituted inquiry for belief and become seekers after the unknown."

What Nietzsche lacked at a critical moment was the authority of Catholic teaching, which would not have made him a slave to a system, but a freeman such as Paul of Tarsus speaks of. The real bondsmen are and ever will be the heralds of revolt. Nietzsche was never a more pathetic figure than when he was deserted and left a lonely madman to dream on, ever groping for the light of the Ideal One, after he had shut it out from his mind forever. How cruelly he deceived himself by his conceited and arrogant dependence upon his own limited and fine intellect and will to know and do that which was to make him the overman. How much easier, happier and holier his life would have been had he used his talents to seek the secret of sainthood in the religion of his fathers. Had he not been the son of a Protestant clergyman, but rather the son of Catholic parents, and had his education been Catholic, the spirit of revolt against Christianity would have been changed to admiration of Catholic philosophy and theology, and there would have been a different story to tell. But to him, Aristotle as Christianized by Aquinas, was a closed book.

Dr. Barry tells us that as a thinker Nietzsche did not solve his problems aright. "The fault," he adds, "lay in those who taught him—in Kant, in Schopenhauer, in the German philosophy which

has set out from a suicidal Unreason rather than from fact and Aristotle. Reason, made suddenly aware of its own impotence, so Nietzsche felt, would drive thoughtful men towards the wilderness in which, for example, Heinrich von Kleist had done himself to death. How could they learn resignation? Where find hope? Did any power exist more primitive than Reason, deeper down in the world's foundations? Yes, beyond Reason there was life—the will, as Schopenhauer affirmed—an ever-reasoning instinct or effort towards existence."

Let us hope that the Neo-Scholastic movement begun in Italy shall have its influence felt at last in the centres of secular education. As a certain writer recently said, "We want no exchange of German professors with false philosophy, in so far as they are, in a class with all philosophers that by erroneous and destructive doctrines have made a bad impress upon the modern world of thought."

"Back to St. Thomas!" was the exhortation of Leo XIII., and back we must go, for those who have gone back to and elaborated the worn-out systems of pagan philosophers have gone farther and farther astray. They have tried in vain to substitute the pure light of reason for the light of faith. They have dethroned Christ, and not until they have recognized in Him not merely a human teacher who reached not only the intellect, but the heart of man as well, but a divine teacher, God Himself incarnate, who is all Truth, shall men know what is best and highest to know. Nay, more! Not until they realize that the Christian religion in its positive form of Catholicism is the only true religion shall they have attained the truths that shall satisfy man in his indefatigable search after truth itself. But to realize this, they must absorb, once for all, the truth as taught by the Catholic Church. They must know that God has set His seal upon revealed truth as taught by the Church He founded for all time, and safeguarded by the infallibility of its guiding and visible head, the Vicar of Christ upon earth and custodian of the treasure house of truth, the Catholic Church itself. For to have revealed to us by Christ what is true and then to have it possible for men to believe as they please and distort the truth is at once inconsistent with the very idea of the nature of God Himself as Truth Absolute, and as absurd as the very theories of truth that man has evolved out of mere human reason which must ever err when it shuts out from the soul the light from above.

And so the boasted evolution of man as a pure reasoner outside the pale of religious faith will be shown indeed to have been "like a crab backward." After the war in Europe is over the great international peace movement, which is ever gaining recognition as

the greatest movement of the hour, will eventually take hold upon the heart and mind of man. We lift up our eyes towards the horizon of hope and there shall dawn the full era of the promise of peace to men of good will and the parting wish of the risen Christ: "Peace be with you!" shall be realized at last.

When these things come to pass in the fullness of time, then shall those who cling to the creators of false systems of philosophy come to realize that the real evolution of man began with the age of faith, which the subtleties of misguided reason and the power of adverse will in man have not been able to improve upon. Then shall they see the return of the age of faith, the fires of which have been kept alive for centuries in the bosom of that Church the structure of which has in very truth been built upon the foundation of the impregnable and imperishable rock.

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A FOREIGN MISSIONARY JUBILEE.

ON March 1, 1916, St. Joseph's Society for Foreign Missions, of Mill Hill, London, completed the fiftieth year of its existence. Those fifty years have been marked by many difficulties and trials, but God's blessing has been upon the work and extensive conquests for God and His Church have been achieved by the Mill Hill missionaries, who now number 266.

Readers of Mr. J. G. Snead-Cox's admirable "Life of Cardinal Vaughan," the founder of St. Joseph's Society, will be acquainted with the story of the beginnings of that society, and American Catholics will be proud of the part played by the American people in making its foundation possible. Indeed the continual connection between Mill Hill and America is one of the outstanding features of St. Joseph's Society.

It was not until after a long period of anxious doubt, of consultation and of prayer that Father Herbert Vaughan launched his ambitious project on the world. England was then unprepared, for the Penal Days were still a living memory, but Cardinal Wiseman favored the work and the English hierarchy espoused it. For the material means necessary to begin his foreign missionary seminary, Herbert Vaughan turned towards America—and America did not fail him in his hour of need. Cut off from the more Eastern States on account of the Civil War, Father Vaughan set sail for Panama, whither his spiritual children followed him nearly fifty years later to make some return for the hospitality accorded to their founder.

From Panama he journeyed to California, where St. Joseph's intercession and Catholic generosity proved superior to all pressing local needs and the funds of the nascent society made a substantial beginning.

Thence his begging tour led him through Peru and Chile and round Cape Horn to Brazil, and everywhere was repeated the same story of adverse local conditions, but generous subscriptions to the Foreign Missions. When Herbert Vaughan set sail for England in July, 1865, he had secured about twelve burses for the permanent education of missionary students, and he had made many friends in North and South America who continued to help on the society which they had so nobly begun.

Of the difficulties in procuring the site at Mill Hill for the Foreign Missionary College and in building the college and the beautiful chapel now attached to it, we need only make summary mention here, for every work of God encounters them. But we cannot refrain from noticing the repeated and marvelous intervention of St.

Joseph, to whom Father Vaughan's devotion was most marked, as well as the continued generosity of the Catholics of the British Isles, of America and of several countries on the continent of Europe, which have made possible the continuance and extension of the work.

And when the actual missionary work of the society was about to begin, once again Herbert Vaughan's eyes turned towards America, this time to give, which is more blessed than to receive. It was among the Colored people of the Southern States that the first Mill Hill missions were established and Herbert Vaughan accompanied his first band of missionaries to Baltimore in 1871. The Archbishops and Bishops of America, whose eloquent appeals had drawn the Mill Hill fathers to devote themselves to the Negro race, soon vied with each other in extolling the self-sacrificing labors of the young society. Churches and schools were built, missions were opened in many of the States, and priests continued to set out from Mill Hill to fill up the gaps that death had made and to extend the ranks of the conquering apostles. So great was the progress made that in the course of time it was decided that the American province of the society should be autonomous, and in 1893 the first independent American Foreign Missionary Society was established under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Baltimore. That society is still flourishing, and the work of the Josephite Fathers of Baltimore continues to abound in excellent results and to merit universal admiration.

For a time the expansion of St. Joseph's Society was eastwards and southwards, in India, Borneo and Africa, though until the '90s its priests continued to supply the Colored missions of the States. In 1875 its missionaries were sent to Madras at the earnest request of the Bishop of Madras, Dr. S. Fennelly, and within six months of their arrival the young priests passed through a serious epidemic of smallpox and cholera, followed very quickly by a devastating famine. But their zeal triumphed over all difficulties, and the arrival of more missionaries helped to relieve the only complaint that the Bishop made. "I am not without anxiety for the lives of the priests," Bishop Fennelly wrote in 1878, "for they are overtasking their strength to meet the crisis." Gradually their sphere of labor extended until it covered a large part of the archdiocese, and Father Mayer, a Mill Hill priest, was consecrated auxiliary Bishop. In the course of time the work of the society received its full recognition, and in 1911 another Mill Hill priest, His Grace Archbishop Aelen, succeeded to the Archbishopric of Madras.

Further north, in the same vast country of India, Mill Hill missionaries are also to be found. Their first arrival took place in the stirring times of the Afghan campaign of 1879-1880. As military

chaplains they shared the varying fortunes of the British soldiers and they won golden opinions from Catholics and Protestants alike. In one of his dispatches the commanding officer, General Primrose, alludes to one of the Mill Hill Fathers in the following eulogistic terms: "I cannot overvalue the services rendered on the sixteenth of August (1880) and on many other occasions by Father T. Jackson, who was always in the foremost of the fight attending upon and offering every assistance to the wounded, both European and native." Alluding to the same priest, another officer adds: "I never saw a man more earnestly devoted to his work and duty. He is one of the best and bravest men I ever met. During the action on the 27th I saw him walking about in the thickest of the fire quite unconcernedly." These and many more similar testimonies go to show the courage which the grace of God and zeal for souls will infuse into the heart of a Catholic missionary.

In 1887 the Prefecture of Kashimir and Kafiristan was entrusted to the care of St. Joseph's Society, and since then Mill Hill missionaries have been devoting themselves to the double work of native conversions and the care of the Catholic soldiers in the north of the Punjab. Though their task usually demands patience and perseverance rather than the stirring qualities exhibited during the Afghan campaign, these Punjab missionaries have not unfrequently been called upon to emulate the deeds of daring performed by Father Jackson and his confrères. The medals won by several of these priests in the expeditions against the tribes on the northwest frontier show that the field of battle finds them equal to the occasion, and in the present great war two of the priests from this mission are acting as chaplains to the troops, one of them having been recommended for the Military Cross.

Passing through India and leaving Singapore to the west, we reach the Island of Borneo, in the north of which is situated another Mill Hill mission—the Prefecture Apostolic of Labuan and North Borneo, reëstablished in 1881. Here the Mill Hill missionaries had practically virgin soil to cultivate, and the results, though encouraging, are naturally somewhat slow and obtained by prodigious labor and exhausting privations. Situated on the equator, Borneo is a roadless land for the most part, abounding in jungle, rivers and swamps. It is peopled by various races, the most noteworthy being the head-hunting Dyaks, whose one object in life—before their conversion—is to collect as many human heads as possible, regardless of the inconvenience this pastime causes to their unfortunate victims. Their huts are decorated with these ghastly trophies, but even amongst these savages the unarmed missionary goes unmolested.

Of a different character are the natives of another field of missionary labor, entrusted to the care of St. Joseph's Society in 1887—the Maoris of New Zealand. The Maoris are said to possess the finest qualities, both physical and intellectual, of any aboriginal race, and though even in the nineteenth century there are well authenticated cases of cannibalism amongst them, they make excellent and steadfast Catholics. Climatic conditions here are favorable to the missionaries, but the scattered flocks to which they have to administer provide them with plenty of hard work. Despite Protestant propaganda, which pits its abundant resources against the scanty means of the Catholic missionary, the conversion of the Maori goes on apace, amply rewarding the priest for his untiring labors.

When Cardinal Vaughan sent his missionaries to the Colored races in the Southern States, he had an end in view which went far beyond the immediate work then undertaken. He dreamed of raising up from the ranks of the converted Negroes men who would carry the faith back to their original home, and thus be the apostles of a regenerated Africa. He was not destined to see his hopes fulfilled, but shortly after his elevation to the Archbishopric of Westminster, Cardinal Vaughan was enabled to aid directly in the conversion of Africa by sending priests to Uganda, part of which was included in the Vicariate of the Upper Nile, erected in 1894 and handed over to St. Joseph's Society.

Bishop Hanlon, the Vicar Apostolic, and his little band of missionaries set out long before the Uganda Railway was completed and had to march 800 miles from the coast to their new mission around Victoria Nyanza. Their caravan was attacked by marauding tribes and the missionaries considered themselves fortunate in escaping with no further disaster than the loss of their goods. The progress made in Uganda has been astounding. Strong Protestant missions have been unable to prevent the conversion of many thousands of natives to the Church. Perhaps the character of the religion of these natives is more remarkable than their number. In the purity of their lives and the fervor of their devotion they rival the Christians of the primitive Church. The sight of hundreds of catechumens coming for baptism on Holy Saturday after their long course of instruction, then their appearance on Easter Sunday clothed in their white baptismal robes, recalls an earlier age of Christianity. Or, again, picture the scene at the capital on Christmas Eve. Confessions have been heard for two days almost incessantly, and when night falls the natives begin to gather. Many camp outside the church in the enclosure, others remain in church awaiting the midnight hour. At last Pontifical High Mass begins and the congregation is wrapped in devotion. At the Communion

an orderly procession takes place to the altar rails and more than a thousand natives receive Holy Communion. Nor is their devotion of the spasmodic variety. Among them are found many daily communicants, and many, too, have suffered for the faith.

In the adjoining districts excellent results are beginning to appear after some years of patient labor, and only lack of men and means prevents the gathering in of an increasingly richer and more abundant harvest.

About ten years later another portion of Africa in Belgian Congo was entrusted to Mill Hill. Thither the English-speaking missionaries went at the urgent request of the late King Leopold II., at a time when the world was ringing with cries of Congo atrocities. Here again a rich harvest has been gathered among the tribes of the Upper Congo, who flock round the missionaries eager for the light of faith. Journeys in these parts are mainly by boat, and the mighty Congo River has already claimed three missionary priests as its victims. A motorboat recently given by generous benefactors has decreased the number of accidents and added greatly to the efficiency of the missionaries' labors. Here as in Uganda the dreadful sleeping-sickness has made great ravages, in some places whole Christian communities having been practically exterminated and one Congo missionary of St. Joseph's Society has succumbed to its deadly attacks.

The time was now at hand when Mill Hill should again renew its connection with America and once again send its missionaries to her assistance. The late Monsignor Agius, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, and Monsignor Rooker, the late Bishop of Jaro appealed with irresistible pleading to the Very Rev. Father Henry, superior general of St. Joseph's Society, for priests to be sent to the Philippines. The dearth of priests consequent on the departure of the Spanish friars had made havoc of once flourishing parishes and whole provinces were on the verge of being lost to the Church. Rebellion and war had reduced the inhabitants to poverty, which a subsequent cattle plague made more extreme. The need of priests was urgent, but means were wanting. An appeal in the American papers, urged on by Monsignor Freri, director of the New York branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and the liberal contributions of the Propagation of the Faith and of the Commission for Negro and Indian Missions, made it possible for Mill Hill to send eight priests in January, 1906. Their numbers have been gradually increased, so that at the present time thirty-one Mill Hill missionaries are at work in the Diocese of Jaro.

The work has been prodigious. One priest has in many cases to look after two or three parishes, having from 10,000 to 20,000 souls

under his care, with a corresponding number of sick-calls, involving long journeys and copious wettings from the rains above and the floods beneath. To the exhortation to spare themselves frequently made by their superior comes the unanswerable reply: "All right, but have we to let the people die without the sacraments?" Added to this are the difficulties of contending with Aglipayanism—the native schismatic Church—and with the emissaries of Protestantism. Still the people are being won over gradually, and instead of being objects of derision and targets for stones, which at one time were hurled in great numbers, the priests have become objects of reverence and esteem. Ruined churches and convents have been repaired and many souls reconciled to the Church of their childhood, while 8,120 baptisms were conferred in the single year 1915.

Mill Hill's latest mission has forged another link in the long chain of connections between that society and the American Continent. In November, 1912, three priests left Mill Hill for the Caribbean Sea to take up the care of three islands not far distant from Panama—the Islands of San Andres, Old Providence and Cora. Previously the Josephite Fathers of Baltimore had begun the work on these hitherto neglected islands, and in 1912 the Roman Congregation of Propaganda requested Mill Hill to continue the good work. As the only means of transport are sailing vessels, communication between the islands and with the mainland is very difficult, and the undeveloped condition of the islands also impedes the movements of the missionaries.

The inhabitants are a mixed race, showing some trace of English, Irish and Scotch descent, and the majority of them have adopted the Baptist creed. Still, progress has been made, and for this American priests and American support are mainly responsible, while upon the foundation thus laid the small band of Mill Hill missionaries are building and have already extended the work.

Mill Hill has therefore representatives on every continent, and from every land comes the same report of difficulties encountered and partially overcome, and of continual conversions to the one true Church. True, the divine seed in one place yields fruit a hundredfold, in another sixtyfold and in a third but thirtyfold, and often one reaps where another has sown. But the work of God progresses, limited only by the scanty supply of men and means. It would be impossible to count the number of souls converted by St. Joseph's Society during the fifty years of its existence, but the grand total of 19,298 baptisms administered in the single year 1915 will give some idea of the extent to which God has blessed the work of His devoted laborers.

For a work of such world-wide extent it is but natural that one

college could not suffice. For the regular supply of an ever increasing number of missionaries, colleges subsidiary to Mill Hill were soon required, and in 1884 a preparatory college was opened at Freshfield, near Liverpool, which of late years has been well filled. The continent of Europe has also been generous in supplying subjects to So. Joseph's Society and St. Joseph's College at Roosendaal, Holland, founded in 1890, which is now the house of philosophy for the society, has been especially prolific. This work was supplemented in 1912 by the opening of a preparatory college at Tilburg, Holland, which is having a truly phenomenal success, while the college at Brixen, in the Tyrol, has trained a number of students for the Theological College at Mill Hill.

Notwithstanding his many cares and interests as Bishop of Salford, and afterwards as Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Vaughan never ceased to keep the first place in his affections for the Foreign Missionary Society at Mill Hill, of which he remained superior general throughout his life. It was the child of his prayers, his labors and his tears, and to Mill Hill he directed his steps whenever his multifarious duties allowed him to seek a few hours of repose. He would spend hours in the chapel communing with his God and with his favorite saint, St. Joseph, and rise up comforted and refreshed, ready for more work in the vineyard of the Lord.

To Mill Hill he was taken in March, 1903, this time, as he himself said, "to die." His last illness was upon him and he wished to prepare himself for death in the company of his spiritual children in the college which he had built. Truly he gave an edifying example to all in his sufferings patiently borne, his childlike confidence in God, his faith, his meekness and humility. On the day before his death was enacted in St. Joseph's College chapel a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Clothed for the last time in his scarlet robes, the great Cardinal made his profession of faith in the presence of his Cathedral Chapter and of the college community, and then with true humility—a virtue hidden from those to whom he was but a stately churchman—he begged forgiveness for any want of kindness and consideration he might have shown throughout his busy life, and, disclaiming all credit of any good work he had accomplished, he placed all his trust in the infinite mercy of God.

On the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 19, 1903, Herbert Vaughan gave back his noble soul to God. Into his unfinished Cathedral at Westminster his mortal remains were taken, there to receive the homage which was his due. But the precious treasure was not to remain there. Not in the stately church, which owed to much to

the Cardinal's energy, but in Mill Hill where his remains find a resting place, for so the Cardinal had willed.

Here, under the shadow of the Crucifix, on the College Calvary, Cardinal Vaughan was laid to rest. To those who knew the Cardinal, or who have since learnt to revere his manly character and his saintly life, his grave has become a place of pilgrimage, one of the sacred shrines of Catholic England. Upon the simple granite monument, which was all the Cardinal would allow to be erected over his hallowed grave, are inscribed the words more descriptive of Herbert Vaughan's true character than all his many titles, "Servulus perpetuus gloriosae et beatae Mariae Virginis et Sancti Josephi"—"The perpetual little slave of the glorious and blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph."

Thomas A. Sullivan.

London, England.

DANTE'S MESSAGE TO MANKIND.

DANTE'S message to mankind has one purpose, namely, to lead erring mortal back from his evil ways to the path of righteousness. Before considering this message as contained in the Divine Comedy, it will be interesting to see what the other four great poets of life—Homer, Virgil, Milton, Goethe—propose as a beacon to guide man to his eternal home. Each of these, a child of his age, reveals the struggles and tendencies of the times in which he lives, and shows just how much light guided men towards their true destiny.

Homer makes man fret and die to no avail. The light shed by Achilles' wrath is as darkness, while the Iliad itself is "a land of darkness as darkness itself." A never-ending night of superstition and error, without the least glimpse of any star of revelation, broods over kings and peasants, over gods, demigods and heroes. The "blind bard" of Chios is at times a teacher of the highest natural virtues, but he was as "a blind man leading the blind," when there is question of guiding his hearers to heaven, man's true home. The darkness of the Æneid of Virgil is not starless. It is pierced by an occasional ray of hope. The Roman poet even points to evident signs of a future dawn, but these forecasts are so many shooting-stars across the firmament, lighting up the heavens for a moment, then sinking into original gloom. In the Eclogues Virgil sings of a golden age that is about to come, of a Child Who will bring peace and sweet contentment to much afflicted mortal, of a land where labor and toil shall be no more, where strife shall cease, where true love and charity shall knit men's hearts. Yet these words fell meaningless on ears dinned by the clash of arms or softened by the smooth speech of flattery.

The singer of "Paradise Lost" should "justify the ways of God to man," but he falls far short of his aim. He succeeds in producing on the minds of his readers not a contempt for God's archenemy, but a secret admiration for his indomitable will and vast intellectual powers, before which the intellect of the "Father Almighty" is but puny. Milton is Christian, but his Christianity is distorted. A genuine product of the Reformation, the "Paradise Lost," designedly or not, creates a spirit of rebellion against established law and order. The reader drinks in unconsciously Satan's "never-ending hate" for everything godly, till his faith in God's goodness and majesty slowly but surely becomes weaker and weaker. One closes the great English epic with the feeling that the only lesson of life is:

> "To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
> Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

Goethe's "Faust" is the worst book wherein mankind may learn of its eternal destiny. It is the mouthpiece of the modern world, making bodily gratifications the "be-all and end-all of life." It teaches man to pluck the flower while he may; to drink deep draughts of life's cup of pleasure, heedless of physical or moral consequences. Life's riddle can only be solved by self-indulgence. Its lesson is that a broader view of life can be obtained only on a heaped-up pile of sin and suffering. The hero commits crime after crime, suffers wreck and ruin of soul and body, but is saved at the end by the slender thread of another's prayer. He reaches the solution of life by following brute passion whithersoever it may lead; he feels the utter void ever waiting on pleasure, he has regrets and even remorse, but never is he truly sorry for the ruin caused in his soul and in the souls of others. Faust's brief lesson is, "Enjoy life and chance the future." What a deceptive beacon to lead man across the sea of life!

The Divine Comedy of Dante fulfills a loftier purpose. It points out the direct road to God. Rest is to be found not in the ways and byways traversed by false gods and goddesses, as Homer taught of old; not in sacrificing life that the empire might increase in grandeur and power, as Virgil would have us understand; not in strength of will and keenness of intellect, as Milton implicitly teaches; not in following lower instincts as "Faust" directs, but in a thorough knowledge of self and of the heinousness of sin, in sincere repentance for past failings, in the imitation of Christ and of His saints, in the love and contemplation of God. Such is the lesson taught mankind by the poet of Florence; such the solution of life proposed by the most Catholic of Catholic poems.

An exile, poor, disappointed, friendless, Dante is seeking for peace, "the peace which the world cannot give." The dark, tangled wood in which he went astray in the beginning of his journey to the other worlds is the symbol of the state of the soul sunk in sin and deprived of all heavenly light. Reason, personified in Virgil, is ever reminding the poet that he was born for higher things, that God is his last end, and that he must make any sacrifice, undergo any shame, rather than lose his end. Pain and sorrow, two infallible teachers, have shown him how futile are the efforts to obtain lasting peace on this earth. Ingratitude of friends made him turn his thoughts to the one, true, changeless Friend Whose moods he did not have to watch and Whose home was in heaven. Dante's heart was preëminently a heart of faith, hence misery, instead of dejecting the exile, made him a man as well as a poet. Suffering, instead of begetting discord, developed harmony in his soul; it gave fire to his genius, weakened the music that rested in him and brought it forth.

As faith is the source and spring of the highest life and aspiration, so Dante's song is the highest song of life that has been or ever will be sung.

The Divine Comedy shows the why and wherefore of our existence so clearly, points out the true relations between creatures and man and man and God so unmistakably, describes sin with its horrible consequences so vividly, that we might say that the masterwork of the poet-statesman of Florence was the forerunner of the wonderful "spiritual exercises" of the soldier-saint of the sixteenth century. Both Dante and Ignatius understood human nature thoroughly. Both had a keen insight into the hearts of men. Both observed carefully the drifts and tendencies of their respective times. Each in his own way tried to bring man back to a sense of his duties, to make him look above the strifes and turmoils of the world to a land far beyond the stars. Neither the poet nor the saint said new things, nor propounded new theories, nor advanced personal views, nor broached novel questions. Each took world-old truths and presented them to man—one in the beautiful raiment of poetry, the other in an unpretentious garb of strict logic. Faith and reason are so combined in proposing the fundamental truths and doctrines of the Christian religion that any one seriously undertaking to follow out the maxims and rules of life proposed either by the Divine Comedy of Dante or the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius will soon be transformed from sinner into an ardent lover of God. Grant the "principle and foundation" of the spiritual exercises, then holiness of life and even perfection must of necessity follow; grant an efficacious desire of attaining one's last end, then the journey of the soul in the "Divina Commedia" must necessarily be undertaken.

What, then, is the message of the "Divina Commedia?"

Every page in the Inferno throbs with human life. Every line is a heart-beat carefully recorded, as every phase of sinful life is delicately revealed and every possibility of fallen nature scrupulously catalogued. The language is universal. Its lesson is for all times. Hatred for sin, the one obstacle in man's way to God, is so inculcated from the moment we enter the frowning forest till "we issue to behold the stars" that we cannot help concluding that the Inferno is a warning signal of danger ahead telling us to take precautions against the awful day of reckoning. The sad but instructive legend on the very portal of the eternal prison, "Abandon all hope ye that enter here," speaks terribly of God's wrath. It tends to keep man far, far from that house of woe "reared by power divine." "The lamentations and loud moans that resound through the air pierced by no star of hope" at once strike terror into our hearts just as we cross the threshold of hell. From then on our eyes

are wearied by constant scenes of violence; our ears dinned by sad recitals of guilt; our hearts grieved at the pitiable condition of the lost. We see everywhere the doleful consequences of sin. From its consequences we learn to hate sin itself. We see the sensual "lashed and tossed by constant tempests of warring winds," and we ask ourselves whether it be worth the while to run the risk of a woeful eternity for the sake of a few momentary gratifications. We see the intemperate tormented by cold, rain, sleet and hail, and we bewail the folly of such as "make their stomach their god." We notice the wrathful and gloomy in the Stygian Lake, and we are told that life is not a Calvary without a Tabor, nor a night without a dawn. Farinata in his fiery tomb warns the proud not to lash their petty intellectual selves against the immovable rock of truth and righteousness. The sentient trees everlastingly preyed upon by foul harpies force from us a tear of sympathy for such as would rob the living temple of its spirit to free themselves from the cark and care of life. Francesca's heartrending story of love, "that tragedy of tragedies sounded from the depths of eternal woe," cautions man and woman to keep ever intact the faith plighted before God's altar, for sad indeed is Francesca's crime of infidelity, sadder still her punishment.

If the suffering souls were of "angelic nature immortal," we should be affected far less; but when we see men and women like ourselves objects of God's unending hate, then the lesson comes nearer home. We meet with kings who died in their pride, with queens who recall happier days, with princes who served ambition instead of their God, with warriors who fell with curses on their lips and hatred in their hearts, and we hear them in their torments "pitifully invoking a second death," but in vain.

> "Nor all the gold that is beneath the moon
> Or ever hath been, of these toilworn souls
> Might purchase rest for one."—Inf. 7-65.

Ask these sorrowing spirits the cause of their eternal condemnation. The one simple and sole reply is: Because they did not fulfill the end for which God created them; because they knowingly and willingly transgressed God's law, and were overtaken by death in their sins. Hence now they are doomed an everlasting prey to rankling sorrow and remorse.

The Inferno then contains the beginning of Dante's message to man, namely: Know thyself and hate sin as the greatest of all evils. This self-knowledge, this hatred for sin, however, is not sufficient. Man must desire efficaciously to purify his soul of all blot, for

"It were unseemly with eye obscured by any cloud
To go before Him who stands foremost in heaven."
—Purg. I., 99.

Sober reflection during the journey through the "land of sorrow" will have inspired man with a fear of God's anger and will have strengthened his resolve to win by daily penance "the sweet fruit which that stern lesson should bear." The poet says that prayer and penance alone can make our souls pure once more. What is absolutely necessary is a resolute will to undergo with God's help every torment, as each torment is a stepping-stone to God.

"Arise, therefore! Conquer thy panting with the soul
That conquers every battle; so be it that it sinks
Not down with its heavy body."

Hence sinful man, abashed and sorrowful, must stand a penitent on the threshold of Purgatory.

The Purgatorio paints in living colors a sin-stained soul thirsting for peace and original justice. The soul, indeed, is saved, for it has fought the good fight, but it is still an exile from the Father's home; an exile, not as those victims of Divine Justice who dash themselves in despair against the dread portal of hell, but a willing exile singing songs of thanksgiving and of love as it lands on the purifying shore. The lessons contained in this second part of the Divine Trilogy are salutary. Unless "one has eyes and sees not, ears and hears not," one cannot help noticing the deep message contained in the very scenes of the Purgatory. The venerable old Roman, guardian of the Isle of Purgatory, represents the freedom of the soul from the slavery of sin, for Cato is worthy above all others to direct the spirits who suffered much and made many sacrifices rather than become a slave to Satan, man's common enemy. Pia di Tolmei, "sinner to her latest hour," but who died "repenting and forgiving at peace with God," and Buonconte da Montefeltro "saved by one little tear, 'una lagrimetta,' and a prayer to Mary," teach man not to be negligent in God's service, nor stake his future on a deathbed repentance. Kings and princes seated apart in a flowery valley bewail their tardy repentance, owing to their too great attachment to riches, power and worldly grandeur They now see the world's "vanity of vanities" and fully realize that all honor is but grass and all temporal glory but the flower of the field. The angel at the gate brands our foreheads seven times with the letter P, "peccata," denoting how deep-rooted are our sins and how intense must be our determination to be cleansed wholly and not in part.

"Look when entered, that thou wash these scars away."

How the repentant proud do penance! They are borne down by the weight of heavy stones placed upon their backs. The envious have their eyes pierced and sewed with an iron thread. The wrathful dwell in a land of fogs—

"Of every planet reft and palled in clouds."

The slothful are urged on by two spirits filled with God's holy love; the avaricious weep; the gluttons meekly suffer hunger and thirst in joyful hope of thus satisfying God's anger, and sooner or later of seeing God's face. Can any one follow the poet through such scenes of genuine penitence and not consider it a violation of every principle of reason to gratify and indulge the body at the expense of the soul, to set his heart on perishing pleasures against the dictates of conscience, to make earth his heaven, to substitute man for God?

"The world is blind.
Light have ye still to follow evil or good,
And of the will free power, which, if it stand
Firm and unwearied in heaven's first essay,
Conquers at last, triumphant over all."

Besides lessons of piety and repentance inculcated by "those who dwell content in fire," there is a soft symbolism underlying each picture drawn by the master artist—a symbolism which teaches man to look above the transitory and view the eternal truth beyond sign or symbol. The steep eminence, whose ascent is difficult at first, "but more a man proceeds less evil grows," symbolizes the difficulty accompanying first repentance, but once the sinner is determined to enter with courage on the way of well-doing, his progress becomes as easy "and as pleasant as a vessel going down stream." A mead, flowery and fair, represents the transient splendor of the world; but beware lest you repose among these "flowers of a hundred hues," "for beneath each fragrant bosom a serpent lies." An eagle clasping Dante and carrying him off to heaven is a symbol of illuminating grace which enlightens the intellect and moves the will. The penitent poet, humbly begging of God's angel to unbar the gate of Purgatory, represents the humility and sincerity of the sinner craving absolution of God's minister in the sacrament of penance. The gloomy clouds in the land of the wrathful symbolize the melancholy influence of anger over the mind and heart of man. The hideous hag who holds us spellbound by her siren song is a true picture of impurity, which, though loathsome in itself, seduces whatsoever

man steadily gazes on her form. The steep and narrow stair, along which the poets must climb singly, represents man's journey to his eternal home, for singly must man journey, as singly must he enter heaven. Finally the Purgatory itself is a symbol of our whole life, for by the Purgatory we are taught that freedom from sin can be purchased only at the price of continual struggle and sacrifice, that the peace of God which the world cannot give can only be had and maintained by a clean conscience and an upright will, and that only those who have the wedding garment of purity can expect "to mount to the stars," the home of our Mother who is in heaven and of our Father Who created us for Himself.

To Dante's eyes a purified soul is beautiful beyond all things beautiful that were ever seen in the world—fairer than the mellow light of morning, brighter than the dazzling beams of the noonday sun, purer than the lily of spring or newly driven snow. It is worthy to bask in the eternal sunshine of God's presence.

Can there be a message for mankind in the "sublime magnificence" of the "Paradiso?" A message there surely is, but only for such as would rise above the poisoned atmosphere of this earth and mount higher and higher, far beyond the moon's pale disc or the sun's golden orb, and make straight for the fixed stars, where countless multitudes of the redeemed, drowned in eternal light, "gaze on the splendors of the glorified Humanity of Christ and on the radiance of the purple orb of the Trinity." Few follow Dante on this celestial journey, fewer still read the deep moral in every canto of the "Paradiso." No superficial reading, but only serious study of the third part of the "Divine Comedy," will reveal the eternal maxims therein contained. In the "Paradiso" the soul has reached its end—true blessedness in God. It has conquered and is crowned with bliss eternal. Nor is it alone in its glory. Thousands upon thousands of spirits of the just made perfect join in the sweet hosannas of the angels:

> "O mortal men! be wary how ye judge:
> For we, who see our Maker, know not yet
> The number of the chosen."—Parad. xx., 125.

Rich and poor, learned and unlearned, souls of all ages and of every clime, are to be found among the blessed. They converse with the poet "as man speaks to man;" they tell of their trials and temptations when on earth, their sensibilities and their passions, the ordeals through which God made them pass in order that the gold of their virtues might be the more refined for the eternal treasure-house of the saints. Here the promises of the Eight Beatitudes are literally fulfilled. Here the saints look back on their life passed on

this earth and thank their Maker for having given them grace to set their hearts not on shadows, but on realities; to fix their gaze not on delusive phantoms, but on the clear light of faith. To save their souls was the one aim to which they directed all their duties, realizing all the while that sorrows and sufferings were mere rounds on the ladder reaching up to heaven.

> "Whoso laments that he must doff the garb
> Of a frail mortality, thenceforth to live
> Immortally above, he hath not seen
> The sweet refreshing of that heavenly shower."
> —Parad. xiv., 25.

How fitly these words apply to such as have grown terrestrial by the indulgence of their senses by following the whims and vanities of time, and who naturally fear death as life's greatest calamity. Though Dante's Paradise is indeed "the holy Jerusalem where the blessed shall not need the light of a lamp, nor the light of the sun, because the Lord God shall enlighten them, and they shall reign forever and ever," still the poet in every canto informs us in unmistakable terms that heaven is a reward; to obtain it one must take care to merit upon earth, for it is worthy of all labor and suffering:

> "It is part of our delight to measure
> Our wages with the merit and admire
> The close proportion."—Paradise vi., 122.

What is the reward that Dante places before mankind if man would only forego sinful pleasure and be guided by the principles of faith? None other than God Himself, the Uncreated, Everlasting Fountain of life, of love, of beauty, Who alone can satisfy man's thirst for happiness.

> "O perennial flowers,
> Breathe now, and let the hunger be appeased
> That with great craving long hath held my soul,
> Finding no food on earth."

A mere desire to reach heaven and even performance of good deeds are not sufficient for obtaining one's last end. The poet assures mankind that not only faith in Christ is needed, for

> "None ever hath ascended to this realm
> Who hath not a believer been in Christ."—Parad. xix., 101.

but also there is required the guidance of the Church, Christ's Holy Spouse, who by her theology, personified in Beatrice, must enlighten

man, keep him from error and lead him safely to his eternal home. Human reason alone has led the poet step by step through the regions of sorrow and almost up to the top of the Mount of Purification, but Divine Theology must direct his steps in the immediate journey to the terrestrial as well as to the heavenly Paradise. Hence at his very entrance into heaven an increase of light surrounds the traveler to signify that a new and more enlightening beam other than human science must guide man to his Creator, must explain His marvelous works, and must, as far as may be, unravel His mysteries. Hence those outside the pale of the Church and who are not in sympathy with Dante's thoroughly Catholic views find it very difficult to follow Dante in the celestial journey and understand his doctrine concerning God and creation, man's original justice and his fall, the utter powerlessness of any creature to make atonement to God for original sin, the consequent necessity of a God-Man to make reparation on the cross, the soul's immortality and the resurrection of the body.

Hence the "Paradiso" has no message for the Rationalist, who, relying on human reason alone, rejects the supernatural, considers the story of Adam and Eve a myth and scoffs at the Redemption as the outcome of pious sentimentality. Hence also one who is given over entirely to sensual gratifications and who makes this world a Paradise will fail to appreciate the delicacy with which the poet inculcates his lesson on the excellence of religious vows, their obligations and their subsequent merit to a high degree of glory, on the reasonableness and advantage of a sincere conversion to God which oftentimes gains for a soul a lofty place among the blessed. To the sincere Catholic and devout Christian the message of the "Divine Comedy" is teeming with consolation. The poet speaks of our home far beyond the stars, not as an idle visionary playing with fancy, but as one having authority. He tells us what he has seen and heard. After taking us step by step from sphere to sphere of the blessed, and from choir to choir of the angels, to the very throne of the Godhead, the Ever-blessed Trinity, by Whose light the heavens are illumined, around Whom hover the thrones, dominations and powers, as so many dazzling sparks fired with God's love, Dante exclaims:

> "O speech,
> How feeble and how faint thou art to give
> Conception birth? Yet this to what I saw
> Is less than little."—Par. xxxiii., 112-113.

Thus the immortal poet of Florence tries to sum up all he has said about the "Summum Bonum," which he places before mankind

as the one object of all ambition; which must be attained by a thorough knowledge of self, by a firm will to conquer the one obstacle on man's road to heaven, namely, sin, by an unswerving faith in Christ's doctrine and by a humble submission to the teaching of the Church. In short, by a whole-souled conversion to God, Who has destined each soul for Himself. Such is Dante's message to mankind.

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Book Reviews

THE WESTMINSTER VERSION OF TH SACRED SCRIPTURES—THE NEW TESTAMENT. Vol. I., Part II.—The Gospel According to St. Mark. By the *Rev. Joseph Dean, D. D., Ph. D.*, Professor of Sacred Scripture, St. Joseph's Diocesan College, Upholland. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures is progressing so steadily and meritoriously as to bring joy to all who are watching its progress. It seemed a great undertaking when first announced, and even those most in favor of it hardly expected to see its completion assured at so early a date. But already the whole of the New Testament is in hand and a beginning has been made with the translation of the Old Testament.

Two very valuable and interesting parts have come from the press recently containing the Gospel of St. Mark and the Apocalypse. The text flows with the same even continuity, as in former contributions, and the references and notes are as full and clear. The introductions in both cases are so well done as to be worthy of quotation.

I. ST. MARK.

Scripture and tradition say very little about the author of the second gospel, who is better known by his Roman surname Mark than by his Jewish name John.

He is not mentioned in the gospels. St. Epiphanius makes him one of the seventy-two disciples, even one of those who after the discourse at Capharnaum "walked no more" with Jesus (John vi., 66). A sixth century eulogy identifies St. Mark with the "man carrying a pitcher of water" (xiv., 13). Recent commentators suggest that he is the "young man" who sought to follow Jesus from Gethsemane to the house of Caiaphas (xiv., 51). None of these views are easy to reconcile with the explicit statement found in Eusebius, and perhaps to be attributed to St. John the Apostle, that St. Mark neither heard the Lord nor followed Him.

The Acts of the Apostles supply more reliable information. In Acts iv., 36, we are introduced to St. Mark's cousin, St. Barnabas, a Jew of Cyprus *(cf.* Col. iv., 10). In xii., 12, we meet St. Mark himself, already a convert, living with his mother in Jerusalem. St. Peter knew them well, for after his miraculous deliverance from prison he went straightway "to the house of Mary, the mother of John, surnamed Mark, where many were gathered in prayer." Shortly afterwards, Barnabas and Saul, who had come to Jerusalem with relief for the brethren, returned to Antioch "taking with them

John, surnamed Mark" (xii., 25), and when they set out on their first missionary journey (47-48 A. D.) "they had John as their attendant"—not a mere servant, but probably a subordinate colleague in the work of the ministry (xiii., 5). At Perga in Pamphylia "John withdrew from them and returned to Jerusalem" (xiii., 13). The reason of this withdrawal is not known, but St. Paul evidently did not consider it justified. After the Council of Jerusalem we find St. Mark back in Antioch, and when St. Paul proposed a second missionary journey (50-53 A. D.) "Barnabas wished to take John, called Mark, with them"; but St. Paul, mindful of the previous withdrawal, dissented. So "Barnabas took Mark and sailed to Cyprus," while St. Paul chose Silas and went through Syria and Cilicia (xv., 36-41).

We cannot trace St. Mark's movements during the next ten years, but in the interval St. Peter, and even the once offended St. Paul, claimed his services. In three Epistles despatched from Rome, St. Mark is associated with the two Apostles. About 61 A. D. St. Paul sends greetings to Philemon "from Mark and Luke, my fellow-workers" (24), and to the Colossians "from Aristarchus and from Mark, Barnabas' cousin; (ye have received instructions about him; if he come to you, give him welcome); . . . these alone of the circumcision are my fellow-workers for the kingdom of God, and they have been a comfort to me" (iv., 10-11). The Apostle speaks dubiously of St. Mark's intended visit to Colossae, and possibly is was deferred, for presently (perhaps about 64 A. D.), St. Peter too sends a salutation from Rome—the "Babylon" of his first Epistle—in the name of "my son Mark" (v., 13). Subsequently, St. Mark journeyed to Asia, and it may be in 66 A. D. that St. Paul bids Timothy, who was probably at Ephesus, "pick up Mark and bring him with thee" to Rome, "for he is useful to me in the ministry" (II. Tim. iv., 11).

No further mention of St. Mark occurs in the New Testament. The general voice of tradition is against distinguishing "John Mark" of the Acts from "Mark" of the Epistles, and it is now generally admitted that he who appears in the Acts as the associate of Peter, Paul and Barnabas, reappears in the Roman Epistles, under his Roman surname alone, as the "son" of Peter, the "fellow-worker" of Paul, and the "cousin" of Barnabas.

The Fathers and ecclesiastical writers throw little further light on St. Mark's life. They agree in calling him "the disciple and interpreter" of St. Peter. Many take this latter term to refer to assistance given in the rendering of St. Peter's native Aramaic into Greek; though it may merely intimate that St. Mark in his gospel gave written expression to the oral teaching of his master.

Eusebius relates that St. Mark was said to be the founder of the Alexandrian church. The tradition was widespread and is not disproved by the mere silence of the Alexandrians Clement and Origen, or by our inability to determine the precise time of St. Mark's ministry there. The time, place and manner of his death are likewise uncertain.

II. THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE GOSPEL.

That St. Mark is the author of the second gospel is attested by external and internal evidence.

The earliest and most explicit witness is Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis, "a hearer of John and the companion of Polycarp," another disciple of St. John. It is probably this latter who, as Papias reports, used to say: "Mark, Peter's interpreter, wrote down what the Lord had said or done—so far as he remembered it—accurately, but not in order. For he had neither heard the Lord nor followed Him, but later, as I said, he was a follower of Peter, who gave such instructions as circumstances required, and not an orderly account of the Lord's words. Hence Mark was not at fault in writing some things simply as he (*i. e.*, Peter) remembered them. For his one care was to omit nothing that he had heard, and to speak truthfully thereon."

There is manifest reference to the second gospel in the writings of St. Justin (flor. c. 150 A. D.), and in the opening lines of the mutilated Muratorian canon (c. 200 A. D.), though St. Mark is not expressly mentioned. St. Irenaeus, a disciple of St. Polycarp of Smyrna, and later Bishop of Lyons, writes (flor. c. 185 A. D.): "After the departure of Peter and Paul, Mark, Peter's disciple and interpreter, delivered to us in writing what Peter had preached." And again, "Mark, Peter's interpreter and follower, began his gospel thus: "The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, Son of God. . . . At the close of his gospel Mark says: "And the Lord Jesus, after speaking with them, was received into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God." These words are the more valuable in that they formally identify St. Mark's work with our second gospel, and clearly recognize his authorship of the contested final verses. From the testimony of Clement of Alexandria (flor. c. 200 A. D.), we learn incidentally the birthplace, occasion and destination of our gospel. He relates, as a tradition, that when Peter had preached the word in Rome . . . many there besought Mark, who had followed him from of old and remembered his words, to write down what he had said; and that Mark composed the gospel, and gave it to those who had made the request of him." Tertullian in North

Africa, Origen in Alexandria, and many later Fathers and writers testify to St. Mark's authorship and clearly assert that his gospel embodies St. Peter's preaching.

We may add, respecting these writers, that those who refer to the time of St. Mark's composition—with the possible exception of St. Irenaeus—suggest a date prior to St. Peter's death (c. 64-65 A. D.). On the other hand, St. Mark does not appear to have been St. Peter's colleague in the ministry at Rome till after the middle of the century. The date of composition, then, probably falls not long after 60 A. D.

The internal evidence of authorship amply confirms the main statements of the above witnesses. The author was clearly a Greek-speaking Jew. "The Greek gospel is manifestly not a mere translation of an Aramaic work," but represents a Greek original. Yet the simple sentences devoid of elaborate syntax, the ready use of Aramaic words and phrases, the familiarity with Jewish customs and beliefs, and with Palestinian topography betray the writer's nationality.

Again, the author, if not himself an eye-witness of the events recorded, had surely been in constant intercourse with one. The whole narrative is clear, remarkably precise in detail, and handled with animation. The various scenes are vividly presented, the touches lifelike and unexpected, and impressions strong. The whole coloring is rich, fresh and warm. Everywhere it is the living Christ whom we see.

Furthermore, there are indications that St. Peter was the eye-witness in question. It is noteworthy that St. Peter's discourse in the house of Cornelius (Acts x., 34-43), so truly outlines St. Mark's gospel as to be called his gospel in miniature. Nor is it without significance that St. Peter's inspired conception of Jesus—"He is Lord of all"—dominates the second gospel. "There is certainly but little in this gospel which did not fall within the limits of St. Peter's personal knowledge." With St. Peter's call the narrative of the ministry begins (i., 16); his confession at Caesarea Philippi marks its turning-point (viii., 29); the angel's message to him is its close (xvi., 7). True, St. Mark omits several striking "Petrine incidents" (*e. g.*, Matt. xiv., 29: xvi., 18: xvii., 27); but this we attribute, with Eusebius, to St. Peter's reserve in sounding his own praises, while we point out four references to St. Peter peculiar to St. Mark (i., 36: xi., 21: xiii., 3: xvi., 7), and observe that St. Peter's faults are not forgotten (viii., 33: xiv., 37-68); indeed, the account of his three denials is given with special details. His figure may not loom large, but we feel we have the story from his standpoint.

Lastly, there are signs that the work was destined chiefly for gentile converts. The author makes no express reference of his own to the Law of Moses, and in significant contrast to St. Matthew, only once explicity quotes the Old Testament in his own narrative (i., 2-3: yet *cf.* vi., 34; xv., 24, 29, 36: xvi., 19). He translates Aramaic words and phrases (*e. g.*, iii., 17: v. 41: vii., 11, 34), and inserts explanatory comments on many matters in no wise obscure to Jewish readers (*e. g.*, vii. 2-4: xii., 18: xiv., 12). A few touches in the gospel even suggest its connection with Rome. Latinisms are relatively frequent (*e. g.*, v., 43: xv., 15, 19, 39), and the value of the widow's "mites" is even explained in terms of Roman money (xii., 42). Again, the Rufus of xv., 21, recalls the Rufus of Romans xvi., 13.

III. CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GOSPEL.

The second gospel has much in common with the first and third. Almost every section of St. Mark has its parallel in St. Matthew or in St. Luke, frequently in both. Similarity of matter is largely accompanied by similarity of language. This gives rise to the Synoptic Problem, which is concerned with the manner of origin and mutual relations of the first three gospels, a question treated in the appendix of St. Matthew. Here we merely point out the more distinctive features—doctrinal, historical and literary—of St. Mark compared with the other evangelists.

Doctrinal. The distinct purpose of the second gospel is to portray Jesus as "Lord of all." It is suggested by the very headline: "The gospel of Jesus Christ, Son of God." True, the question of Christ's divine personality also forms the main theme of St. John's narrative, but the standpoint and method of the two evangelists are widely different. St. Mark's view is distinctively historical; St. John's is eminently, but not exclusively, doctrinal. In the one case there is no attempt to flash the Godhead upon us; Our Lord is not wholly silent, but He is reticent; nay, of the Jesus of St. Mark men have said that "He did not set great store on His equality with God." In truth, the simple, unstudied narrative is left to speak for itself and to convince the reader that "truly this man was Son of God." His Divinity reveals itself as it were unconsciously and without effort. In the other case, we have speech pregnant with mystery, sublime reasoning, profound discourses and divine claims: "I and the Father are one." In Mark once only does Jesus Himself declare directly and expressly that he is "the Son of the Blessed One" (xiv., 61). Elsewhere He accepts, as He must, the attribution of absolute power (i., 40: ii., 7, 10); twice, at His baptism and transfiguration, the Supreme Witness bears

testimony to Him; He allows even unclean spirits to give momentary expression to their recognition of Him (iii., 11: v., 7); He claims to be "Lord of the Sabbath" (ii., 28), reads the hearts of men (ii., 8) and even the deep counsels of God (xiii), and sometimes utters language befitting the lips of God alone (viii., 34-38; xiii., 26-27); once He almost lifts the veil entirely (xii., 1-9); but otherwise the mystery of His Person is left to reveal itself principally through multiplied manifestations of superhuman power.

Yet no other evangelist brings Christ's perfect manhood into such bold relief. On fourteen occasions Jesus assumes the title "Son of Man." He is subject to fatigue and to hunger. His soul's emotions are expressed in word, look and gesture; He is touched with compassion, moved to indignation, stricken with grief. He prays and fears, sighs and wonders, suffers and dies.

St. Mark certainly does not emphasize Our Lord's Messiahship. This aspect of His Person would not in itself appeal to gentile converts. Only near the close of the gospel do we find Jesus' first explicit claim to be the Christ (xiv., 61). Moreover, St. Peter knows it, but is not allowed to tell any man (viii., 29). Outside the circle of the twelve, blind Bartimaeus is the first to proclaim it openly (x., 47), and at last the crowd takes up the cry (xi., 10). It is precisely the insistence on a progressive self-revelation of Christ that is more marked in the second gospel than in the others; and this was probably set forth to meet a difficulty likely to arise even in Roman minds: how came it that the Jews did not at once acclaim their Christ?

Historical. As already stated, there are few paragraphs in St. Mark lacking parallels in St. Matthew and St. Luke; yet in the narrative of the ministry his choice of matter is significant. He assigns a large place to miracles; in fact, in this "gospel of miracles" almost a fourth of the whole record is devoted to them. Brief as St. Mark's gospel is, it contains almost all the mentions of miracles to be found in St. Matthew's, and adds four omitted by that evangelist (i., 23-28: vi., 12-13: vii., 31-37: vii., 22-26); two of these are peculiar to itself. This demonstration of power was well calculated to impress gentile converts. Jesus is seen commanding all the forces of nature, acting as "Lord of all"—of wind and sea, of disease and death, of all material things and all earthly conditions. His power over devils is particularly emphasized, appealing strongly to readers once in bondage to the powers of evil.

St. Mark's predilection for the miracles becomes more striking when contrasted with his meagre account of the discourses. He does not report half as many parables as either St. Matthew or St. Luke; only four are explicity proposed as such (iv., 3-9: 26-

29: 30-32: xii., 1-9), and one alone is peculiar to him (iv., 26-29). The Sermon on the Mount is omitted; other discourses appear in a much abbreviated form; the eschatological discourse (xiii.) alone survives at considerable length.

It has been said that St. Mark's is "the chronological gospel." This merits a qualified assent. From the opening of the Judaean ministry (x.), he is in general agreement with St. Matthew and St. Luke. In his account of the Galilean ministry (i., 14-ix.), he does not group events on the scheme of St. Matthew, nor attempt the literary arrangement of St. Luke, but his narrative is probably arranged with a stricter eye to actual sequence of events that are theirs. It is practically an agreed point among students of gospel harmony that St. Mark's gospel should be taken as the basis of the whole arrangement.

Lastly, St. Mark is highly circumstantial. With true historical instinct he enriches his record with those minute details of time, place, person, occasion and environment which give certainty and distinctness to narrative, and often pass unnoticed by the other evangelists. "There is perhaps not one narrative which he gives in common with St. Matthew and St. Luke to which he does not contribute some special feature." Dr. Swete calculates that "as a result of this characteristic fulness of St. Mark, some eighty verses in his gospel find no direct parallel in the other Synopists."

Literary. We may note that the body of his work consists of a series of simple sentences usually connected by "and," and frequently combined with his favorite "straightway." No fewer than 80 of the 88 sections of Westcott and Hort's text open with "and." We may likewise emphasize St. Mark's constant use of participles (*e. g.*, v., 25-27) and the frequent occurrence of irregular and broken constructions.

Although the gospel is written in "the Greek of one to whom Greek is not his mother tongue, and who knows the language in its biblical, popular and colloquial forms, not in its literary usage," its style is distinguished by life and force. St. Mark presents his reader with a series of vivid, living pictures, which has charmed and impressed every student of his gospel. An initial line or two frequently gives the setting of an incident, and a fine dramatic effect is obtained by a preference of the direct form of speech, a fondness for mentioning the speaker's movements, gestures and looks, and for noting the impression produced on the bystanders. The freedom with which St. Mark handles his tenses (*e. g.*, xii., 41-42), his frequent use of the "historic present," and his not uncommon redundancies often serve to heighten the coloring or to impart life and movement to the narrative.

THE NEW TESTAMENT. Vol. IV., Part III.—The Apocalypse of St. John. By the *Rev. Francis Gigot, S. T. D.*, Professor of Sacred Scripture, Yonkers, N. Y. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

In literary form the mysterious book with which the New Testament concludes stands apart from all those by which it is preceded. While they present the form of historical or of epistolary works, the Apocalypse or "Revelation" wears the distinct garb of a prophetical writing. The enigmatical style and the symbolical visions of this last book of the Bible forcibly recall those of the prophetical works of the Old Testament, and its contents are, in the eyes of the writer himself, those of a "prophecy." Like the prophets of old, the author looks upon himself as a *seer* to whom heaven has disclosed divine secrets concerning the kingdom of God, and has given the mission to impart them to men for their consolation, warning and guidance. He, too, speaks with a divine authority, whether his message refers to the past, bears on the present or foretells the future. He writes primarily on behalf of the chosen people of God, and denounces punishment upon the nations outside. In his eyes God is the righteous Judge of the actions and the intentions of men and the almighty Ruler of heaven and earth, whose cause must ultimately prevail. His prophecy, also, corresponds to a particular stage in God's revelation to the world; and this stage, as in other cases, is the last, so that his utterances have a distinct eschatological character. It thus appears that the Apocalypse is the one prophetical book of the New Law, and that to regard it merely as a part of the Jewish and early Christian literature known as Apocalyptic, is to misconceive its nature.

The author of the Apocalypse is the Apostle St. John, as is clearly attested by external and interval evidence.

The earliest witness in favor of this apostolic authorship is St. Justin, who was born shortly after the death of St. John and lived for some time in Ephesus, the city in which the beloved disciple spent the latter part of his life and to the Church of which the first of the seven letters of the Apocalypse was addressed. Next comes the testimony of St. Melito (flor. 170), the Bishop of Sardis—also one of the Apocalyptic Churches—who, according to Eusebius, wrote a book on the *Apocalypse of John*. More important still is the testimony of St. Irenæus (flor. 180), who distinctly ascribes the Apocalypse to "John, the disciple of the Lord," and who in his early life was intimately acquainted with St. Polycarp, the close follower of that apostle.

The tradition thus validly started was embodied in the Roman list of the sacred books, which is known as the Canon of Muratori. It was followed by Tertullian, in North Africa; by Clement and

Origen, in Alexandria; by St. Hippolytus, in Italy; by St. Theophilus, in Antioch; which fact tends to prove that the Syriac version, known as the Peshitto, contained from the first the Apocalypse, no less than did the old Latin version.

Coming now to internal evidence, we note that, in accordance with prophetic usage, the writer of the Apocalypse gives his own name as "John" (i., 1, 4, 9: xxii., 8), and he gives it in a manner which points to the Apostle St. John as the author of the work. In these passages he betrays no anxiety to make himself prominent by appealing to an apostle's authority, as a pseudonymous writer would naturally feel prompted to do. At the same time he is not afraid to speak of his outward circumstances; he gives himself out as a witness of Christ, an exile of Patmos, one of account in the Asiatic churches—all of which statements could be easily verified by his readers. Hence, we conclude, the "John" thus naturally named four times in the book is no other than the Apostle St. John, the only John known in history as vested with more than local authority over the churches of Proconsular Asia.

This identity comes out also from the general tenor of the Apocalypse, when the book is examined in the light of the first three Gospels. In vocabulary and style the "Revelation" is distinctly the work of a Jew by birth and education, like the Apostle John. The feelings of the author against the opponents of Christ are complete echoes of those of John, "the son of thunder" (Mark iii., 17), who would fain have called down a consuming fire from heaven to avenge his Master's honor (Luke ix., 54), who was well aware, through Our Lord's parables relative to the consummation of the world, that the enemies of Jesus would remain unrepenting unto the end, and finally meet with utter extermination and eternal punishment in the pit of fire *(cf.* Matt. xiii., etc.). Again, the deep interest in eschatological topics which is evinced by the writer throughout the Apocalypse readily suggests that of the apostles who asked Jesus privately, "Tell us when shall these things be, and what shall be the sign when all these things shall be fulfilled," and who received an answer the imagery of which is in striking coincidence with that of the "Revelation" *(cf.* Mark xiii., 3, etc.). Just as the Fourth Gospel is chiefly occupied with the Judean ministry, which is only occasionally touched upon by the Synoptics, so the Apocalypse completes the eschatological teachings of Christ, which are but briefly sketched in those same Synoptic narratives. Like the Fourth Gospel, it ends with a solemn attestation of the truth of its contents.

The question of vocabulary, grammar and style is too intricate to be treated here with the fullness which it demands. The student may be referred to Dr. Swete's very careful and scholarly handling

of the subject in his introduction. Upon the surface there is evidently a vast difference between the two works in this respect, yet on closer inspection an underlying unity can also be discovered. In the first place the richness of vocabulary displayed in the Apocalypse should be recognized. "If we are reminded by an occasional transliteration that the author was a Jew by birth and education, it is clear that he had lived long enough in the Greek cities of Asia to have ready to his hand all the Greek words that he needed for the purpose of his book. The Greek vocabulary of the Apocalypse does not suggest that the writer was crippled by a want of appropriate words. His store is ample for his needs, and it seems to have been chosen with care." We are thus prepared to find that those astonishing departures from the most elementary rules of grammar which meet us in the Apocalypse are not to be explained by mere ignorance of the language. "His eccentricities of syntax are probably due to more than one cause—some to the habit which he may have retained of thinking in a Semitic language; some to the desire of giving movement and vivid reality to his visions, which leads him to report them after the manner of shorthand notes, jotted down at the time; some to circumstances in which the book was written. But from whatever cause or concurrence of causes, it cannot be denied that the Apocalypse of John stands alone among Greek literary writings in its disregard of the ordinary rules of syntax; and the success with which syntax is set aside without loss of perspicuity or even of literary power. The book seems openly and deliberately to defy the grammarian, and yet, even as literature, it is in its own field unsurpassed." It is only when full allowance has been made for the rich vocabulary which St. John had acquired in Asia, for his disregard (or, rather, masterful manipulation) of grammar, and for some other less important phenomena, that we are in a position to trace certain similarities to his Gospel, such as the use of parallelism in sentences (*e. g.*, John i., 4-5; Apoc. xxi., 23), and the reinforcement of a positive by a negative clause (John i., 3: Apoc. iii., 3). After detailing the relevant evidence Dr. Swete finally declares that "it creates a strong presumption of affinity between the Fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse, notwithstanding their great diversity both in language and thought."

The Apocalypse was written towards the end of the reign of Domitian (96 A. D.). This date is attested by St. Irenæus, whose personal acquaintance with St. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, gives the greatest weight to his testimony. The statement of St. Irenæus was generally accepted by subsequent Church writers, and it is corroborated by internal evidence. The Apocalyptic picture of the Christians at the time when the work was composed is that of men

hunted down, imprisoned and put to death for their faith—a condition which decidedly points to the fully developed policy of the Flavian Emperors against Christianity. St. Jerome definitely ascribes the Apocalypse to the fourteenth year of Domitian's reign (95 A. D.), and this is most likely the exact date.

The internal evidence, however, is not without its difficulties. The more natural interpretation of Apoc. xvii., 10-11 would appear to be that which sees in the five kings that have fallen, Augustus, Tiberius, Gaius, Claudius and Nero, in the king that is reigning Vespasian (A. D. 69-79), in him that is to remain but a short time, Titus, and in the eighth Domitian, the *Nero redivivus*. Here, as elsewhere, it is Domitian's reign that is the centre of dramatic interest, but at first sight it seems to demand that the actual writing of the work should be assigned to the time of Vespasian. The sum-total of the evidence, however, points so powerfully the other way that it seems better to understand the above passage differently. Even apart from the general historical circumstances already touched on, the death-stroke of the first beast, it should be noted, has been healed (Apoc. xiii., 3, 12, 14); *Nero redivivus* has already appeared, and indeed is even spoken of in Apoc. xvii., 11, as already on the way to destruction. A further indication of some consequence is to be found in Apoc. vi., 6, which is thought to contain a historical reference to an edict of Domitian's against vine-growing in the provinces, which the vine-growers of Asia Minor succeeded in persuading him to drop. On the whole, therefore, it seems better to explain Apoc. xvii., 10-11, as a vision projected into the past, though referring to the present. A vision of this kind would be rendered more possible by the fact that its counterfeit was a common feature in the non-canonical apocalypses, with which St. John was very likely acquainted; and his promiscuous use of past, present and future tenses (*e. g.*, in Apoc. xi.: xii., 11, with note: xx., 7-10) lends further confirmation to this view. However, it would in any case be preferable to suppose that this particular vision was an earlier fragment than to assign an earlier date to the whole Apocalypse on account of it.

The *place* where St. John recorded his Apocalyptic visions is the Island of Patmos. As he was directed to "send" a letter to the Church of Ephesus (i., 11), the tenor of which was revealed to him, the natural inference is that at the time of writing he was not yet back at Ephesus from his exile in Patmos.

The difficulties which surround the interpretation of the Apocalypse are confessedly very great. They arise chiefly from the prophetical contents of the book and from the symbolical character of its style; prophecy, especially when it bears, as is usually the case with the Apocalypse, on the distant future, is necessarily obscure;

and enigmatic figures of speech, such as appear constantly in that inspired book, can but add to the obscurity of prophetical utterances. Much of this obscurity, however, can be removed by reading the Apocalypse of St. John in the light of its organic connection with the ancient prophecies of Israel and with the early writings of Christianity.

The language of the book and its imagery bespeak the familiarity of the author of the Apocalypse with practically the whole field of the prophetical literature of Israel. Numerous as are the symbols employed by St. John, their use never betrays on his part either a studied imitation of ancient models or even a deliberate choice of expressions for the scenes which he describes. They are thus seen to be thoroughly congenial to the Oriental and prophetical mind of the apocalyptic writer. Thence it readily follows that the best means to dispel much of the stylistic obscurity of the Apocalypse of St. John is to interpret it in the distinct light of the symbolical language used by the ancient prophets. These ancient prophets supply, as it were, the root-form of the apocalyptic images and expressions, and this primitive form once realized, it becomes comparatively easy to perceive the amount of adaptation present in a Christian work such as the Apocalypse.

Together with the obscurity which arises from the symbolical form of the Apocalypse, there is that which is entailed by its prophetical contents. And it is particularly with regard to these contents that it behooves the interpreter to view the book in the light of the prophetical utterances of the Old Testament. The message of the apocalyptic seer, as that of the prophets of old, is concerned with the destinies of the kingdom of God. To his mind, as to theirs, there is a conflict raging between the pure worship of the true God on the one hand and heathenism and its consequent immorality on the other. To both him and them the conflict is a personal one. On the one side stand God's chosen people, "His kingdom and priests" (Apoc. v., 10), obeying His commands and helped by His intervention from heaven, and on the other side are found the nations worshipping false gods, whose authority and power they uphold. St. John, like the prophets of old, beholds victories and reverses, and, like them, he traces such events to the will of God, Who grants the one and allows the other. For him, as for them, the final issue of the conflict is never doubtful: God and His righteousness will ultimately prevail, through the advent of One of the race of David, Who is both a Redeemer and a Judge. He and they look forward to the final consummation, when perfect justice will be done to every one according to his works. He and they confidently expect a catastrophic end of the present order of things, together with the sud-

den setting up of a kingdom of eternal bliss for the victors, and the casting out of the vanquished into an abyss of endless torment. He and they direct primarily their message of comforting hope to their contemporaries and leave it in writing for the warning and the consolation of future ages. To his eyes, as to theirs, this manifestation of God's righteousness and glory is not far distant, for he and they form a single procession of messengers sent to prepare the way for the One Whom they know is coming after them.

As might well be expected, the language of the Apocalypse also has the light thrown upon it by that of the other inspired works of the New Testament. The author of this last book of the Bible is a Christian writer, who naturally uses the terms and expressions which he employs in the same sense as they possess in the rest of the New Testament literature. In view of this the interpreter of the Apocalypse will realize the grammatical or doctrinal import of numerous words and expressions found therein, in proportion to his familiarity with the other New Testament writings, where they appear oftener or in a clearer context. In view of this, too, certain expressions or images which might appear to him particularly strange or obscure when he meets them in the Apocalypse—such, for instance, as the first-born of the dead; Jerusalem; the Lamb; the Spouse; the "reign" of Christ before the restoration of all things; the Apocalyptic "thousand years" of that reign, etc.—lose all or at least much of their strangeness or of their obscurity, when they are read in the light of their parallels in the other writings of the New Testament.

A few words may here be added as to the seven churches to which the narrative of the visions was to be taken, with some indications of the peculiar appropriateness of the message delivered to each. The further history of some of them, and of the Christianity of the province of Asia, can to some extent be traced in the letters of St. Ignatius of Antioch, who was martyred under Trajan (98-117 A. D.).

Of Ephesus and the beginnings of the Ephesian church something has been said in the introduction to St. Paul's Ephesian epistle. From Ephesus the bearer was to travel northward to Smyrna, a distance of 35 miles. Its ample harbor and favorable position insured its commercial prosperity, and it was renowned for its beauty. It prided itself on its ancient loyalty to Rome *(cf.* ii., 10). The strong hatred of the Jews for Christianity is confirmed by the account of the martyrdom of St. Polycarp (155-6 A. D.).

After leaving Smyrna the road followed the coast till it reached the River Caicus; the bearer would then turn up its valley for Pergamum, a distance of about sixty miles. Pergamum at this time

appears to have been still the seat of proconsular government, though Ephesus was before long to supplant it. It is there that the throne of Satan, *i. e.*, of the Roman emperor, is set up, exacting through the proconsul the worship of himself, and enforcing it with death *(cf.* xiii., 11, note; also *Ancient King-worship,* by C. Lattey, S. J., Catholic Truth Society: "Lectures on the History of Religions").

Rather over fifty miles by road southeast of Pergamum lay Thyatira, a thriving centre of trade, though not the equal of Ephesus or Smyrna. Bronze work (ii., 18-27) was probably carried to a high pitch of perfection in the city. In ii., 25-28, we may see an allusion to the character of its original foundation; in hellenistic times it was needed as a garrison-town, though in a weak position. Here again there was danger of idolatry and impurity *(cf.* ii., 14, with note), reinforced by the prophesying of a "Jezebel," a forerunner of the later Montanist prophetesses *(cf.* Epiphanius, *Haer.* li., 33: I. Cor. xiv., 34-35).

From Thyatira the bearer speeds to Sardis, a little over thirty miles to the south. It was the ancient Lydian capital, commanding the cities of the coast; but in the security of the Roman peace its strong position was of no service, and it lived largely on its ancient fame—it had "the name of being alive;" but was much decayed. So it was also with the Christianity of the town. There may be a reference in iii., 4, to the woollen manufactures and dyeing industry which it shared with Thyatira. "In Scripture white apparel denotes festivity, victory, purity, the heavenly state: all these associations meet here" (Swete). Twice Sardis had been taken on the side thought impregnable *(cf.* iii., 3).

Following the valley of the Cogamis, a tributary of the Hermus, eastward for about thirty miles, the messenger comes to Philadelphia, a city ever threatened with an "hour of trial" (iii., 10) from earthquakes, and therefore not powerful (iii., 8). In A. D. 17 a severe shock, followed by lesser ones, had caused the population to encamp outside the city *(cf.* iii., 12), and in consequence of Tiberius' generous help at this crisis its name had been changed to Neocæsarea in his honor (or in honor of Germanicus, through whom the help was tendered), but the name soon died out again. The judaisers were strong in the city, but they were to be converted (iii., 9), and for Christianity, as for commerce, Philadelphia was to be "a great and effectual door" (I. Cor. xvi., 9) to the central plateau beyond (iii., 7-8).

About fifty miles by road southeast from Philadelphia lay Laodicea on the Lycus. It had probably been evangelized by Epaphras, like Colossæ (Col. i., 7: ii., 1: iv., 12-13; see also introd. to Col.);

St. Paul, like St. John, doubtless intended his message for the churches of the Lycus valley in general. Laodicea was a wealthy and self-satisfied town (iii., 17-18), famous for its fine wool of glossy black, for a special kind of cloak manufactured there and called after the city (iii., 18), and for its medical school, with the "Phrygian powder" for the eyes produced therein (iii., 18). The hot springs of Hierapolis discharged themselves in a lukewarm condition over the cliff right opposite to Laodicea: lukewarm Christianity is as nauseous as lukewarm water (iii., 15-16).

HISTORICAL SKETCHES. Compiled by Augustus Drive, priest of the Society of Jesus. The Sodality of Our Lady. 12mo., pp. 197. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

This history of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality begins with a chapter entitled "Words of the Sovereign Pontiff," which is followed by one entitled "Words of the Saints," and this is succeeded by one containing "Words of the Jesuit Generals." In these three chapters we read what the Sovereign Pontiffs, the saints and the superiors of the Society of Jesus thought about the Sodality of Our Blessed Lady. Then follows the history proper.

To those not already familiar with the subject it will be a surprise to state that few institutions in the Catholic Church, fruitful as it is, have received such beautiful tributes of praise as the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Gregory XIII. (1584), Sixtus V. (1587), Clement VIII. (1602) and Gregory XV. (1621) took great pleasure in encouraging them, and Benedict XIV. crowned the spiritual munificence of his predecessors by his Golden Bull, "Gloriosæ Dominæ." After calling to mind in magnificent terms the purpose of St. Ignatius in forming his religious phalanx, he adds: "Among all the holy labors of their institute, the Jesuits, following a very sagacious idea already utilized in a thousand places, have diligently undertaken to enroll youth in pious confraternities or sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God; and by inducing them to consecrate themselves to the honor and service of her whom the Holy Ghost calls the Mother of Beautiful Love, of the fear of God and of true knowledge, they help them to rise to the heights of Christian perfection and lead them to the haven of eternal salvation. It is impossible to conceive of the influence these associations have exerted in all classes of society.

Some who from their earliest youth trod the way of innocence and piety under the protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary, persevered to the end and irreproachable conduct and deserved to crown their exemplary lives by final perseverance.

Others, tearing themselves away from the allurements of the vices which wretchedly enslaved them and from the paths of iniquity in which they were entangled, brought back so the straight way by the assistance of the most clement Mother of God, began thereafter to lead a life of temperance, of justice and of piety.

Not a few, thanks to the tender devotion which they had conceived at an early age for the Mother of God, scaling the highest points of divine charity and bravely abandoning the false goods and perishable pleasures of this world, sought in the religious life a holier existence, and thus less exposed and nailed to the cross with Jesus Christ through the vows of religion, devoted themselves altogether to the work of their own perfection and the salvation of souls.

We ourselves, in our own youth, were a member of the Sodality of the Assumption in the Professed House of the Jesuits at Rome, and remember with pleasure that we took part in the pious exercises of the sodality, to the great good and spiritual consolation of our soul. We also regard it as a duty of our pastoral charge to take under our apostolic protection and to encompass with our favors these miseries in which solid virtues grow, and which serve so powerfully in the formation of Christian youth and the salvation of souls. At the time of the tercentenary of the canonical erection of the "Prima Primaria" (1884), His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., formerly a soladist at the Roman College, expressed also his kindly feeling towards sodalities:

"Among all the associations abundant in fruits of salvation," he says, "which have been established throughout the entire world in honor of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, the one which indisputably occupies the first place is the sodality called 'Prima Primaria.' This sodality, always remarkable for the number of its associates, developed so rapidly that it was not long before it spread to the extremities of the world, so that even in our days it counts affiliations in all, even the most distant countries."

The saints, in their turn, were never tired of praising the advantages of Our Lady's sodalities. Their vindication by St. Alphonsus is celebrated.

"Certain people," says the holy doctor, "disapprove of confraternities because they sometimes give rise to quarrels and because many join them from temporal motives. But as churches and the sacraments are not condemned because there are so many who make bad use of them, neither should the sodality. The Sovereign Pontiffs, so far from condemning them, have approved and highly commended them, and also enriched them with many indulgences."

St. Francis de Sales, in the "Introduction to a Devout Life,"

earnestly exhorts people in the world to join them, and gives several reasons why they should do so.

The generals of the Jesuits who were witnesses of the great good which Jesuit scholastics as well as others derived from this excellent organization recommended it in the highest terms.

The history of such a confraternity, beginning as it did like the mustard seed of the Gospel as long ago as 1563, and continuing without abatement and with ever-increasing and widespread fruitfulness down to the present time, is replete with interest. It will serve to excite the devotion of the reader and to swell the ranks of devout sodalists and faithful clients of our Blessed Lady.

ESSAYS ON CATHOLIC LIFE. By *Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D.* 12mo., pp. 166. Baltimore: John Murphy Co.

Of the ten essays in this volume, seven have already appeared in various Catholic periodicals. The other three were read before the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal and before the Catholic Press Convention at Columbus and the American Educational Convention at Pittsburgh, respectively.

The periodicals in which the other seven essays appeared include the "Magnificat," the "Columbiad" and the "American Catholic Quarterly Review."

They are already known, therefore, to a large circle of Catholic readers and hearers, and these will all bear witness to their general excellence.

It may be said of Mr. O'Hagan's Essays that they are all interesting, informing, instructive and well written. They are worthy of perpetuation in book-form. Perhaps the most important of them are "The Influence of Religious Home Training," "The Irish Dramatic Movement" and the two on "Catholic Journalism."

THE LIFE OF MONSIGNOR ROBERT HUGH BENSON. By *C. C. Martindale, S. J.* In two volumes, with illustrations. Octavo, pp. 400 and 480. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Without comparing subjects or authors, we may say that in several ways this "Life of Monsignor Benson" well deserves a place near the biographies of other distinguished Anglican converts which have come from the press in recent years. It is the story of a young man of distinguished family who finds his way "per crucem ad lucem," as so many other earnest, educated, spiritual men have done. Such stories are always interesting because they bring before us wise, brave men who are seeking first the kingdom of heaven and are prepared to sacrifice everything in order to reach it. This

struggle for light seems to appeal to us most strongly when made by the prominent Anglican converts of recent years. No one can read of the sufferings through which they passed as they gradually learned that God was calling them away from home, friends, honors and distinction without being deeply moved. One is sometimes tempted to say, with Christ in the garden, "If possible, let this chalice pass."

Monsignor Benson prayed for light and followed it gratefully and bravely. He gave the best that was in him, without stint, in return for the priceless gift. His personality, his family history as well as his own, his peculiar talents and the use he made of them—all combine to make up a life of absorbing interest.

One is tempted to wish that he might have labored among men longer, but let us judge him by what he has done rather than by what he might have done. Surely he accomplished much in a short time, and his reward ought to be very great.

Father Martindale helps us to know him very intimately, and we are pleased and edified by the intercourse, as well as benefited.

A RETREAT FOR WOMEN IN BUSINESS. In Fourteen Conferences. By *Rev. J. A. McMullan, C. SS. R.* 12mo., pp. 182. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

Father McMullan's "Retreat for Woman in the Business World" ought to appeal to three classes—those who have made it under his direction, those who cannot do so and those who wish to conduct a similar retreat. It has the very excellent quality of practicability, because it has been tried not once, but several times, and proven.

Two things about it strike one at once—its completeness and its simplicity. It includes instructions on the external truths and means of grace, and the language is simplicity itself. It might well be said that Father McMullan does not force his hearers along, but he draws them. Is not this an admirable quality of a retreat? Does it not make for true conversion rather than temporary panic?

SHORT SERMONS ON GOSPEL TEXTS. By *Rev. M. Brossaert.* 12mo., pp. 147. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

This celebration of sermons for the ecclesiastical year are brief, but not obscure, as summaries of serious things are so apt to be. On the contrary, they are clear and straightforward. Their brevity is due rather to concise thinking and simple expression than to paucity of thought.

They are practical and will be useful for those who wish to give fruitful instruction within a strict time limit.

FATHER JOGUES, S. J.

A CABLEGRAM from the Rev. Charles Macksey, S. J., of the Gregorian University, Rome, to the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., announces that the cause of the Beatification of Father Isaac Jogues has been introduced before the Congregation of Rites for definite consideration and settlement.

Although the death of Father Jogues at the hands of the Mohawk Indians occurred in 1652 on the site of the present village of Auriesville, the process of having him declared a martyr and worthy of the veneration of all who hold the Christian faith was not actually begun until the year 1903. Prior to that time considerable preparation was made by the compilation of documents concerning Jogues and other missionaries who had labored with him and who were put to death by the Iroquois in Canada—Brebeuf, Lalemant, Daniel and Garnier. The result of these investigations was laid before a tribunal of ecclesiastics in Quebec, headed by the present Cardinal Begin, of that city. Prominent among the witnesses before this tribunal were persons who had made studies in the lives of these martyrs, among them the Rev. Arthur Jones, of Montreal; the Rev. Daniel Lowery, representing the Albany Diocese, as Jogues was tortured and put to death in the limits of that diocese, and the Revs. T. J. Campbell, S. J., and John J. Wynne, of New York city. The evidence then presented has since been properly submitted to the authorities in Rome who advocate the canonization of persons eminent for holiness, and to the devil's advocate, whose office it is to oppose the canonization in every way.

This part of the process is so thorough and searching that the consent of the advocates on both sides to the formal introduction of the cause before the Congregation of Rites is usually equivalent to the declaration that the persons involved led saintly lives.

How long the Congregation of Rites may require before declaring these martyrs beatified and deserving of veneration, it is impossible to say. In canonizing such men the Church will only be approving a universal sentiment in favor of their veneration which exists not only among Catholics, but among Protestants also.

Among other items of evidence presented at Quebec was a letter from a prominent Protestant divine who had gone so far in his veneration for Isaac Jogues as to place a stained glass effigy of him in his church.

The one who is now looking after the process of his beatification in this country is the Rev. John J. Scully, S. J., located at Auriesville, N. Y., in charge of the shrine erected on the site of the martyrdom.